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THE GLASGOW POETS



# THE
# GLASGOW POETS
## Their Lives and Poems

EDITED BY

GEORGE EYRE-TODD

Author of "The Sketch-Book of the North," "Byways of the Scottish Border," "Scotland Picturesque and Traditional," &c.

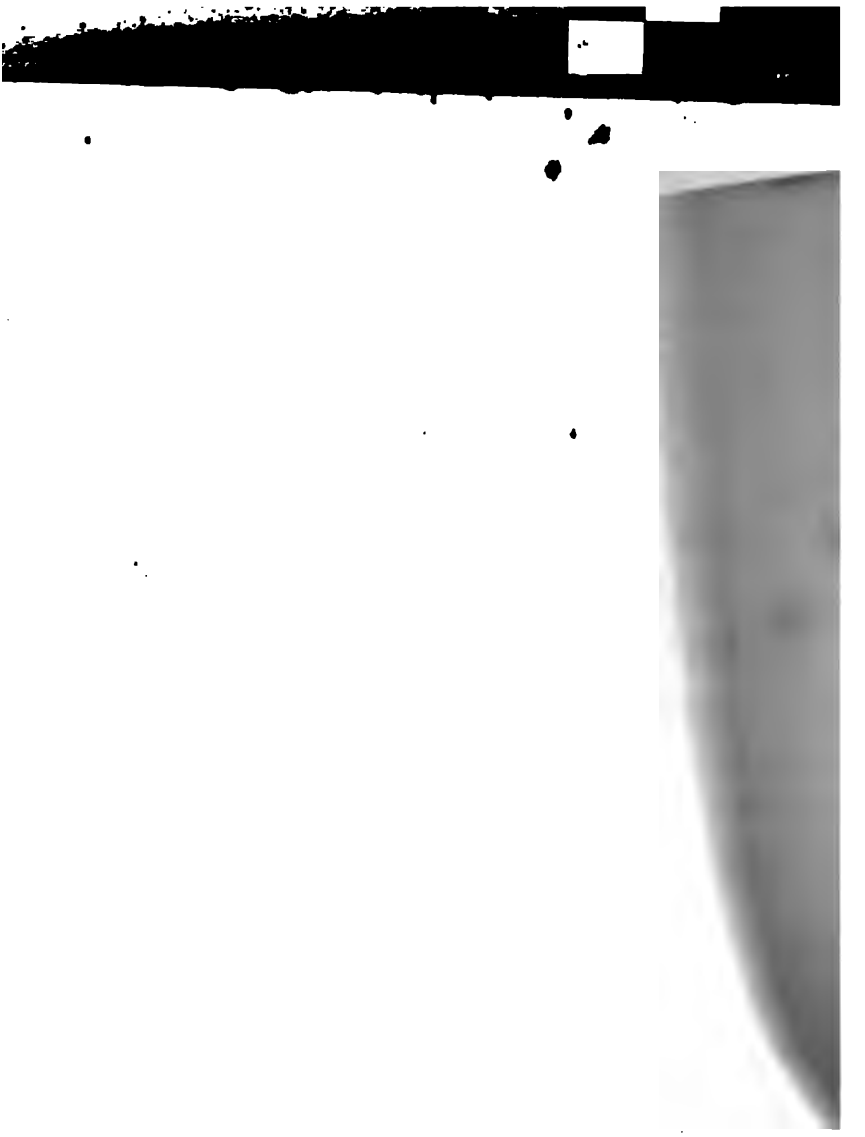
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**The Book of Glasgow Cathedral.**

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# The Glasgow Poets

IT would be an interesting study to discover whether town or country is more congenial to the production of the "maker." The country indeed possesses all those appeals to the senses—the sights, sounds, and scents of nature—which are popularly supposed to offer the first themes for poetry. But there is room to question whether these sights, sounds, and scents are most keenly and consciously enjoyed by him who lives always among them. The senses, after all, are not our finest instruments of perception. Memory and imagination remain more subtle, and project infinitely rarer pictures on the mind. So it may be that the clerk in his city attic, with nothing in sight but the roof-tops and the sky, has visions of green lanes and laughing seas, meadows of blue forget-me-not and moors of yellow asphodel that are seen in no such perfection by the mere dweller in their midst.

Whatever the reason, it is surprising to find how many poets are born, or at least discover their genius, in town. Of this fact the unwritten record of Glasgow affords substantial proof. The city indeed, within modern times, seems never to have been without makers of sweet or amusing song.[1]

---

[1] Glasgow itself has been a theme of poetic inspiration from a sufficiently early date. Before the year 597 St. Columba, the great missionary of the Hebrides, paid a visit to the aged St. Mungo at his cell on the bank of the Molendinar. In memory of their converse in that green and holy place, the two old men, it is said, exchanged their staves, and Columba composed a hymn. Of more recent date, but yet old enough, are the lines by John Barclay, minister of Cruden, printed in Skene's "Succinct Survey of Aberdeen" in 1685. They are interesting for the sake of comparison with descriptions of the city by such later poets as John Mayne, John Wilson, Alexander Smith, and Robert Buchanan.

> Glasgow, to thee thy neighb'ring towns give place.
> 'Bove them thou lifts thine head with comely grace.
> Scarce in the spacious earth can any see
> A city that's more beautiful than thee.
> Towards the setting sun thou'rt built, and finds
> The temperate breathings of the western winds.
> To thee the winter colds not hurtful are,
> Nor scorching heats of the Canicular.
> More pure than amber is the river Clyde,
> Whose gentle streams do by thy borders glide.
> And here a thousand sail receive commands
> To traffic for thee unto foreign lands.
> A bridge of polished stone doth here vouchsafe
> To travellers o'er Clyde a passage safe.
> Thine orchards full of fragrant fruits and buds
> Come nothing short of the Corcyran woods,

The roll of these makers opens with a picturesque figure. It was in the time of Charles I., and the poet was no less a personage than the minister of the Barony, the grim, perfervid, brave old Zachary Boyd. If proof were needed that the citizens of Glasgow have been by no means Gallios, caring for none of these things, it would be enough to recall the fact that the manuscript poems of "Mr. Zachary" have been carefully preserved in the University library for nigh two hundred and fifty years.

---

And blushing roses grow into thy fields
In no less plenty than sweet pasture yields.
Thy pastures, flocks; thy fertile ground, the corn;
Thy waters, fish; thy fields the woods adorn.
Thy buildings high and glorious are, yet be
More fair within than they are outwardly.
Thy houses by thy temples are outdone—
Thy glitt'ring temples of the fairest stone.
And yet the stones of them, however fair,
The workmanship exceeds, which is more rare.
Not far from thee the place of Justice stands,
Where senators do sit and give commands.
In midst of thee Apollo's court is placed,
With the resort of all the Muses graced
To citizens in the Minerva arts
Mars valour, Juno stable wealth, imparts.
That Neptune and Apollo did, 'tis said,
Troy's famed walls rear, and their foundations laid;
But thee, O Glasgow! we may justly deem
That all the gods who have been in esteem,
Which in the earth and air and ocean are,
Have joined to build with a propitious star.

For a century after the time of Boyd there is no record of poetry in Glasgow. Doubtless, however, there were makers of song in the city to keep company with poets like Hamilton of Gilbertfield in the neighbourhood, and Allan Ramsay's nest of singing-birds in the capital. At any rate we know that the instinct for melody was by no means absent. Stenhouse, in his notes to Johnson's "Museum," puts it on record that the lively air of "Duncan Gray" was composed by a carter or carman of that name in Glasgow about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and that the tune was taken down from his whistling it two or three times to a musician in the city. Towards the middle of the same century even the Glasgow bellman, Dougal Graham, had caught the poetic infection, and in his own rude fashion sang the city and its ways. And from that day to the present the record remains of an unbroken train of singers.

The marvel is that for so long a time the claim of St. Mungo's city to be an *alma mater* of poets has not been fairly recognised. In this respect justice has hardly been done to the city by the trumpet of fame. In the many descriptions of Glasgow it seems to have been the last thing dreamt of to consider the town as a place of inspiration for poets. As a matter of fact, nevertheless, no town in Scotland,

excepting perhaps Edinburgh itself, can boast so long and illustrious a roll of "makers." For a century and a half the Glasgow poets have poured forth a stream of minstrelsy, gay with humour, tender with pathos, fierce with invective, riotous with mirth —as rich as it is varied, and as brilliant as it is full of character and is sincere. Each of the long train has given his share—some song, at least, that cannot be forgotten—to enrich the nation's treasury. The birthplace of Campbell and Motherwell and Henry Glassford Bell, and the home of John Mayne and James Grahame, Alexander Rodger and George Outram, William Miller, Alexander Smith, and David Gray, with some two-score other singers of note, Glasgow has no need to solicit respect for her tale of poetic achievement.

Three collections of poetry, mostly native to the city, have been made in Glasgow. Between the years 1795 and 1798 the bookseller-poets, Brash & Reid, issued from their shop in Trongate, in a series of penny numbers, a collection entitled "Poetry, Original and Selected." Some of the pieces are signed, and the authorship of others is easily identified, but many, after every effort, remain anonymous. The collection, when completed, made four small volumes, which stand among the prizes of the book-collector. In 1832, again, was published

the first of four series of the delightful and entertaining "Whistle-binkie." It was edited and partly contributed by John Donald Carrick, and was published by David Robertson from his shop at the foot of Glassford Street. The snuggery behind that shop was a literary howff of much the same character as Allan Ramsay's in Edinburgh a century before; and "Whistle-binkie" took shape there in much the same way as the "Tea-Table Miscellany" took shape in the Edinburgh resort. Its chief contributor and subsequent editor was Alexander Rodger, but it contained some of the best pieces of William Motherwell, William Miller, and other kindred spirits. The contributions were by no means exclusively drawn from Glasgow, but the work of the writers mentioned gave the characteristic tone to the production — a ring of homely tenderness, shrewd wisdom, and pawky humour, which was as distinct as it was irresistible. "Whistle-binkie" keeps its place as a quaint classic, and of itself, though it stood alone, would bespeak Glasgow a city of poetic memories.

At half a century's later date came the volumes of the Glasgow Ballad Club. For a prototype to this club, if it had a prototype, it is necessary to go back to that Easy Club of the early years of the eighteenth century, at which the author of "The

Gentle Shepherd" and the other "ingenious gentlemen" of his coterie recited their own verses, sang their own songs, and in other characteristic ways sped the jovial hours.[1] Founded in 1876 by Mr. William Freeland, the Ballad Club, during the twenty-five years of its existence, has counted among its members most of the men of poetic gift in the city and its neighbourhood. Of the compositions read before the club two volumes have been published, under the title of "Ballads and Poems," in 1885 and 1898 respectively. The contents of these remain as various as the professions of their authors, but between the boards are poems—satires, songs, and narrative pieces, light *vers de société*, kindly conceits, and impressions of country and town—enough to, at least, maintain the poetic tradition of the city.

So, it will be seen, Glasgow has had her guilds of "makers" no less than of other crafts. The tale of her poetic production is both ancient and

[1] Count is not taken here of the Anderston Social Club of Glasgow, which, in the years before Waterloo, had among its members such poets as William Glen and Alexander Macalpine, author of the once famous "Mail-Coach." This and other convivial coteries of that time, described in Dr. Strang's delightful book, "Glasgow and its Clubs," enjoyed, and even kept record of, the original lyrics sung by their members, but they were not literary clubs in the first sense of the term.

honourable. And of her sons of song, the long roll is not yet at an end.[1]

---

[1] As a pledge that the inspiration of St. Mungo's city has by no means become exhausted, it may be allowable to quote some lines of the very beautiful poem written by Mr. William Canton on occasion of the centenary of the *Glasgow Herald* in February, 1882:—

A hundred years ago! As in a dream,
All things have changed along the human stream.
The thousand roaring wheels of traffic pass
Where the maids spread the linen on the grass;
The mighty ocean liners outward bound
Heave o'er the spot where windmill wheels went round.
The haystacks of the Trongate, where are they?
Where the green meadows which produced the hay?
Who were the last vain lovers (who can tell?)
That gazed beneath the alders at Arn's Well?
Oh! quaint arcadian city which appears
In the bright vista of a hundred years!
The ancient merchant in his scarlet cloak,
Grey wig and silver buckles, if he woke
From his archaic slumber, would he know
Th' Havannah of a century ago?
In that brave year of seventeen eighty-two
The stars looked out of smokeless heavens and knew
The city by its nine dim lamps. At dawn
The glimmering vapours from the bens were drawn,
And Lomond with a cheery face looked down
Through the clear morning on the thriving town.

# ZACHARY BOYD

## 1585-1653

No name is better remembered in the annals of bygone Glasgow than that of Zachary Boyd. Traits of his character and tales of his deeds and sayings have been handed down by tradition, and, along with his manuscripts, the University has preserved his portrait and his bust. Though no longer a force in the world of letters, he was a force in the pulpit in his day. In spirit, no less than in appearance, he presented a striking likeness to John Knox, and of the strenuous Presbyterian ministers of his time—the time of Charles I. and Cromwell—he remains an outstanding type.

Descended from the Boyds of Pinkill in Carrick, a branch of the noble house of Kilmarnock, he was born, probably at Kilmarnock, in 1585. He studied at Glasgow University, took his degree at St. Andrews, and when twenty-two years of age passed to the University of Saumur in France. Of that University he was made a regent in 1611, and afterwards refused the principalship. For four years, also, he was minister of a French Protestant church. In 1623 he returned to Scotland, and after a few months was appointed minister of the Barony, or landward parish of Glasgow, a charge in which he remained for thirty years.

It was a troublous period in Church and State, and twice Boyd came into conspicuous contact with the rulers of his time. On 17th June, 1633, the day after the Scottish coronation of Charles I., the minister of the Barony met the king in the porch of Holyrood, and addressed to him a Latin panegyric. Alas for that praise! Charles before long was pushing prelacy on Scotland, and the name of his panegyrist was signed to the covenant of resistance. And later, in 1640, when the royal army was defeated at Newburn, Boyd wrote a curious poem on the subject, stigmatising as a "beastly fool" every one who drew a sword for the cause of the king. The second incident occurred in 1650.

Cromwell had defeated Charles II. and the Presbyterian army at Dunbar, and on his progress through the country had come to Glasgow. On Sunday, 13th October, he attended the Cathedral in state. Zachary Boyd was the only one of the magistrates and ministers who had been brave enough to remain in town, and he took occasion in his sermon to rail fiercely against the "Malignants," as Cromwell and his Independents were called by the Presbyterian party. Secretary Thurlow, it is reported, more than once whispered to Cromwell for leave to "pistol the scoundrel." "No, no," was the General's answer, "we will manage him in another way." "He therefore asked the minister to dine with him, and concluded the entertainment with prayer, which lasted for three hours, even until three in the morning."

Boyd, nevertheless, seems to have taken no active part in the politics of the day. His life was almost entirely that of a preacher and writer. Probably it was during his residence in France that he produced his best poetical work, "Zion's Flowers," most of which remains still in manuscript. The popular tradition ran that this was a rendering of all the sacred scriptures into verse—"Zachary Boyd's Bible." His work, however, was confined to a series of twenty-three episodes, such as "The Historie of Jonah" and "The Tyrannie of Pharaoh." Selections from the "Flowers" were edited by Gabriel Neil, and published in 1831 and 1855.

The other work on which the fabric of his fame must rest is written in prose. The strange occasion of the production of this work, "The Last Battle of the Soul in Death," is told by Boyd himself. In 1626 he had been sick to death of fever, and on his recovery found in his study, among his books, the winding-sheet which had been made ready for his corpse. This startling discovery set him to describe, for the good of others, the soul's struggle with its last enemies. The book was addressed, in English, Latin, and French, to Charles I. and his queen, and printed at Edinburgh in two parts by the heirs of Andro Hart in 1629. A new edition, edited by Gabriel Neil, was printed at Glasgow in 1831. Boyd's chief published works, besides these, were "The Battle of Newburn," reprinted in Laing's "Fugitive Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century"; "Four Letters of Comforts on the Deaths of Lord Haddington and Lord Boyd," 1640, reprinted in 1878; "The Garden of Zion," a series of poems on Biblical subjects in 1644; and his metrical version of the Psalms, which reached a third edition in 1646. Glasgow University,

however, has 26,000 lines of his works in MS., a list of the contents of which was given by Gabriel Neil in an appendix in 1831.

Not the least interesting feature of Boyd's life was his connection with Glasgow University. He was thrice elected Dean of Faculty, thrice Rector, and thrice on the Assembly's commissions of visitation. He was also Vice-Chancellor from about 1644; and at his death he left to the College a large sum of money, some £20,000 Scots, with his books and MSS. His injunction to the University authorities, nevertheless, to print his manuscripts, has never been carried out.

He was married, first to Elizabeth Fleming, who died in 1636, and afterwards to Margaret Mure, a daughter of Mure of Glanderstone. From certain bitter remarks on women in his writings it has been supposed the latter union was unhappy. But his extant references to his "loving spouse" are kind and tender, and he provided for her generously in his will. She was, however, much younger than himself, and there is a story about her which may stand for what it is worth. When he was drawing up his "Last Testament," the tradition runs, she ventured to suggest that he should leave something to Mr. Durham, minister of the Inner High Church. Zachary's answer was characteristic: "I'll leave him naething," he said, "but what I canna keep frae him, and that's your bonnie sel'." And, as if to corroborate his surmises, eight months after Boyd's death she married Mr. Durham.

An early memoir of Zachary Boyd appeared in the "Christian Instructor," and full accounts of his career are furnished in the introductions of his editor, Gabriel Neil. As a prose writer he was among the clearest and most forcible of his age in Scotland. He was one of the earliest Scottish authors to express himself in Southern English, yet his style would do no discredit to the best writers of the present day. The opening sentences in "The Last Battle" give a fair idea of that style:—"My Bodie is sicke, my Soule is wounded. God's wrath is fearefull; it burneth to the bottom of Hell. The heate thereof already maketh my Soule to sweate. I can find no Skrine or Sconce to set between mee and this fire."

As a poet, on the other hand, it must be admitted that he is entitled to no very lofty place. His muse is apt to walk when it should soar. Some of his anachronisms, too, are not a little amusing; as when he makes the daughter of Herodias dance a strathspey, and Joseph reason with Potiphar's wife in the words of the New Testament. Injustice,

however, has been done to his reputation by the quoting of nondescript burlesque verses of other derivation as "from Zachary Boyd's Bible." It is certain he did not succeed in his great object—the object of all the Reformers from John Knox to his own time—to substitute Biblical subjects for the popular "fables, love-songs, ballads, Heathen husks, youth's poyson," in the mouths of young men and maidens. Yet it is impossible not to respect the earnest spirit shining behind the verse; and as a homely and didactic poet he is entitled to his place. By far his finest piece is "Joseph Tempted by Potiphar's Wife." The subject is a delicate one, but it is managed with no little skill and dramatic instinct, fine images and descriptions are scattered through its lines, and again and again the verse rises to a note of real passion. Though not to be compared with those other "Flowers of Zion" of Boyd's contemporary, Drummond of Hawthornden, this piece, at least, of the Glasgow poet's composition cannot be passed by.

## JOSEPH TEMPTED

(From "Zion's Flowers")

*Potiphar's Wife.*—

My heart is like a spider who, confined
In her web's centre, hurried with each wind,
Moves in a trice if that a buzzing fly
Stir but a string of her thin canopy.
I cannot tell what thing is this I find
Both night and day still stirring in my mind.
This youth new come, he hath a lovely face,
Whate'er he doth, it is adorned with grace.
He ruddy lips hath, and a smiling eye,
His comely cheeks are of a purer dye
Than any rose, and, for mine eyes' delight,
The other parts are like the lily, white.

I see in him, which well affirm I can,
The rarest beauties that adorn a man.
Him more than all I inly do admire,
And do him still behold with young desire.
I do not know what after shall ensue.
If I this passion shall of love pursue
Or not, I doubt. I know not what infection
The tinder kindleth if this hot affection
Which fires my mind and wak'neth my desire,
So that my lust me setteth all on fire.
Desist I would, for fear of world's shame;
Persist I must, though I should lose my name.
Than death love's stronger, as we may perceive;
I'll rather die than want what love would have.
I jewels have that are both rich and rare;
I will them have thick dangling on my hair.
Pearls, rubies, and the topaz shall me deck,
With sapphires hanged about my snowy neck.
My gowns, pasmented with the richest gold,
And dangling ribbons pleasant to behold,
Shall give me lustre. When he hath me seen
Deck'd like a lady, rather, like a queen,
His lust will kindle, and him quickly move
With such a beauty to be sick of love.
Now I will send my Nurse to him, that he
May in some chamber see me quietly
Without a witness, for a place alone
Is fitting most for such temptation.
Ho, Nurse, see that in haste ye ready be
That Hebrew youth cause quickly come to me;

For to my husband he must letters write,
Some secret purpose which I shall indite.
Tell ye him that I'm in the chamber here:
Let no man know, but sound it in his ear.

*Nurse.—*

I go, madam, according to your will;
What ye require I shall the same fulfil.
While ye were young, I on my breasts you fed,
And by the sleeves I here and there you led.
I you a babe did dandle on my knee:
My heart is glad when I your glory see.
I'll say no more. In haste I'll go away.
As ye have spoke I'll to the Hebrew say.

*Potiphar's Wife.—*

This my design requires great secrecy.
My Nurse, I think, was fittest all to try.
She trusty is, she no deceitful will
Hath in her heart. She will not me beguile.
I thought her fittest for to do this thing
For me, her nursling, whom she up did bring.
She is most faithful, diligent, and chary
Her nursling's errands to and fro to carry.
But what is this that in my breast I feel?
The thoughts of love still up and down do reel
Within my heart. The pleasant comely face
Of the Hebrew youth me grieves in every place.
I'm sick of love. I have sure quaffed up
The brim and bottom of some Stygian cup

Wherein some philtre kindled hath this fire
That makes my flesh burn with such hot desire!

*Nurse.*—

Sir, ye shall know, my mistress hath me sent
To tell you that ye come incontinent
To write some missives of great importance
Unto her lord. She minds you to advance
To higher honours, even to bear her cup.
Some other things in heart she hoardeth up,
As I perceive, which ye will better know
When she herself will tell the same to you.
She in her speeches still doth you commend.
She is in grief if that your finger-end
But ache a little. Thus ye clearly see
How much to her ye now beholden be.
Ye will be welcome when ye to her go:
What needs me trumpet everything I know.

*Joseph.*—

I gladly hear what ye the Nurse do say.
I am a servant, and I must obey.
Most willingly I'll strive to do her pleasure;
I of her love deserve not such a measure.
Yet shall I strive that all the house may see
That I am upright, and no guile's in me.
I for my master and my mistress ever
Shall still be loyal, but a pilferer never.
Nurse, tell the mistress when I this have done
That's in my hand, I'll to her come anon.

*Nurse.—*

I see indeed those things most needful be.
When ye have done see that ye follow me.
Madam, as ye me to the Hebrew sent,
At your command I went incontinent.
As I perceived, my words did much him move
When I him told of your respect and love.
When he hath done some things that needful be
He then anon will follow after me.
A gallant youth he seems, as I have seen.
As I esteem, he of some lord hath been
The darling son; but beggars by the way
Him far from doors have found and stolen away.

*Potiphar's Wife.—*

Your thought is mine. Since first I saw his face
And civil carriage als in every place,
So mild, so meek, so humble, free of scorn,
I could not think that he was basely born.
Sith Providence hath brought him us unto,
He shall well know that he hath not to do
With churlish merchants who, which is a vice,
Have no respect to persons, but to price.
I hope one day, when he nothing shall want,
He'll say our house yet never breathed scant.
Since I was lady of this house so fair
I never yet a servant had so rare.
What say I? Servant! Service to despatch!
To any lady he might be a match!
I see no man that hath so comely face.
Whate'er he doth it is adorned with grace.

*Joseph.*—

Madam, ye know I use not to be slow.
What I have done ye will it well allow
When ye it see. As soon as it was done
I came unto your ladyship anon.
In everything as I shall understand
I mind to do as ye shall me command
Only and truly. It becomes me so,
As ye direct, either to come or go.
It's not for servants to be dainty, nice,
And slow in pace, but in a twinkling trice
To go to work, and that in every way,
Ere crowing heralds summon up the day.
I hope, madam, that ye will not refuse
What I have said for a most just excuse.

*Potiphar's Wife.*—

While I him hear I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflecteth on his face.
If I no children had for to inherit,
He might be heir of all I have by merit.
If I were barren, as is many a one,
He surely should be mine adopted son
If Potiphar himself were in his grave
I surely should no other husband have.
I may this think, but cannot speak the same;
It seemly is a wife be veiled in shame.
Young man, to you my Nurse I quickly sent
That you should come to me incontinent.

I heard your reason, I will it allow:
I by my Nurse each circumstance do know.
Some secrèt things I must this day indite.
Come to my cabin that ye may them write.
I loved you aye, and yet I do not vary,
Therefore I here you make my secretary.
This place is quiet, far aback from din;
None will without hear what's here said within.
This, this, and this my husband write unto;
As I indite you shall so write, and so.

*Joseph.*—

All is well written as I do suppose.
Is it your will that I the letters close?

*Potiphar's Wife.*—

O that this youth did know my ladyship!
O that in love's cup he would once but sip,
And after that, carousing, by and by
Would all quaff off, and leave the goblet dry.
His rosy lips most gladly would I kiss,
But woman's shame restraineth me from this.
I wonder, while such beauty here he sees,
That I perceive not in his modest eyes
Some sign of lust. If favour could him move
He clearly sees great tokens of my love.
If he would look and see me on each side,
He would me see adorned like a bride.

I farded have my face with fard most rare;
To fire his eye my lily breast is bare:
Pearls, rubies, and the topaz do me deck,
With sapphires hanged about my snowy neck.
My gowns pasmented are with richest gold,
And dangling ribbons, pleasant to behold,
Do give me lustre. He me thus hath seen
Deck'd like a lady, rather, like a queen.
Yet for all this, as I behold his eye
I no appearance of his lust can see.
It may be so that all he sees without
Not shew my mind, and therefore doth he doubt
If inly I him such affection bear;
Therefore, except he from my mouth it hear,
He dare not well such matters now propound,
Lest that he guilty should at last be found,
If to my husband I should shew the same,
And by this means that he should come to shame.
I fain would speak, and tell him all my mind,
How in mine eyes that he doth favour find;
But oh! again I blush, I cannot speak;
It seems the man should from the woman seek.
That man is doltish, and hath little skill,
That cannot soon signs of a woman's will
Read in her face, her gestures, and her eye.
What shall I say? For love I'm like to die.
Ho youth, the missives as I do perceive
Ye orderly them all now written have
As I desire, therefore I shall allow
None to write missives; I will have but you.

See that the morrow ye go not from home:
At afternoon unto my cabin come.

*Joseph.*—

I shall, madam, do as ye me command
In everything that I do understand.
What shall you please I mind it still to seek;
I wish I could do better than I speak.
Now by your leave, madam, I must go hence
T' o'ersee the servants, that with diligence
They work; for they need more a spur than bridle.
It's sin and shame that servants should be idle.
  This woman's looks do lustful seem and vain.
With such a one great danger's to remain.
She's like a tinder-box to kindle fire,
To waken lust and foolish youth's desire.
  It is my part at morn, and als at even,
Yea at all times, to pray the God of Heaven
Me to direct, that by her promises
And beauty she gull not my simpleness.
O Lord, thou know'st that I nothing can do
But what thy Spirit enables me unto.
  And yet, while I such outward tokens find,
It may be no such thing be in her mind.
While we in cabin secret were together
She not a word that wanton was did utter.
Such is our nature and our frail condition
That without ground we often have suspicion.
They who in life are still most innocent
Are least suspicious of an ill intent.

Yet when men see the ivy-bush hang out
They know the change-house. So at least we doubt
If such be chaste whom we always do see
So vain, so wanton, with a rolling eye.

*Potiphar's Wife.—*

I wot not what in me is come to pass—
In me this whilom, who most gladly was
Set to o'ersee my maids in business,
And now I lusk in sloth and laziness.
Love's working I not able am to stanch;
The fire is kindled which I cannot quench.
This youth I so do carry in my mind
That I no rest within my heart can find.
It sucketh sorrow, and doth on it feed;
I dizzy am, as fed with darnel seed.
I yesterday had time, but could not use it;
I thought it precious, but I feared t' abuse it.
A woman's heart a thousand doubts doth frame—
Whiles tossed with fear, and whiles als crossed with shame.
So to attempt I durst not well be plain,
But thought by pearls and smiles my point to gain.
I see him coming as we left at last.
The appointed hour it is not fully past.
It gives me hope, sith that he keeps his hour,
That yesternight of love he felt the power.
A gallant lady with a smiling face,
With speaking gestures in a secret place,

May kindle fire within the chastest breast
Both of the greatest and als of the least.

*Joseph.—*

I see yon woman in a rich attire;
To deck her thus her maid will surely tire.
Whenas her lord did with her here remain
She in apparel was not half so vain.
I must go to her; I it cannot shun.
O Lord me save, and, as thou hast begun,
Continue with me, that, unto the last,
I both in heart and gestures may be chaste.

*Potiphar's Wife.—*

Ho! youth, come hither that I may indite
Important missives which ye now must write
To send abroad. Men must not idle stand
In hulk at sea, or in an house on land.
Lest time be spent before our turns are done,
Let us both go into my cabin soon.
Now doors are closed, my husband is afield,
Sweet youth, I wish that ye to me would yield
My earn'st desire. I hardly can it tell,
But by my gestures ye may know it well.
The matter's such it not conceal I can.
Even ye yourself are now the only man
Who can me comfort, pining thus away
With thoughts of you by night and als by day.
Ye know my meaning; I it blush to tell,

But by my gestures ye may know it well.
The doors are closed; none's here but you and I;
Stol'n water's sweet, as every one may try.
Thousands of servants would this well approve
That such a mistress would them dearly love.

*Joseph.*—

O God forbid! God's eye, a shining taper,
Sees all that's done. Your door's a sconce of paper,
Will not us hide from his all-seeing eye.
To him the darkness shineth like the sky.

*Potiphar's Wife.*—

What can this be? I whiles am in a flame,
And whiles as with an ague chilled I am.
My heart is swol'n with sighs and sorrows great:
Both day and night my soul within doth fret.
I wish, if I such follies could forbear,
That I a dormouse were a thousand year,
That I might sleep a sleep so uncontrolled,
To shun the ill that waking I behold.
What can this be? The fire yet swiftly seeks
To pass the paths and all the crooked creeks
Within my heart. Love's passions are more eager,
They on all sides this heart of mine beleaguer.
Thoughts, as fell hornets from their drowsy nest,
Come buzzing so within my troubled breast
With fisking train, that I must by and by,
Stitch'd full of stings, with pain lie down and die—

Yea, die for him whom I cannot attain,
Who for my love still meets me with disdain.
What! Shall I die? I him yet will assail,
If that my card and compass do not fail.
Now time is come. My heart it springs for haste,
About his neck my milk-white arms to cast.
I'll hold him, hug him, saying Welcome mine!
Dear mine thou art, and I am also thine!
Here's fair occasion; why desire we thus
To sport in love? None is to hinder us.
While we have time now let us do with speed.
Lovers must dare, and for no dangers dread.
Why burn we daylight? We have time and place—
My dearest Heart, now let me thee embrace!

*Joseph.—*

Madam, madam! now far misled ye are!
Think that ye are the wife of Potiphar.
My noble lord, who doth us all command,
He would not look to get this from your hand.
Sith as ye hear the matter's so and so,
Now loose your grips, and quickly let me go.
If from you I this favour cannot find,
I'll rather choose to leave my cloak behind.

*Potiphar's Wife.—*

O dule, O dule! Help, help! O dule, O dule!
I am abused by a slave—a fool!
Is none here near to hear my shrillest cry?

I blush to tell what he hath done. Fy, fy!
Ho servants, hear! come to my help anon.
Or with a slave I'll surely be undone.

*Nurse.—*

What now, madam? What is't that ails you there?
What is't that hath dishevelled all your hair?

*Potiphar's Wife.—*

My nurse, my nurse! this base and beggar loon
Hath throttled me, and also cast me down.
I'm shamed for aye, though no more were than this—
Ere even I wist, this slave my mouth did kiss.
He crafty came to me in stealing way,
When I was sleeping in the canopy.
I blush for shame to tell it—O the slave!
The Jew, the rascal, the base Hebrew knave,
The vilest villain that hath ever been
Within my doors! Where hath the like been seen
Or heard of ever? that a basest slave
Durst but a kiss of his own lady crave.
This day I have received such disgrace
That I for shame cannot lift up my face.

# TOBIAS SMOLLETT

1721-1771

In the latter half of the eighteenth century there was a well-known physician in Glasgow named Dr. Gordon.[1] When talk turned upon the latest quarrel engaged in by a certain novelist of the time, as it was apt to do in his company, he never failed to put in a fair word for the delinquent. With a smile of reminiscence, as he helped himself to a pinch of snuff, he would say "Gie me my ain bubbly-nosed callant, wi' a stane in his pouch." For Tobias George Smollett had once been an apprentice in the shop of Mr. John Gordon, surgeon and apothecary. One incident of the "callant's" early days in that surgeon's shop has been remembered. It was a winter morning, and a snow battle was going on among the boys outside, when the stout little surgeon came in. A certain prescription was not ready, and the shopman excused the delay by explaining that he had been hit by a snowball from the street, and had run after his assailant. "A likely story!" answered the surgeon. "I am sure I might stand here long enough before any boy would fling a ball at me." He had no sooner said the words, however, than a snowball from the door corner hit him straight in the face. The boy Smollett had been within earshot, and the psychological moment had proved too much for him. This was Smollett's failing throughout life. He could never resist the telling moment for attack, and in consequence, to his last day he was rarely without a quarrel on hand with one person or another.

Son of a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, the poet-novelist was born at Dalquhurn, near Renton, in what is still, notwith-

[1] In his later days Gordon assumed as a partner Dr. John Moore, author of the novel "Zeluco," and father of the future hero of Corunna.

standing its smoky chimney-stacks, the beautiful Vale of Leven.[1] The mother, early left a widow, supported herself by farming, and the boy got his schooling in Dunbarton, a mile or two away. A little later he became the surgeon's apprentice in Glasgow, and attended the College there. But the example of Thomson and Mallet, Scotsmen who had lately found fame in London, had fired his fancy, and in 1738, throwing down pestle and spatula, he set off for the south. He did the journey partly on foot, partly on packhorse and carrier's waggon, and, like Samuel Johnson, who had reached the city in the previous year, he carried a tragedy in his pocket. Alas! this tragedy, "The Regicide," on the assassination of James I. at Perth, failed to get a hearing, and its author was glad presently to sail as surgeon's mate on the "Cumberland," 80-gun ship of war. In this position he served for three years, and was present at the futile siege of Carthagena. Then, during some stay in Jamaica, he met a planter's daughter, Miss Anne Lascelles, who afterwards became his wife.

In 1744 Smollett returned to London and set up as a doctor in Downing Street. But patients were few, and the Scotsman was not complaisant. "If you have time to play at being ill," he said to one invalid, "I have no leisure to play at curing you." At the same time he had not forgotten his poetic hopes. It was in 1746, when London was jubilant with the news of Culloden; the tales of "Butcher" Cumberland's atrocities among the Highland glens stirred him to wrath, and he wrote "The Tears of Scotland." It is said that when he read the six original stanzas in a coffee-house, one of the company pointed out the danger the author ran of giving offence to the Government. By way of reply Smollett took his poem to a side table, and added a seventh stanza more biting in its invective than all the others together.

Next year he married Miss Lascelles, and in 1748 published

[1] I am indebted to Captain Telfer Smollett of Bonhill for the information that the exact spot of the poet's birth was a knoll at the back of the Volunteer Drill Hall in Renton, and exactly opposite Dalquhurn works gate. The house is shown in an oil painting preserved by the family. It has long been demolished, but some of its stones are built into the garden wall of the neighbouring Place of Bonhill. A local tradition declares that Smollett's mother was seized with the pains of labour while sitting at the foot of a tree which overhung the road at hand till last year. Some say the child was actually born out of doors, others that the mother had time to get into the house.

"Roderick Random," which at once gave him a place beside Richardson and Fielding among the creators of the modern novel. Full of adventure, bustle, and broad humour, it detailed a good deal of his own experience, and included an account of the attempt on Carthagena. His next book, "Peregrine Pickle," included the notorious "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality," said to have been furnished him by their subject herself, the frail, beautiful Frances Hawes, Lady Vane.

Smollett was now a great author, and the loss of most of his wife's fortune of £300 a year forced him to turn his reputation to account. Among other work for the booksellers he put his name to translations of "Gil Blas" and of "Don Quixote," a "Compendium of Voyages," and a "Universal History." He became editor of "The Critical Review," and supported Lord Bute with a weekly paper, "The Briton." At the same time, in his house at Chelsea he entertained lavishly on week-days most of the men of letters of the time, and on Sundays the less fortunate brothers of the pen for whom he found work at opportunity.

In 1755 he paid a visit to Scotland. His mother was living with her son-in-law, Mr. Telfer of Scotstoun, in Peeblesshire, and the dignified, handsome visitor had himself introduced to her as "a gentleman from the West Indies." For a time, while he continued to frown, the deception succeeded; but as Mrs. Smollett kept looking fixedly at him the attempt broke down, and in a moment his mother's arms were about his neck. "My son, my son!" she cried, "that auld kent smile o' yours has betrayed ye!" At the same time he visited Glasgow and his birthplace in the Vale of Leven.

Next year he undertook a complete "History of England," and finished it amid great *éclat* in fourteen months. And in 1757, Garrick, forgiving him his sarcasms, produced "The Reprisals, or the Tars of Old England," a play which remained a never-failing stock piece for a century. Meanwhile his quarrels had been growing more serious, and for a libel on Admiral Knowles, which he avowed in the "Critical Review," he was fined £100, and spent three months in prison. A worse blow, however, fell upon him in the death of his only daughter at the age of fifteen. From this shock Smollett never fully recovered. He went abroad, and as the fruit of two years' sojourn he wrote "Travels through France and Italy," for the petulance of which he was satirized as "Smelfungus" by Sterne in the "Sentimental Journey."

But grief, the strain of constant toil, and the bitterness of controversy were wearing him down, and when he took his blue-eyed creole wife to Scotland and Glasgow in 1766 he was a dying man.

The old humour, nevertheless, was yet to flash forth its best. "The Adventures of Count Fathom" had appeared in 1752, and "Sir Lancelot Greaves," earliest of serial novels, in the "British Magazine," of which he was editor, in 1758. But it was in 1770, at the little village of Monte Nuova, near Leghorn, whither he had gone as a last resort, that the wearied man wrote his brightest and most racy book, "Humphrey Clinker." At Leghorn itself in the following year he died.

It is as a novelist that Smollett is most remembered. His tales, for amusing delineation of the stronger humours and absurdities of character, occupy a place by themselves, and preserve a full-coloured picture of the manners and morals, or lack of them, in that hard-drinking time. His few poems, nevertheless, remain most notable achievements, and in them, and not in the novels, it is worthy of remark, the real character of Smollett — proud, hot-hearted, and generous—is to be found. His longest pieces, the satires "Advice" and "Reproof," are not his best. Fiercely scathing in their time, they are mostly pointless now, since their allusions are out of date. His few "songs," again, run mostly in the affected fashion of that day. His memory as a poet, therefore, depends on some three or four pieces.

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND

Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause! oh, fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat,
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!

## ODE TO LEVEN WATER

On Leven's banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave

My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That warbles sweetly o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread,
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood—
The springing trout, in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make
By bowers of birch and groves of pine
And edges flowered with eglantine.
  Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds, piping in the dale,
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And industry, embrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

## ODE TO INDEPENDENCE

Thy spirit, Independence! let me share,
  Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
  Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty! whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied,
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow,
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood.[1]

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared;
The hunted boar supplied a shaggy vest,
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopped, he gazed, his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms.
He seized the advantage Fate allowed
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

[1] Charlemagne, having forced 4000 Saxon prisoners to undergo Christian baptism, ordered their throats to be cut.

The curlew screamed, the Tritons blew
  Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite.
Old Time exulted as he flew,
  And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
  Where, under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
  The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born.
The mountain Dryads seized with joy
  The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric Muse caressed the favourite boy;
  The hermit, Wisdom, stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age
  He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire,
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
  The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

Accomplished thus he winged his way,
  And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
  And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
  Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,[1]
Where tyranny beheld, amazed,
  Fair Freedom's temple where he marked her grave.
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
  To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms
  Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.[2]

[1] Venice. [2] The Netherlands.

He with the generous rustics sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan,
And winged that arrow, sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.[1]

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust
To Freedom's adamantine shrine.
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast,
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught, amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould.
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.[2]
He, guardian genius! taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise—
My lips, by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread
Where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind,
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow,

[1] The arrow of William Tell.

[2] The reference is to the stand made by Paschal Paoli against the aggressions of the French.

And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
  Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
  Presents her cup of stale Profession's froth,
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
  Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
  With either India's glittering spoils oppressed.
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
  That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
  And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string,
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
  And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring.
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene,
  And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
  Shook from the baneful pinions of Disgust.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts
  By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
  And Health and Peace and Contemplation dwell.
There Study shall with Solitude recline,
  And Friendship pledge me to his fellow swains,
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
  The slender cord that fluttering life sustains;
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,
  And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And Industry supply the humble store,

And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed.
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite!
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night,
And Independence o'er the day preside—
Propitious Power! my patron and my pride.

## THY FATAL SHAFTS

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame.

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul.

My faltering tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties—
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemned to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

# DOUGAL GRAHAM

## 1724-1779

A COMPENDIUM of the Glasgow poets could not be considered complete without some mention at least of the famous Skellat Bellman. Born of humble parents in the village of Raploch, near Stirling, he was deformed in person, and of the scantiest education; yet his native wit made him a marked figure in his day in Glasgow; he composed a metrical account of "the '45" which, though not indeed to be ranked as fine poetry, possesses not a little of the merit of the early chronicles; and his chapbooks remain among the most famous and entertaining of their class of literature.

For a time Dougal was servant to a small farmer near Campsie; but the wandering spirit was in his blood; like his own John Cheap he became a pedlar, and for some years plied his craft throughout the country. When the Rebellion of 1745 broke out, and the Jacobite army marched south, the pedlar seized his chance, joined the Highlanders as they crossed the Fords of Frew, and followed the fortunes of the Chevalier till they finally broke at Culloden. The probability is that Graham was not a soldier but a sutler. Nevertheless he saw the whole campaign, and no sooner was it over than he proceeded with no little ingenuity to turn it to account. In five months he had written and published at Glasgow his rhymed "History of the Rebellion." The book was at once popular, and eight editions appeared before 1809. Settling in Glasgow Graham apparently became the rhyming chronicler of passing events, issuing his broadsides in rhyme and prose under the name of "John Falkirk," the "Scots Piper," and the like. At the same time he still carried on his business of pedlar, or "merchant;" is said by M'Ure to have become a printer and set up his own works as he composed them at the press; and latterly filled the post of

bellman to the city. In this last character his ready wit was as conspicuous as his rhyming faculty. At every corner where he rang his bell a crowd of boys gathered to hear his rhyming tags, and woe to the wight who tried to "take him off." "The story goes," says his editor, "that Dougal was on one occasion passing along the Gallowgate making some intimation or other. Several officers of the 42nd Highlanders, then returned from the American War of Independence, where their regiment had been severely handled by the colonists, were dining in the Saracen's Head Inn. They knew Dougal of old, and they thought to have a joke at his expense. One of them put his head out of the window, and called to the bellman—'What's that you've got on your back, Dougal?' This was rather a personal reference, for Dougal had the misfortune to be 'humphie backit.' But he was not put out by the question, for he at once silenced his interrogator by answering—'It's Bunker's Hill; do you choose to mount?'" Such stories were once common tradition regarding him.

Dr. Strang, in "Glasgow and its Clubs," thus describes Graham—"Only fancy a little man, scarcely five feet in height, with a Punch-like nose, with a hump on his back, a protuberance on his chest, and a halt in his gait, donned in a long, scarlet coat nearly reaching the ground, blue breeches, white stockings, shoes with large buckles, and a cocked hat perched on his head, and you have before you the comic author, the witty bellman, the Rabelais of Scottish ploughmen, herds, and handicraftsmen." Caldwell, his publisher, said "he could screed aff a bit penny history in less than nae time. A' his warks took weel—they were level to the meanest capacity, and had plenty o' coarse jokes to season them." A just criticism of Graham's "History" is that of Robert Chambers in his "Illustrious Scotsmen"—"The poetry is, of course, in some cases, a little grotesque, but the matter of the work is in many instances valuable. It contains, and in this consists the chief value of all such productions, many minute facts which a work of more pretension would not admit." Graham's other short pieces run in the same vein of humour. "John Highlandman's Remarks on Glasgow" furnish a curious picture of the city in the middle of the eighteenth century. "Tugal M'Tagger" is a satire of no little shrewdness, and "Hand awa' frae me, Donald," attributed to Graham by Stenhouse in his "Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland," remains a classic of its kind. Burns admired "The Turnimspike" on account of its local

humour, and Sir Walter Scott declared that piece alone enough to entitle its author to immortality. The collected writings of Dougal Graham, with a memoir and notes, were edited by Mr. George MacGregor and published at Glasgow in two volumes in 1883.

## THE TURNIMSPIKE

Hersel' pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell prig, man;
And mony alterations seen
Amang the Lawland whig, man.
Fal lal, etc.

First when her to the Lowlands came,
Nainsel was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about hims narse,
About the breeks or trews, man.
Fal lal, etc.

Nainsel did wear the philapeg,
The plaid prickt on her shouder;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol charged wi' pouder.
Fal lal, etc.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith man's narse pe lockit,
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.
Fal lal, etc.

Everything in the Highlands now
  Pe turn't to alteration;
The sodjer dwall at our door cheek,
  And that's ta great vexation.
    Fal lal, etc.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
  And laws pring on the cadger:
Nainsel wad durk him for her deeds,
  But oh! she fears the sodger.
    Fal lal, etc.

Another law came after that,
  Me never saw the like, man;
They mak' a lang road on the crund,
  And ca' him turnimspike, man.
    Fal lal, etc.

And wow, she pe a ponnie road,
  Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Whare twa carts may gang on her,
  And no preak other's legs, man.
    Fal lal, etc.

They sharge a penny for ilk horse,
  In troth they'll be nae sheaper
For nought but gaen upo' the crund,
  And they gie me a paper.
    Fal lal, etc.

They tak' the horse then pe the head,
And there they mak' them stand, man.
I tell'd them that I seen the day
They hadna sic command, man.
Fal lal, etc.

Nae doubts nainsel maun draw his purse,
And pay them what hims like, man:
I'll see a shudgement on his store,
That filthy turnimspike, man.
Fal lal, etc.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,
Where nane a ane sall turn her;
And no come near your turnimspike,
Unless it pe tae purn her.
Fal lal, etc.

## JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S REMARKS ON GLASGOW

Her nainsel into Glasgow went,
An errand there to see't,
And she never saw a bonnier town
Standing on her feet.

For a' the houses that be tere
Was theekit wi' blue stanes,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
No fa' to break her banes.

I gang upon a stany road,
A street they do him ca';
And when me seek the chapman's house,
His name be on the wa'.

I gang to buy a snish tamback,
And standing at the Corse,
And tere I see a dead man
Was riding on his horse.

And O! he be a poor man,
And no hae mony claes,
Te brogues be worn aff his feet,
And me see a' his taes.[1]

Te horse had up his muckle fit
For to gie me a shap,
And gaping wi' his great mouth
To grip me by the tap.

He had a staff into his hand
To fight me an he could,
But hersel be rin awa' frae him;
His horse be unco proud.

But I be rin around about,
And stand upon the guard,[2]
Where I see the deil chap the hours;[3]
Tan me grew unco feared.

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[1] The statue of King William III., set up at Glasgow Cross, was cast in classic dress, including sandals.

[2] The Guardhouse, at foot of Candleriggs.

[3] A clockmaker had in his window a time-piece in which Satan was seen striking the hours.

Ohon! ohon! her nainsel said,
And where will me go rin?
For yonder be the black man
That burns the folk for sin.

I'll no be stay nae langer tere,
But fast me rin awa',
And see the man thrawin te rapes
Aside te Broomielaw.[1]

And O! she pe a lang tedder,
I spiert what they'll do wi't.
He said to hang the Highlandmen
For stealing o' their meat.

Hout! hersel's an honest shentleman;
I never yet did steal,
But when I meet a muckle purse,
I like it unco weel.

Tan fare ye weel, ye saucy fellow!
I fain your skin wad pay;
I cam' to your toun the morn, but
I'll gang out yesterday.

Fan I gang to my quarter-house,
The door was unco braw,
For here they had a cow's husband
Was pricked on the wa'.[2]

[1] There were rope-works by the Broomielaw.
[2] The Black Bull Inn, at the head of Stockwell Street.

O tere me got a shapin ale,
An' ten me got a supper—
A filthy choud o' chappit meat,
Boiled amang a butter.

It was a filthy dirt o' beef,
His banes was like te horn;
She was a calf wanting the skin,
Before that she was born.

I gang awa' into the kirk
To hear a Lawland preach;
And mony a bonnie sang they sing,
Teir books they did them teach.

And tere I saw a bonnie matam
Wi' feathers on her waim;[1]
I wonder an she be gaun to flie,
Or what be in her min'.

Another matams follow her
Wha's . . . was round like cogs,
And clitter clatter cries her feet—
She had on iron brogues.[2]

And tere I saw another matam
Into a tarry seck,
And twa mans pe carry her
Wi' rapes about hims neck.

[1] A feather muff, then fashionable.
[2] Pattens.

She pe sae fu' o' vanity
As no gang on the grun',
But twa poor man's pe carry her
In a barrow cover't abune.[1]

Some had a fish-tail to their mouth,[2]
And some pe had a ponnet;
But my Janet and Donald's wife
Wad rather hae a bannock.

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[1] A sedan chair.
[2] The bonnet tie then in vogue.

# ROBERT COUPER

## 1750-1818

Son of a Wigtownshire farmer, Robert Couper was born at Balsier, in the parish of Sorbie. He entered Glasgow University in 1769, and studied at first for the Church of Scotland. On the death of his parents, however, he was forced to go as tutor to a family in Virginia, and proposed to take orders in the Episcopal Church. This intention also was baulked. The outbreak of the American War of Independence in 1776 sent him back to Glasgow. Returning to the old University in High Street, he studied medicine, and qualified as a surgeon. For a time he practised at Newton-Stewart in his native county, but on the recommendation of Dr. Hamilton, professor of midwifery, was appointed physician to the Duke of Gordon, and settled at Fochabers in 1788. At the same time he took the degree of M.D. at Glasgow, "to prevent people, no wiser than himself, from dictating to him," and married Miss Stott, daughter of the minister of Minnigaff, Kirkcudbrightshire. He left Fochabers in 1806, and died at Wigtown twelve years later. He was the author of two volumes of "Poetry, chiefly in the Scottish Language," published at Inverness in 1804. His best-known song, "Kinrara," or "Red gleams the sun," refers to Kinrara Lodge, the summer residence of the Duchess of Gordon. Another, "Red, red is the path to glory," was written in 1799 at the desire of Lady Georgiana Gordon (afterwards Duchess of Bedford), regarding her brother, the Marquis of Huntly, then with his regiment in Holland. A few days after the writing of it news arrived that the Marquis was wounded. The song was set to a beautiful air, "Stu mo run," picked up by Lady Georgiana in the Highlands. A manuscript Life of Dr. Couper existed, from which most of the above particulars were contributed to the "Additional Illustrations" for Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum."

## RED GLEAMS THE SUN

Red gleams the sun on yon hill-tap,
The dew sits on the gowan,
Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey,
Around Kinrara rowin'.
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?
Alas! wert thou but near me,
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye
Would ever, ever cheer me.

The laverock sings amang the clouds;
The lambs they sport so cheery;
And I sit weeping by the birk—
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary;
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

## RED, RED IS THE PATH

Red, red is the path to glory!
See yon banners floating high;
O, my Geordie, death's before ye;
Turn and hear my boding cry.
Joy of my heart, Geordie, hear me!
Joy of my heart, *Stu mo run!*[1]

[1] "My own!"

Turn and see thy tartan plaidie
Rising o'er my breaking heart;
O my bonnie Highland laddie,
Wae was I wi' thee to part!
Joy of my heart, etc.

But thou bleedst, O bleedst thou, beauty?
Swims thine eye in woe and pain?
Child of honour, child of duty,
Shall we never meet again?
Joy of my heart, etc.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow
Soon thy head shall easy lie;
Soon upon the bounding billow
Shall thy war-worn standard fly.
Joy of my heart, etc.

Then again thy tartan plaidie—
Then my bosom, free from pain,
Shall receive my Highland laddie:
Never shall we part again.
Joy of my heart, etc.

## THE SHEILING

Oh! grand bounds the deer o'er the mountain,
And smooth skims the hare o'er the plain;
At noon the cool shade by the fountain
Is sweet to the lass and her swain.

The evening sits down dark and dreary;
Oh! yon's the loud joys of the ha';
The laird sings his dogs and his dearie,—
Oh! he kens na his singing ava.

But oh! my dear lassie, when wi' thee,
What's the deer and the maukin to me?
The storm soughin' wild drives me to thee,
And the plaid shelters baith me and thee.
The wild warld then may be reeling,
Pride and riches may lift up their e'e—
My plaid haps us baith in the sheiling
That's a' to my lassie and me.

# Mrs. GRANT of Laggan

## 1755-1838

In the middle of the eighteenth century the Goosedubs of Glasgow was a respectable quarter. There Anne M'Vicar was born. Her father was an officer in a Highland regiment, and on her mother's side she was descended from the Stewarts of Invernahyle. Soon after her birth her father's regiment was ordered across the Atlantic, and took part in the conquest of Canada. M'Vicar afterwards resigned his commission and settled in Vermont on his military grant of 2000 acres, which he added largely to by purchase of the grants of brother-officers. Misfortune, however, attended him. Forced by ill-health to return to Scotland in 1768, in 1776, on the outbreak of the War of Independence, he was deprived of his property and reduced to a meagre subsistence as barrack-master at Fort Augustus in Glen More. There, in 1779, Anne married the Rev. James Grant, the military chaplain, who forthwith accepted the parish of Laggan close by. He was related to some of the best families in Badenoch, and there the pair led an uneventful life for twenty-two years.

Something of the metal the minister's wife was made of can be guessed from the fact that, in order to fit herself for her duty in the parish, she studied and mastered the Gaelic tongue. She had already acquired Dutch for the sake of the Dutch friends with whom she stayed in America. Her courage and force of character, however, were to be put to a sterner proof. She had been the mother of twelve children, and eight survived to her when in 1801 her husband died. She then found herself not only without means, but considerably in debt. Her home, too, the manse, must be given up to her husband's successor. Many women would have sunk in despair, but the minister's widow was made of stronger stuff. She took a small farm in the neighbourhood, and set to work to retrieve the position.

The most brilliant part of her life was yet to come. From her earliest days she had shown an instinct for letters. In the American colonies the sergeant of the regiment who had taught her writing had given her a copy of Henry the Minstrel's "Wallace," and helped her to read it. "I conned it so diligently," she wrote in after days in her memoir, "that I not only understood the broad Scottish, but caught an admiration for heroism, and an enthusiasm for Scotland, that ever since has been like a principle of life." In her sixth year she had read the Old Testament, and pored with delight over "Paradise Lost." At nine years of age she had made imitations of Milton; and at Glasgow, after the return from America, she had written several pieces of merit. Now, in 1803, at the urging of friends, she gathered her verses and published them. Three thousand copies were subscribed for, and she was able with the proceeds to pay all her debts. She moved then to Stirling; and in 1806 her "Letters from the Mountains," a collection of charming epistles describing Highland lore and character, which she had written to friends from Laggan; and in 1808 her "Memoirs of an American Lady"—a Madame Schuyler, with whom she had lived for several years at Albany—established her as an author. In 1810 she removed to Edinburgh, where her literary accomplishments and brilliant conversation made her house the resort of men of letters like Lord Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, and Sir Walter Scott. Her "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands," "Popular Models and Impressive Warnings," and other productions, were all successful books, and with the proceeds of them, with several legacies from friends, and with a pension of £100 a year granted her in 1825, she found a comfortable provision till her death at the age of 83.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1839, appeared a detailed account of her life and writings; and a collection of her letters, with a memoir by her son, was published at London in 1844. She was styled Mrs. Grant of Laggan to distinguish her from that other Mrs. Grant "of Carron," author of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch." The preservation of many interesting Highland traditions was owed to her. One of these, quoted by Hill Burton in his "Life of Lord Lovat," from a MS. of Mrs. Grant, gives an idea of her vivid style. It describes the last interview between Prince Charles and Lovat at the house of Gortuleg, near the Falls of Foyers, just after Culloden. "The Prince and a few of his followers came to the house; Lovat expressed attach-

ment to him, but at the same time reproached him with great asperity for declaring his intention to abandon the enterprise entirely. 'Remember,' said he fiercely, 'your great ancestor, Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles, and won Scotland by the twelfth.'" So great was the repute of Mrs. Grant's knowledge of Highland character, custom, and legend, and her power of depicting them, that for a time she was thought to be the author of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy."

## O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?[1]

"O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home.
He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home."

"O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?
O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?"
"He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.
He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
And many a blessing followed him the day he went away."

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[1] This piece, like Robert Couper's "Red, red is the path," was written on the absence in Holland of the Marquis of Huntly with the forces under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1799. It was obviously suggested by "The blue bells of Scotland," sung by Mrs. Jordan, printed in the "Town and Country Songster for 1801," and reproduced in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," vol. vi., in 1803.

"O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.
A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah! suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound!"
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly;
The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye.
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly;
And for his king and country dear with pleasure he would die.

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds!
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds!
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds."

## COULD I FIND A BONNIE GLEN

Could I find a bonnie glen,
  Warm and calm, warm and calm—
Could I find a bonnie glen,
  Warm and calm;
Free frae din and far frae men,
There my wanton kids I'd pen,
Where woodbines shade some den,
  Breathing balm, breathing balm—
Where woodbines shade some den,
  Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill
  Shields the deer, shields the deer—
Where the steep and woody hill
  Shields the deer;
Where the woodlark singing shrill,
Guards his nest beside the rill,
And the thrush, with tawny bill,
  Warbles clear, warbles clear—
And the thrush, with tawny bill,
  Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall
  Echoes round, echoes round—
Where the dashing waterfall
  Echoes round;
And the rustling aspen tall,

And the owl at evening's call,
'Plaining from the ivied wall,
  Joins the sound, joins the sound—
'Plaining from the ivied wall,
  Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,
  All unseen, all unseen—
There my only love I'd own,
  All unseen;
There I'd live for her alone,
To the restless world unknown,
And my heart should be the throne
  For my queen!

## LEAVE ME NOT

Oh, my love, leave me not!
Oh, my love, leave me not!
Oh, my love, leave me not—
  Lonely and weary.

Could you but stay a while,
And my fond fears beguile,
I yet once more could smile,
  Lightsome and cheery.

Night, with her darkest shroud,
Tempests that roar aloud,
Thunders that burst the cloud,
  Why should I fear ye?

Till the sad hour we part
Fear cannot make me start—
Grief cannot break my heart
  Whilst thou art near me.

Should you forsake my sight
Day would to me be night;
Sad, I would shun its light,
  Heartless and weary.

## ON A SPRIG OF HEATH

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
  For thee the brake and tangled wood;
To thy protecting shade she runs;
  Thy tender buds supply her food.
Her young forsake their downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art,
  The deer that range the mountain free—
The graceful doe, the stately hart—
  Their food and shelter seek from thee.

The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath, whose modest bloom
  Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor!
Though thou dispense no rich perfume
  Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild, whose purple glow
  Adorns the dusky mountain's side!
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
  Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart, thy fragrance mild
  Of peace and freedom seems to breathe.
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
  And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
  Alas! when distant far more dear!
When he, from some cold foreign strand,
  Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore
That home and thee he sees no more.

## THE GRAMPIANS[1]

All hail, ye frowning terrors of my way,
Rude Grampian mountains, crowned with lasting snow!
No flowery vales, or plains with verdure gay,
Could bid my soul with purer joy o'erflow.
Barriers of holy freedom! your stern brow
With guardian frown o'erlooks her last retreat;
When tyrant rapine roamed the plains below,
Among your winding glens she found a seat.
Beyond those dark defiles thy narrow vale,
Green Laggan! soon shall cheer my weary sight;
Young voices sounding on the mountain gale
Shall fill this anxious bosom with delight;
While ruddy innocence with raptured smile
Shall cling to this fond heart, by absence torn erewhile.

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[1] This sonnet is included in a rhyming itinerary of the author's *five days' journey* from Glasgow to Laggan, the second longest piece in her first volume.

# JOHN DUNLOP

## 1755-1820

AMONG the poets of Glasgow have been counted all ranks of the citizens, from the humble skellat bellman to the stately Lord Provost himself. The memory of John Dunlop may be said to survive by reason of one, or at most two, short songs. Wherever Scotsmen gather to see the old year out and the new year in, "Here's to the year that's awa'" is as likely to be sung, almost, as "Auld Langsyne" itself. The author was a typical Glasgow citizen, social and hospitable, who took much pleasure in listening to Scottish songs, and could sing them himself to good effect.

Born at his father's residence, Carmyle House, in the parish of Old Monkland, near Glasgow, he was a young man when the red-cloaked "tobacco lords" were strutting their proudest at the Tron; he saw the crisis of their downfall during the American War; and, as a successful merchant himself, when Glasgow was beginning to build its fortunes on new foundations, he was Lord Provost in 1796. He afterwards became Collector of Customs, first at Bo'ness, then at Port-Glasgow, where he died.

During his life, in 1817 and 1819 respectively, Dunlop printed privately ten copies each of two volumes of his poetry, and he is said to have left four volumes in manuscript. His son, who was Sheriff of Renfrewshire, and author of a "History of Fiction," printed privately in 1836 fifty copies of a further small collection of Dunlop's pieces; and in "Dunlop of that Ilk," by Ex-Bailie Archibald Dunlop, published at Glasgow in 1898, the poems of John Dunlop were included, with a portrait of their author. Several of the poet's "Epitaphs" on deceased members of the Hodge-Podge Club, to which Dunlop belonged, were included in the club minutes, and are quoted in

"Glasgow and its Clubs" by Dr. Strang, and two appear in the "Coltness Collections" printed by the Maitland Club. Two other of Dunlop's pieces were printed from his MSS. by Dr. Charles Rogers in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel." George Farquhar Graham, when including "The year that's awa'" in his collection, gave the following details:—"Mr. Robert Donaldson, printer in Greenock, now in Glasgow, having been reading Dunlop's poems, thought the song so good as to be worthy of an air; and calling upon Mr. W. H. Moore, then organist there, now in Glasgow, hummed over to him what he considered might be a melody suited for it. This Mr. Moore remodelled considerably, and published, probably about the year 1820. It was afterwards taken up by some of the public singers, and became very popular."

## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

Here's to the year that's awa'!
We will drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed
While swift flew the year that's awa'.
And here's to ilk, etc.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa'!
Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.
Their fame is alive, etc.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blaw!
May they live in our song and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'!
May they live, etc.

## DINNA ASK ME

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee!
  Troth I dar'na tell:
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee!—
  Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
  For weel ye ken me true:
Oh! gin ye look sae sair at me
  I dar'na look at you!

When ye gang to yon braw, braw toun,
  And bonnier lasses see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
  Lest you should mind na me!

For I could never bide the lass
  That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And oh, I'm sure my heart would break
  Gin ye'd prove false to me!

## LADY FRANCES STEWART

For beauty and for youth let others weep!
Laid by the hand of death in life's last sleep,
Their fate lament, their merits blazon o'er,
Lost to the world that ne'er shall see them more.

Though neither youth nor beauty slumbers here,
Yet age and virtue claim the parting tear—
A tear to grace the spot where wisdom lies,
Wit without malice, truth without disguise.
Here rests religion, void of vain pretence,
Founded on reason and matured by sense,
With every Christian attribute adorned,
By all who knew, who felt its influence mourned.
Blest be the heart that heaves the generous sigh—
Sacred the drop that springs from sorrow's eye!
Yet reason shall our selfish grief restrain,
And check the tear that now must flow in vain.
Far, far removed from sorrow's sighs and tears,
Thy holy spirit dwells in heavenly spheres,
Welcomed by angels to their high abode,
Pure as themselves, and reconciled to God.

# JOHN MAYNE

## 1759-1836

AMONG the Scottish poets who were writing at the same time as Burns, John Mayne possesses a peculiar interest. His "Hallowe'en" obviously formed the model for the famous piece on the same subject by the Ayrshire bard, and not only the idea but the actual refrain of his "Logan Braes" was annexed by Burns for his "Logan Water." On his own merits, besides, Mayne is entitled to high consideration. His "Siller Gun," which describes a relic of ancient wapinschawing surviving in his day in Dumfries, remains one of the raciest and most humorous examples of a time-honoured vein of Scots poetry, the vein of James V's "Christ's Kirk on the Green" and Fergusson's "Leith Races." And his poem "Glasgow," besides affording an excellent picture of the city at the end of the eighteenth century, stands among the most readable of Scottish topographical pieces.

Born and educated in Dumfries, the poet was employed for a time on the *Dumfries Journal*, but removed early to Glasgow, where he lived at the Greenhead, and served an apprenticeship of five years as a printer with the celebrated brothers Foulis. He settled in London in 1787, and spent the remainder of his life in the metropolis as printer, editor, and part proprietor of the *Star* newspaper. A brief account of Mayne's somewhat uneventful career appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1836, and in *The Annual Obituary* for 1837; and some supplementary dates were furnished by his son, an official in the India House, for Laing's Additional Notes to Johnson's "Museum."

"The Siller Gun," Mayne's chief work, was the slow growth of fifty-nine years. Twelve stanzas were printed on a single quarto sheet at Dumfries in 1777; in 1779 it was published in two cantos; it was three cantos when it appeared in *Ruddiman's Magazine* in 1780, four when

it was printed in London in 1808, and five when the author sent it out finally in 1836. In the same way the two first stanzas of "Logan Braes" were written and sung at Glasgow in 1781, and printed in the *Star* newspaper in 1789, but the final edition of the lyric, three stanzas long, was only printed in the preface to "The Siller Gun" in 1836. Stanzas which appeared in the *Paisley Repository* in 1806 and in the *Pocket Encyclopædia of Songs* at Glasgow in 1816, were probably not all Mayne's. The song was written to replace a somewhat indelicate old ditty, beginning—

> "Ae simmer nicht on Logan Braes
> I helped a lassie on wi' her claes,
> First wi' her stockings,"—etc.

"Glasgow" again, was printed first in outline in *The Glasgow Magazine* for 1783, and might have remained there, but Dr. Geddes having called the attention of the Society of Antiquaries to it in flattering terms in 1792, Mayne was induced to take it up again and extend it. The complete poem was published in 1803.

"Hallowe'en" appeared first in *Ruddiman's Magazine* for November, 1780, and again in an edition of "The Siller Gun" in 1783, but Burns's "Hallowe'en" superseded it so completely that it does not seem to have been printed again till 1896, when it was included among Mayne's productions in the Abbotsford Series volume, "Scottish Poetry of the Eighteenth Century." Other of Mayne's pieces were printed in the columns of his own paper and the pages of *Ruddiman's* and the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Of Mayne's private character, Allan Cunningham, who knew him well, said "a better or warmer-hearted man never existed"; and of his works, "'The Siller Gun,'" Sir Walter Scott declared, "surpassed the best efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns." Mayne's "Logan Braes," again, matched on its own ground, fairly excelled the "Logan Water" of the Ayrshire poet.

## THE SILLER GUN

*Opening description.*

For loyal feats and trophies won
Dumfries shall live till time be done!
Ae simmer's morning, wi' the sun,
The Seven Trades there
Foregathered, for their Siller Gun [1]
To shoot ance mair.

To shoot ance mair in grand array,
And celebrate the king's birthday,
Crowds, happy in the gentle sway
Of ane sae dear,
Were proud their fealty to display,
And marshal here.

O George! the wale o' kings and men!
For thee in daily prayer we bend.
With ilka blessing Heaven can send
May'st thou be crowned!
And may thy race our rights defend
The world around!

[1] The "siller gun," a small silver tube like a pistol barrel, was presented by James VI. as a prize for the best marksman in Dumfries. The actual weaponshawing described by Mayne was that of 1777.

For weeks before this *fête* sae clever,
The folk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels in the river—
At marks practising—
Marching wi' drums and fifes for ever—
A' sodjerisin'.

And turning coats and mending breeks,
New seating where the sark tail keeks;
(Nae matter though the clout that ekes
Be black or blue);
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The hose anew.

Between the last and this occasion
Lang, unco lang, seemed the vacation
To him wha wooes sweet recreation
In Nature's prime,
And him wha likes a day's potation
At ony time.

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads,
Their joes ahint them on their yads,

Flocked in to see the show in squads,
And, what was dafter,
Their pawkie mithers and their dads
Cam' trotting after.

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dosing in a chair.
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night.

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam' our Trades, some orra saving
To ware that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny cadgy carl!
Weel may he bruik his new apparel,
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife!
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

Hech, sirs! what crowds cam' into town
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown,
Women and weans,

Gentle and simple, mingling, crown
The gladsome scenes.

At first forenent ilk deacon's hallan
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy-bells jowing,
Het pints, weel spiced to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing.

Broiled kipper, cheese and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whiskey, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry-brandy,
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam'
To Jock or Sandy.

Oh, weel ken they wha lo'e their chapin,
Drink mak's the auldest swak and strappin',
Gars care forget the ills that happen,
The blate look spruce,
And even the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' crouse.

The muster ower, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands,
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Gley'd Geordie Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith.

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere :
The short, the tall, fat folk, and spare,
Syde coats and dockit,
Wigs, queus, and clubs, and curly hair,
Round hats and cockit.

As to their guns—thae fell ingines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds,
For bluidy war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses.

Maist feck, though oiled to mak' them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer,
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints.

Some guns, she thrieps, within her ken,
Were spiked, to let nae priming ben ;
And as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rosit-end
Held on their locks.

And then, to show what difference stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,

Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans,
Neglected lay,
Were furbished up, to grace the hands
O' chiefs, this day.

"Ohon!" says George, and gae a grane,
"The age o' chivalry is gane!"
Syne, having ower and ower again
The hale surveyed,
Their route and a' things else made plain,
He snuffed, and said:

"Now, gentlemen! now mind the motion,
And dinna this time mak' a botion—
Shouther your arms!—Oh, haud them tosh on,
And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa'."

Wi' that the dinlin' drums rebound;
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound;
Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
The corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
In acclamations.

Their steps to martial airs agreeing,
And a' the Seven Trades' colours fleeing,
Bent for the Craigs—oh, weel worth seeing!
They hied awa';

Their bauld convener proud o' being
The chief ower a'.

Attended by his body-guard
He stepped in gracefu'ness unpaired,
Straught as the poplar on the swaird,
And strang as Samson.
Nae e'e could look without regard
On Robin Tamson.

His craft, the Hammermen fu' braw,
Led the procession, twa and twa;
The leddies waved their napkins a',
And boys huzzayed,
As onward to the waponschaw
They stately strade.

Close to the Hammermen, behold,
The Squaremen come, like chiefs of old;
The Weavers, syne, their flags unfold;
And after them
The Tailors walk, erect and bold,
Intent on fame.

The Sutors, o' King Crispin vain,
March next in turn to the campaign;
And, while the crowd applauds again,
See, too, the Tanners
Extending far the glittering train
O' guns and banners.

The Fleshers, on this joyous day,
Bring up the rearward in array;
Enarmed they mak' a grand display—
A' jolly chiels,
Able, in ony desperate fray,
To fecht like deils.

The journeymen were a' sae gaucy,
The apprentices sae kir and saucy,
That, as they gaed alang the causey,
Ahint them a'
The applauding heart o' mony a lassie
Was stown awa'.

## GLASGOW

Hail, Glasgow! famed for ilka thing
That heart can wish or siller bring!
May Peace, wi' healing on her wing,
Aye nestle here;
And Plenty gar thy childer sing
The lee-lang year!

Within the tinkling o' thy bells
How mony a happy body dwells!
Where they get bread they ken themsels;
But I'll declare
They're aye bien-like, and, what precels,
Hae fouth to spare.

If ye've a knacky son or twa,
To Glasgow College send them a',
Wi' whilk, for gospel, or for law,
Or classic lair,
Ye'll find few places hereawa'
That can compare.

There ane may be, for sma' propyne,
Physician, lawyer, or divine.
The gem, lang buried i' the mine,
Is polished here,
Till a' its hidden beauties shine,
And sparkle clear.

Nor is it students, and nae mair,
That climb in crowds our College stair.
Thither the learned, far-famed, repair
To clear their notions,
And pay to Alma Mater there
Their warm devotions.

Led by a lustre sae divine,
Ev'n Geddes visited this shrine.
Geddes! sweet favourite o' the Nine!
Shall live in story,
And like yon constellation shine
In rays o' glory.

O! Leechman, Hutcheson, and Wight!
Reid, fu' o' intellectual light!

And Simpson, as the morning bright!
Your memories here,
Though gane to regions o' delight,
Will aye be dear!

'Mang ither names that consecrate,
And stamp a country gude or great,
We boast o' some that might compete,
Or claim alliance
Wi' a' that's grand in Kirk or State,
In art or science.

Here great Buchanan learnt to scan
The verse that mak's him mair than man.
Cullen and Hunter here began
Their first probations,
And Smith, frae Glasgow, formed his plan—
"The Wealth o' Nations."

In ilka house, frae man to boy,
A' hands in Glasgow find employ;
Even little maids, wi' meikle joy,
Flower lawn and gauze,
Or clip wi' care the silken soy
For ladies' braws.

Their fathers weave, their mothers spin
The muslin robe, so fine and thin
That, frae the ankle to the chin,
It aft discloses

The beauteous symmetry within—
Limbs, neck, and bosies.

Look through the town! The houses here
Like noble palaces appear;
A' things the face o' gladness wear—
The market's thrang,
Business is brisk, and a's asteer
The streets alang.

Clean-keepit streets! so lang and braid,
The distant objects seem to fade;
And then, for shelter or for shade
Frae sun or shower,
Piazzas lend their friendly aid
At ony hour.

O for the Muse o' Burns, so rare,
To paint the groups that gather there!—
The wives on We'n'sdays wi' their ware,
The lads and lasses
In ferlying crowds at Glasgow Fair,
And a' that passes!

But oh! his Muse, that warmed ilk clod,
And raised up flowers where'er he trod,
Will ne'er revisit this abode;
And mine, poor lassie!
In tears for him dow hardly plod
Through Glasgow causey.

Wond'ring, we see new streets extending,
New squares wi' public buildings blending,
Brigs, stately brigs, in arches bending
Across the Clyde,
And turrets, kirks, and spires ascending
In lofty pride.

High ower the lave St. Mungo rears
His sacred fane, the pride of years,
And, stretching upward to the spheres,
His spire afar
To weary travellers appears
A leading star.

O happy, happy were the hours
When first, afar on Crawford moors
I hailed thee bright through sunny showers,
As on I came
Frae murmuring Nith's romantic bowers,
My native hame!

Blythe days! ower happy to remain:
The sire wha led my steps is gane!
Yet wherefore should the Muse complain
In dirge-like lines,
When Heaven has only ta'en its ain
For wise designs?

Still happy, happy be their hours
Wha journey, Clydesdale, through thy bowers!

And blest amang the angelic powers,
Blest be the man
Wha saved St. Mungo's hallowed towers
Frae ruin's han'!

And O, eternal Truth, all hail!
May thy pure dictates aye prevail!
But ne'er sic times let Scotia wail,
When Reformation,
Mad wi' a kirk-destroying zeal,
Spread devastation.

The Muse, whom even the thought appals,
Hies aff where Contemplation dwalls,
And flichters round yon ivied walls,
Where rooks are cawing,—
Round sacred Blantyre's roofless halls,
To waste fast fa'ing.

And thence to kindred ruins winging,
Where a' the arts their heads are hinging,
Bewails sad genius fondly clinging
Around Melross.
But hark! the music-bells are ringing
At Glasgow Cross.

'Tween twa and three wi' daily care,
The gentry to the Cross repair—
The politician, wi' grave air,
Deliberating;

Merchants and manufacturers there
Negociating.

It's not by slothfulness and ease
That Glasgow's canty ingles bleeze;
To gi'e her inland trade a heeze
As weel's her foreign,
She's joined the east and western seas
Together, roaring.

Frae Forth, athort the land, to Clyde,
Her barks a' winds and weathers glide,
And on the bosom o' the tide,
Wi' gentle motion,
Her vessels like a forest ride
And kiss auld Ocean.

Nor only hers what trade imparts.
She's great in arms as weel as arts;
Her gallant sons, wi' loyal hearts,
A' tak' the field,
Resolved, when knaves would scatter darts,
Their king to shield.

And yet, though armed they thus appear,
They only arm while danger's near.
When peace, blest peace! to them maist dear,
Dispels the gloom,
They for the shuttle change the spear,
And ply the loom.

Hail, Industry! thou richest gem
That shines in Virtue's diadem!
While Indolence, wi' tattered hem
Around her knee,
Sits chittering like the withered stem
O' some boss tree;

To thee we owe the flocks o' sheep
That glad Ben Lomond's cloud-capped steep;
The pregnant mines that yield yon heap
O' massy coals;
And a' the tenants o' the deep,
Caught here in shoals;

And a' the villas round that gleam,
Like spangles i' the sunny beam;
The bonnie haughs that laughing seem
Wi' plenty growing;
And a' the bleachfields on ilk stream
Through Clydesdale flowing.

Hence Commerce spreads her sails to a'
The Indies and America:
Whatever mak's ae penny twa,
By wind or tide
Is wafted to the Broomielaw
On bonnie Clyde.

Yet, should the best exertions fail,
And fickle fortune turn the scale,

Should a' be lost in some hard gale,
Or wrecked on shore,
The Merchants' House mak's a' things hale
As heretofore.

Wi' broken banes should Labour pine,
Or Indigence grow sick and dwine,
The Infirmary, wi' care divine
Unfolds its treasure,
And turns their wormwood cup to wine,
Their pain to pleasure.

Oh! blessings on them and their gear,
Wha thus the poor man's friends appear,
While mony a waefu' heart they cheer,
Revive and nourish!
Safe through life's quicksands may they steer!
Let Glasgow flourish!

Wow, sirs! it's wonderfu' to trace
How commerce has improved the place,
Changing bare house-room's narrow space,
And want o' money,
To seats of elegance and grace,
And milk and honey.

But to the philosophic mind
What's mair than wealth and grandeur joined—
Man now meets man, a' frank and kind
Wi' ane another,

And is—what Providence designed—
His friend, his brother.

On Saturdays, the afternoon
When for the week their cares are done,
They dine and set their hearts abune,
And tak' their coggie,
And fix another meeting soon—
They're a' so voggie.

Oh! while they're a' carousing there,
Let me to Kelvinside repair,
Or Bothwell banks that bloom so fair,
Where Lady Anne
Ower her sweet bairn lamented sair
The wiles o' man.

Or at Langside past scenes review,
And round yon thorn my sighs renew,
Where, when the vanquished squadrons flew
That came to fend her,
Lorn Mary bade a lang adieu
To regal splendour.

Aft Crookston, frae thy castle wa
The bugle horn was heard to blaw!
Again she cast a look, and saw
Thy stately towers—
Lang lingering, till the last huzza
O' rebel powers.

Nae troops to guard her in her flight—
Nae friends that durst assert her right—
Nae bower-maids now, wi' fond delight,
Their cares employ
To cheer at morn or soothe at night
Her great annoy.

To where Dundrennan Abbey lay,
Far in the wilds o' Galloway,
Ower moss, ower moor, up bank, up brae
The mourner goes,
Nae mair, frae that disastrous day,
To taste repose.

Still at Langside, in hillocks green,
The traces o' the camp are seen ;
Still Fancy paints the conflict keen,
And figures there
The angel form o' Scotland's Queen
In deep despair.

But come, my Muse, oh, come wi' me,
And drap a tear at Ellerslie,
Where patriot Wallace, bauld and free,
Begude to bloom ;
Where Freedom still, wi' weeping e'e,
Laments his doom.

O Scotia ! where was virtue then ?
Say, was her influence a' withdrawn,

To let a twa-faced villain's han'—
Oh! endless shame!—
Betray the godlike, glorious man,
And stain thy name!

It's late, ower late, to tak' a stride
To Leven Water's bowery side,
To scud across the Firth so wide,
Where ships come in,
Or paint Barncluith, the Falls o' Clyde,
And Cora Linn.

Oh could I, wi' the evening's beam,
Hie aff where Lanark's turrets gleam,
Through birks and wildflowers, frae her dream
Awaken Flora,
And woo the genius o' the stream,
Romantic Cora!

Some other time, when birdies sing,
And gowans deck the teeming Spring,
The Muse shall spread her eager wing
Their charms to see,
And Clydesdale's banks and braes shall ring
Wi' her and me.

Whae'er has daunered out at e'en,
And seen the sights that I hae seen,
For strappin' lasses, tight and clean,
May proudly tell



That, search the country, Glasgow Green
Will bear the bell.

There may ye find, in sweetness rare,
The blooming rose, the lily fair,
The winsome look, the gracefu' air,
The taste refined,
And a' that can the heart ensnare
In womankind.

Yet what avails't to you or me
How bonnie, gude, or rich they be,
If when a lad, wi' langing e'e,
But mints to woo,
They, scornfu', toss their head ajee,
And crook their mou'?

Wae's me for him, in life's sweet morn,
The youth by hopeless passion torn!
Toils, pains, and plagues are eithly borne,
And seem but sma',
Till Beauty tips the rankling thorn
Wi' bitter ga'.

Gin ony simple lover choose
In humble verse his jo to roose,
The eident porters ne'er refuse,
For little siller,
To bear the firstlings o' his muse
Discreetly till her.

But when the youth, wi' meikle care,
Has penned a sonnet on his fair,
Oh, but it grieves his heart right sair,
When she, grown vain,
Flings his epistle—gude kens where,
In proud disdain.

Hame, ere the grass is wet wi' dew,
Hame, as our belles are flocking now!
Sair, sair the lazy chairmen rue
Wi' heavy granes,
That e'er our streets had ought to do
Wi' braid planestanes.

Nae lady wants a chair to hire:
Nae skelping now through mud and mire
Wi' coaties kiltit high and higher—
Mid-leg at least—
Eneugh to warm wi' young desire
The aged breast.

And, what relieves the poet's care,
When wi' his jo he tak's the air,
His lugs will now be deaved nae mair,
When siller's done,
By chairmen bawling, "Shuse a chair!—
She'll file her shoon."

Nae tongue can tell the taunts and rubs
That he maun thole whom poortith snubs—

Afttimes frae rich, unfeeling scrubs
Wha're meanly willing
To trail their lasses through the dubs
To hain a shilling.

O Glasgow! famed for ilka thing
That heart can wish or siller bring!
May nowther care nor sorrow ding
Thy childer dear,
But peace and plenty gar them sing
Frae year to year!

## THE WINTER SAT LANG

The winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
Our seedtime was late, and our mailin' was dear;
My mither tint her heart when she looked on us a',
And we thought upon them that were far'est awa'.
Oh were they but here that are far'est awa'!
Oh were they but here that are dear to us a'!
Our cares would seem light and our sorrows but sma',
If they were but here that are far frae us a'!

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded wi' fear,
And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer,
Our Johnnie has written frae far-awa' parts
A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts.
He says, "My dear mither, though I be awa',
In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
While I ha'e a being ye'se aye ha'e a ha',
Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the snaw."

My mither, o'erjoyed at the change in her state
By the bairn that she doted on early and late,
Gies thanks, night and day, to the Giver of a',
There's been naething unworthy o' him that's awa'.
Then here is to them that are far frae us a'—
The friend that ne'er failed us though far'est awa'!
Health, peace, and prosperity wait on us a',
And a blythe comin' hame to the friend that's awa'!

## LOGAN BRAES

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep
Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded sheep—
I've herded sheep, or gathered slaes
Wi' my dear lad on Logan Braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And fu' o' grief, I herd my lane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me on Logan Braes.

Nae mair, at Logan Kirk, will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk.
I weel may sing, thae days are gane!
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dander dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath the trysting tree
Where first he spak' o' love to me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless and my ain,
Revered by friends, and far frae faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan Braes.

# JOANNA BAILLIE

## 1762-1851

THOUGH she neither was born nor did she die in Glasgow, Joanna Baillie spent her girlhood in the city, and took from it probably the most enduring impressions of her life. Descended from the great Lanarkshire family which claims Sir William Wallace as its progenitor, she first saw light in the manse of Bothwell, where her father was minister. She was of premature birth, delicate in infancy, and backward in her early studies; but, coming to school in Glasgow at the age of ten, she developed rapidly, and showed a special talent for acting and improvising dialogue. In 1769 her father, Dr. Baillie, had removed to the collegiate charge at Hamilton, and in 1776 he became Professor of Divinity in Glasgow University; but he died two years later, and for five years his widow and family lived at Long-Calderwood in Lanarkshire. Joanna's mother was a sister of the famous brothers William and John Hunter, and when the latter died in 1783 he left his house and collections in London to Matthew Baillie, Joanna's brother. The family then removed to London, and there the poetess resided during the rest of her long life, first with her brother in Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly, and, after his marriage to Miss Denman, sister of the Lord Chief Justice, at Red Lion Hill, and Bolton House, an old-fashioned building behind the Holly Bush Inn at Hampstead. For years the last-named residence was destined to be the meeting-place of many celebrated writers—Crabbe, Rogers, Campbell, Washington Irving, and others.

Her first publication was a small anonymous volume of "Fugitive Verses" in 1790, which showed promise and attracted considerable notice. But her genius only found its real measure eight years later.

"It was whilst imprisoned by the heat of a summer afternoon, and seated by her mother's side engaged in needlework, that the thought of essaying dramatic composition burst upon her." She forthwith began the production of those "Plays on the Passions" with which her name is chiefly associated. The opening volume, "A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind," contained a tragedy and a comedy on Love, and a tragedy on Hatred. The publication was anonymous, but all the lettered world was soon discussing it. An amusing anecdote is told of a visit paid at the time by Joanna and her sister to Mrs. Barbauld. "The hostess," records her niece, Miss Aikin, "immediately introduced the topic of the anonymous tragedies, and gave utterance to her admiration with that generous delight in the manifestation of kindred genius, which always distinguished her. But not even the sudden delight of such praise, so given, would seduce our Scottish damsel into self-betrayal. The faithful sister rushed forward, as we afterwards recollected, to bear the brunt, while the unsuspected author of the 'Plays' lay snugly wrapped up in the asylum of her taciturnity." One play in the volume, *De Monfort*, was produced at Drury Lane by John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and ran for eleven nights. But the best fruit of the book was an acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott which lasted for fifty years, and remains one of the most famous of literary friendships. The authoress issued further volumes of her plays at intervals down to 1836, some of them following out her plan of portraying single passions, while others were cast in a more popular form, in the hope that they might continue to be acted "even in our canvas theatres and barns." Perhaps the most successful of her plays from this point of view was *Constantine Palæologus*, taken from Gibbon's account of the siege of Constantinople by the Turks. It was produced as *Constantine and Valeria* to crowded houses in the three capitals and in Liverpool. Her *Family Legend*, also, embodying the tradition of a feud between the Macleans of Duart and Campbells of Lochow, was produced at the instance of Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, and proved a brilliant success.

Besides her plays and a number of fine songs which she contributed to Thomson's and Cunningham's Collections, and John Struthers' *Harp of Caledonia*, Miss Baillie published in 1821 a volume of "Metrical Legends." Its chief contents had for their subjects exploits by Sir William Wallace and Lady Grizel Baillie, and there were some ballads

in the antique fashion. She also, in her seventieth year, produced "A View of the general Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ," in which she upheld the Unitarian view. And when close on fourscore years of age, she issued a new collection of "Fugitive Verses." A poem on an Indian potentate, "Athalya Baee," was also published after her death. She died at the age of 88, in full possession of her faculties, and in the act of devotion. Her faithful sister survived her, and died ten years later at the age of 100.

Joanna Baillie was described in middle life as of slender form and "under the middle size, but not diminutive, her countenance indicating high talent, worth, and decision." Her plays, with their dignified and sonorous blank verse, remain, probably, "the best ever written by a woman," and must rank among English classics; but their construction unfits them for the stage. Perhaps she is destined to be best remembered by the songs which she contributed to her native minstrelsy, and by her long and admirable correspondence and friendship with Sir Walter Scott. The poetess was in Scotland when "Marmion" first appeared, and she was reading the introduction to the third canto to a circle of friends when she came suddenly upon the following passage—

> "Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
> Restore the ancient tragic line,
> And emulate the notes that rung
> From the wild harp which silent hung
> By silver Avon's holy shore,
> Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
> When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
> With fearless hand and heart on flame!—
> From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
> And swept it with a kindred measure,
> Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
> With Monfort's hate and Basil's love,
> Awakening at the inspired strain,
> Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

"Deeply as she must have felt," says her biographer, "she read the passage firmly to the end, and only displayed a want of self-command when the emotion of a friend who was present became uncontrollable."

What her feelings must have been at such a tribute can only be imagined.

A second edition of Joanna Baillie's complete dramatic and poetical works, with a memoir, was issued in one volume in 1853.

## GOODNIGHT, GOODNIGHT

The sun is sunk, the day is done,
E'en stars are setting, one by one;
Nor torch nor taper longer may
Eke out the pleasures of the day;
And since, in social glee's despite,
It needs must be, Goodnight, goodnight!

The bride into her bower is sent;
The ribald rhyme and jesting spent;
The lover's whispered words and few
Have bid the bashful maid adieu;
The dancing floor is silent quite,
No foot bounds there,—Goodnight, goodnight!

The lady in her curtained bed,
The herdsman in his wattled shed,
The clansmen in the heathered hall,
Sweet sleep be with you, one and all!
We part in hope of days as bright
As this now gone,—Goodnight, goodnight!

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all;
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasures o'er again
To warm the heart and charm the sight;
Gay dreams to all! Goodnight, goodnight!

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she;
"Saw ye Johnnie comin',
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin'?
Yestreen, about the gloamin' time,
I chanced to see him comin'
Whistling merrily the tune
That I am a' day hummin'," quo' she;
"I am a' day hummin'.

"Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she;
"Fee him, faither, fee him:
A' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him.
A' the wark about the house,
I gang sae lightly through it;
And though ye pay some merks o' gear,
Hout! ye winna rue it," quo' she;
"No, ye winna rue it."

"What wad I do wi' him, hizzy?
What wad I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."
"I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk o' mair fee,
Oh, dinna stand wi' him!" quo' she;
"Dinna stand wi' him.

"Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she,
"Weel do I lo'e him!
The brawest lads about the place
Are a' but haverels to him.
Oh, fee him, faither! lang, I trow,
We've dull and dowie been;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she,
"Crack wi' me at e'en!"[1]

## IT FELL ON A MORNING

It fell on a morning when we were thrang—
Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking—
That ane at the door chapped loud and lang.

[1] The ancient version of this song Burns declared to be unparalleled for genuine humour, and it, with its fine air, inspired him to write "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie."

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
O' this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween;
For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksie auld laird o' the Warlock Glen,
Wha stood without, half cowed, half cheerie,
And yearned for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch, and cam' crousely ben.
His coat was new, and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cosie and bien;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straikit,
And lookit about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonnie sweet Nannie, the youngest of a',
"Ha ha!" quo' the carlin, "and look ye that way?
Hout! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean!
An elderlin man, i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en.

"Na, na, quo' the pawkie auld wife, "I trow
You'll fash na your head wi' a youthfu' silly
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly:
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
He hemm'd and he hawed, and he screwed in his mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands between;
For wooers that come when the sun's in the south
Are mair awkward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent." "What's that to me?"
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douce and respeckit." "I carena a boddle:
I'll balk na my love, and my fancy's free."
Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nannie ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come when the sun shines bright
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flang the laird, and loud muttered he,
"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O—
Black and fair, young and auld, dame, damsel, and widow,
May gang, wi' their pride, to the wuddy for me!"
But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

## POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY

When my o'erlay was white as the foam o' the linn,
And siller was clinking my pouches within,
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
As I went to my love in new cleeding sae gay,
Kind was she, and my friends were free;
But poverty parts good company.

How swift passed the minutes and hours of delight,
When piper played cheerily, and crusie burned bright,
And linked in my hand was the maiden sae dear,
As she footed the floor in her holiday gear!
Woe is me! and can it then be
That poverty parts sic company?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk:
We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk;
And the sound o' her voice and the blinks o' her een
The cheering and life o' my bosom ha'e been.
Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and fair I've braced me wi' pride;
The bruse I ha'e won, and a kiss o' the bride;
And loud was the laughter, gay fellows among,
As I uttered my banter, or chorussed my song.
Dowie and dree are jestin' and glee
When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed kindly lasses looked sweet,
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet;
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board:
But now they pass by me, and never a word.
Sae let it be, for the worldly and slee
Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope o' my love is a cure for its smart,
And the spaewife has tald me to keep up my heart;
For wi' my last saxpence her loof I ha'e crossed,

And the bliss that is fated can never be lost;
Though cruelly we may ilka day see
How poverty parts dear company.

## WOOED AND MARRIED AND A'

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too,—
"The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en richt mickle ado!"
Wooed and married and a'!
Wooed and married and a'!
Is na she very weel aff
To be wooed and married and a'?

Her mither then hastily spak'—
"The lassie is glaikit wi' pride!
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun:
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Wooed and married and a',
Wi' havings and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be wooed and married and a'!"

"Toot, toot!" quo' her grey-headed faither;
"She's less o' a bride than a bairn:
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat
O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw!—
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married and a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom;
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween—
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
Wi' purples and pearlins enew.
Dear, and dearest of ony!
Ye're wooed and bookit and a':
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turned, and she blushed, and she smiled,
And she lookit sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown.

She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippit her boddice sae blue,
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Wooed and married and a'!
Wi' Johnnie to roose her, and a'!
She thinks hersel' very weel aff
To be wooed and married at a'.

## TAM O' THE LIN

Tam o' the Lin was fu' o' pride,
And his weapon he girt to his valorous side—
A scabbard o' leather wi' deil-haet within:
"Attack me wha daur!" quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he bought a mear,
She cost him five shilling, she wasna dear;
Her back stuck up and her sides fell in:
"A fiery yaud," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he courted a may,
She stared at him sourly, and said him nay;
But he stroked down his jerkin and cocked up his chin;
"She aims at the laird then," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he gaed to the fair,
Yet he looked wi' disdain on the chapman's ware,
Then chucked out a saxpence—the saxpence was tin
"There's coin for the fiddlers," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin wad show his lare,
And he scanned o'er the book wi' a wiselike stare.
He muttered confusedly, but didna begin;
"This is dominie's business," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin had a cow wi' ae horn,
That liket to feed on his neighbour's corn;
The stanes he threw at her fell short o' her skin:
"She's a lucky auld reiver," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin he married a wife,
And she was the torment, the plague o' his life!
"She lays sae about her, and maks sic a din,
She frightens the baillie," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin grew dowie and douce,
And he sat on a stane at the end o' his house;
"What ails thee, auld chield?" He looks haggard and thin:
"I'm no vera cheery," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

Tam o' the Lin lay down to dee,
And his friends whispered softly and woefully,
"We'll buy you some masses to scour away sin,"—
"And drink at my latewake," quo' Tam o' the Lin.

## LINES TO AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears,
O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonnie braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell or the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spikey stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew,
And moth and lady-bird and beetle bright
In sheeny gold were each a wondrous sight.
Then, as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows, or spotted par with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years,
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom, changing how soon
To the expressive glow of woman's noon,

And now to what thou art, in comely age
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plot thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art, and long to me hast been.

'Twas thou who wooedst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show, a motley train.
The new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
"What! is this story all thine own invention?"

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began,
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed) did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace
Thou helpst me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood has made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
Silent if dull—O precious privilege!
I sit by thee, or if, culled from the page
Of some huge, ponderous tome which, but thyself,
None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
Thou read me curious passages, to speed
The winter night, I take but little heed,
And thankless say "I cannot listen now,"
'Tis no offence. Albeit, much do I owe
To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
Drawn from thy ready talent of selection;
For still it seemed in thee a natural gift
The lettered grain from lettered chaff to sift.

By daily use and circumstance endeared,
Things are of value now that once appeared
Of no account, and without notice past,

Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast.
To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;
After each stated nightly absence met,
To see thee by the morning table set,
Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream,
Which sends from saucered cup its fragrant steam;
To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand,
For garden work prepared; in winter's gloom
From thy cold noonday walk to see thee come,
In furry garment lapped, with spattered feet,
And by the fire resume thy wonted seat;
Aye, e'en o'er things like these soothed age has thrown
A sober charm they did not always own;
As winter hoarfrost makes minutest spray
Of bush or hedge-weed sparkle to the day
In magnitude and beauty, which, bereaved
Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we side by side
Our earthly journey held, and who can say
How near the end of our united way,
By nature's course not distant? Sad and reft
Will she remain, the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou be taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave

This earthly house, though earthly friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight of woman born
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute, to thy virtues paid,
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best.
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write:
These are perhaps the last I shall indite.

# ROBERT LOCHORE

## 1762-1852

IN the time of Burns there were at least two poets in Glasgow who could claim acquaintance with the Ayrshire bard. One of these was Robert Lochore. Born three years after his great contemporary, Lochore had spent many an evening with Burns and his "bonnie Jean," and with his own eyes had seen the author of "Holy Willie's Prayer" reproved on the cutty-stool at Mauchline by "Daddy" Auld.

A native of Strathaven, the younger poet himself married an Ayrshire bride, Isobel Browning, at Paisley, in 1786, and when he died at last, in Glasgow, had survived Burns by more than half a century. He was well known in his time as a philanthropist, and was one of the founders, and indeed president of the Glasgow Annuity Society. No less was he in repute as a poet, his metrical tales, issued as brochures, finding a wide circulation in the west of Scotland. Many of his pieces are to be found in "Poetry, Original and Selected," published in penny numbers by the Glasgow poet-booksellers, Brash & Reid, in the years 1795-98. Several others, including "A Young Kintry Laird's Courtship," were issued, also in small penny numbers, by Cameron & Murdoch, booksellers, in Trongate. One piece appeared in the *Kilmarnock Mirror*, and another, "The Extravagant Wife, or the Henpecked Husband," in the *Glasgow Magazine*. In May, 1790, Lochore issued, through Brash & Reid, proposals for publishing by subscription a volume of "Scottish Poems on Various Subjects," and to the prospectus, by way of specimen, appended a "Shepherd's Ode." But the project seems to have come to nothing. In 1815 he collected a number of his poems, and issued them anonymously under the title of "Tales in Rhyme and Minor Pieces." And when he died he left a mass of unpublished manuscripts,

poems and memoirs, now in the hands of his grandsons, Mr. Robert Brodie, writer, and Mr. Maclean Brodie, C.A., Glasgow. It is to be hoped that they may yet be given to the public. The memoir, in particular, contains hitherto unknown details at first hand of the relationship of Burns and Jean Armour, of romantic and quite exceptional interest. From the manuscripts one metrical tale, "Walter's Waddin'," was included in Wilson's "Poets and Poetry of Scotland" in 1884. After the poetic fashion of his time—the example set half a century previous by Hamilton of Gilbertfield—Lochore was in early life author of many rhyming epistles to friends, and in his eighty-eighth year he wrote a spirited "Last Speech of the Auld Brig of Glasgow on being condemned to be taken down," which attracted no little attention. After appearing in the *Reformers' Gazette* it was hawked about the streets early in 1850. There are persons still living who remember hearing the cry of the vendors selling the Last Speech as "by an auld and respeckit citizen o' Glesca." A copy, taken from a manuscript in a family album, was communicated to the *Glasgow Herald* by Mr. Robert Brodie in August, 1892. Lochore's songs were a favourite entertainment at the Hodge Podge and other social clubs for which the city was famous in his day, and they are to be found yet in every song collection. The metrical tales, of which he was a prolific writer, remain racy with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a dry humour which is as amusing as it is *sui generis*. The verses here printed, "To the Reverend Thomas Bell," are given by kind permission of Mr. Robert Brodie, from a manuscript in the album above referred to. The notes appended are those of the poet himself.

Lochore is remembered as an artless and unsuspecting old man—simple, kindly, and sterlingly true. He loved young people, and to the end remained a boy himself in heart, taking pleasure even in going to see the shows at Fair time on Glasgow Green. So regular was he in his habits that the maids in South Portland Street, through which he passed between his house and place of business, took, it is said, the hour from him. In his latter days he spent a good deal of time at Drymen, where his son, Dr. Alexander Lochore, was parish minister for fifty-three years, and his daughter was married to Mr. William Brodie of Endrickbank. When father and son walked together they were frequently mistaken for each other, Dr. Lochore's hair having become white, while his father's remained thick and dark.

## TO THE REVEREND THOMAS BE

MINISTER OF THE DOVEHILL CHURCH, GLASGOW, ON HEARING HIM PREACH AT BELLSHILL IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1792.

*Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway.*—GOLDSMIT

I'm blythe to see you, reverend Daddy!
Upo' your stool ye sit fu' steady:[1]
Wi' flirds an' airs ye're nae way gaudy;
An' though ye're frail,
Yet crouse ye craw, an' ha'e aye ready
Your knacky tale.

Grave, gash, auldfarran, snack, an' snell,
An' plainly ye your erran' tell;
On a' the points on whilk ye dwell
Ye speak sae clear,
That ilka body sees ye're fell
An' fu' o' lear.

I wat ye're neither blate nor lame
When ye our fauts sae plainly name;
Ye mak' the best o's a' think shame,
Ye sae describe us;
But, sonsy Sir, ye're no to blame
Although ye jibe us.

[1] He sat on a clerk's stool when he preached, for a weakness i legs.

The Pope an' a' his haughty crew
Get mony a taunt an' jeer frae you;[1]
Socinians also get their due
In very deed;[2]
For ye expose their points to view,
An' tear their creed.

Your subjects are a' finely deckit
Wi' bonnie words, weel waled an' pickit,
An' a' into the heart direckit
Wi' special care;
Which mak's ye be sae much respeckit
Maist ilka where.

Thrice favour't flock whare ye preside!
Wha're richly blessed wi' sic a guide;
To evangelic pastures wide
Ye do them lead,
Whare ye wad ha'e them to abide
An' sweetly feed.

Hail! worthy orthodox divine!
Lang may ye water Scotia's vine,

[1] *An attempt to convert the Pope.* John Pirret, a fanatical Quaker, travelled to Rome about the year 1655 for the purpose of attempting to convert the Pope. His project was rendered abortive by the Holy Inquisition, but after many examinations, considered a madman, he was released, and on his return home published a book entitled "Battering Rams against Rome."

[2] Alluding to a volume of sermons by Bell against Popery, and a translation of a Dutch work by Peter Allinga, with notes of his own.

An' whan it is your Master's min'
To seal your eyes,
Then everblooming may ye shine
Aboon the skies.[1]

## MARRIAGE AND THE CARE O'T

Quoth Rob to Kate, "My sonsy dear,
I've wooed ye mair than half a year,
An' gif ye'd tak' me ne'er could speer,
Wi' blateness an' the care o't.
Now to the point—sincere I'm wi't—
Will ye be my half marrow, sweet?
Shake hands, and say a bargain be't,
An' think na on the care o't,"

"Na, na," quo' Kate, "I winna wed.
O' sic a snare I'll aye be redd.
How mony, thoughtless, are misled
By marriage an' the care o't.
A single life's a life o' glee;
A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me;
Frae toil an' sorrow I'se keep free,
An' a' the dule an' care o't."

[1] He died on the 15th October, 1802, aged 69.

"Weel, weel," said Robin in reply,
"Ye ne'er again shall me deny:
Ye may a toothless maiden die
For me; I'll tak' nae care o't.
Fareweel for ever! Aff I hie."
Sae took his leave without a sigh.
"Oh, stop!" quo' she, "I'm yours; I'll try
The married life an' care o't."

Rab wheeled about, to Kate cam' back,
An' gae her mou' a hearty smack,
Syne lengthened out a loving crack
'Bout marriage an' the care o't.
Though as she thocht she didna speak,
An' lookit unco mim an' meek,
Yet blithe was she wi' Rab to cleek
In marriage an' the care o't.

## A YOUNG KINTRY LAIRD'S COURTSHIP

Now Jenny lass, my bonnie bird,
My daddy's dead and a' that,
He's snugly laid aneath the yird,
An' I'm his heir and a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
I'm now a laird an' a' that,
His gear an' lan's at my comman',
An' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me wi' his dyin' breath
A dwellin'-house, an' a' that,
A byre, a barn, an' wabs o' claith,
A big peat stack, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
A mare, a foal, an' a' that;
Sax tidy kye, a calf forby,
An' twa pet yowes, an' a' that.

A yard, a meadow, lang braid leas,
An' stacks o' corn, an' a' that,
Enclosed weel wi' thorns an' trees,
An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
A pleugh, an' graith, an' a' that,
Gude harrows twa, cock, hens, an' a',
And far mae things than a' that.

I've heaps o' claes for ilka days,
An' Sundays too, an' a' that,
I've bills an' bands on lairds o' lands,
An' siller, gowd, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that,
What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
What want I now, my dainty dow,
But just a wife to a' that?

Then Jenny dear, my erran' here
Is to seek you to a' that,
My breast's a' lowin' while I speer
Gif ye'll tak' me, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that—
Mysel' an' gear, an' a' that,
Come gie's your loof to be a proot
Ye'll be my wife an' a' that.

Fair Jenny clashed her nieve in his,
Said she'd tak' him an' a' that,
While he gae her a sappy kiss,
An' dautit her, an' a' that.
An' a' that, an' a' that—
They set the day, an' a' that,
When she'd gang hame to be his dame,
An' hae a rant, an' a' that.[1]

[1] In Urbani's "Original Collection of Scottish Airs," II. 65, this song is wrongly attributed to Burns.

# WILLIAM REID

## 1764-1831

A PECULIAR kind of fame attends the memory of the bookseller-poet of Glasgow. His forte seemed to be, not so much the writing of original songs, as the adding of an "eke" to the songs of others. Partly for this reason, perhaps, no collection of his poetry has been made, and his name has been passed over by the compilers of biography. Yet his was an interesting figure in the Glasgow of his time, his shop in Trongate was the earliest of those literary howffs of which there have been several later in the city. He was the compiler of the earliest collection of Glasgow poetry, and some of his own pieces remain among the most popular of Scottish songs.

The few extant facts of his life were furnished by his partner, James Brash, at the request of David Laing, who printed them in his "Additional Illustrations" of Johnson's "Museum." The poet was born in Glasgow, his parents being Robert Reid, baker there, and Christian Wood, daughter of a farmer at Gartmore, near Aberfoyle. He received a good education, and after a time in Andrew Wilson's type-foundry, served an apprenticeship with a firm of booksellers, Dunlop & Wilson. In 1790 he left that employment, and began business for himself, in partnership with James Brash. In their shop in Trongate, Brash & Reid for twenty-seven years carried on a highly respectable business, varying the ordinary routine of bookselling with an occasional publishing venture. One of their publications—"Poetry, Original and Selected," appeared in penny numbers during the years 1795-1798, and forms four volumes. It was modelled evidently on Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," and includes a number of Reid's own compositions, as well as pieces by his contemporary, Robert Lochore. Reid died at Glasgow, November 29th, 1831, leaving a widow, Elizabeth, daughter of James Henderson, linen-printer, Newhall, and two sons and five daughters.

The bookseller-poet was one of the "characters" of Glasgow in his day. He had certain rhymes with which he used to answer inquiries of customers in his shop. One of them ran—

"The yill trade, the gill trade,
The signing of bills is an ill trade."

He was bard, too, of the famous Duck Club which met and ate in the Bunhouse Tavern at Partick, and a number of his effusions owe their preservation to the club's minutes. Dr. Strang, in "Glasgow and its Clubs" (page 402) has preserved the following account of him. "To a peculiarly placid temper he united a strong smack of broad humour and an endless string of personal anecdotes, which he detailed with a gusto all his own. Of all things he loved a joke, and indulged in this vein even at the risk of causing the momentary displeasure either of an acquaintance or a customer. To laugh and grow fat was his constant motto, and he never troubled himself either about his own obesity or about that of any one else who might follow his laughing example." Several humorous stories regarding the poet were recounted by M'Vean, the bookseller of High Street, in his "Budget of Anecdote and Wit."

Besides his poetry Reid wrote a life of M'Kean, the High Street shoemaker, executed at Glasgow Cross in 1797 for the murder of the Lanark carrier. He got the facts from the man himself lying under sentence in Glasgow prison, and "though neither remarkable for taste nor talent" the book had an immense sale. [1]

Reid was an early friend of Robert Burns, and one of his best-known pieces is the addition of sixteen lines, given below, under the title of "Sweet lovely Jean," which he made to the love-song of the Ayrshire poet—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." In this he only followed the example of Hamilton, the Edinburgh music-seller, whose sixteen lines are hardly inferior to the original sixteen of Burns himself. In "Poetry, Original and Selected," Reid also printed a

[1] A full account of this murderer and his crime is given by "Senex" in "Glasgow Past and Present." M'Kean, with his outward respectability and secret crimes, seems to have been another Deacon Brodie. His skeleton is preserved in Glasgow University. The murder excited an intense interest in its time. Sir Walter Scott had the curiosity to attend the trial, and in his copy of the "Life" by Reid inserted a note detailing a visit he too had paid to the murderer under sentence of death.—See Lockhart's "Life of Scott," chap. viii.

version of "John Anderson, my jo" with the complacent s "improved," in which Burns's stanzas are placed *last*. And t additional stanzas to John Mayne's "Logan Braes," printed in of *The Paisley Repository* in 1806, were possibly his. He besides, new versions of "The Lass o' Gowrie," "The I "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," and other songs.

## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And bannocks in Strathbogie,
But naething drives away the spleen
Sae weel's a social cogie.

That mortal's life nae pleasure shares
Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie,
Whene'er I'm fashed wi' worldly cares
I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass
With spirits brisk and vogie,
Bless'd wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
My cronies and my cogie.

Then haste and gie's an auld Scots sang,
Siclike as "Catherine Ogie";
A guid auld sang comes never wrang
When o'er a social cogie. [1]

[1] This version of the famous lyric is warranted by Dr St "Glasgow and its Clubs," to be "altogether from the pen Reid."

## FAIR MODEST FLOWER

Fair modest flower, of matchless worth!
Thou sweet, enticing, bonnie gem!
Bless'd is the soil that gave thee birth,
And bless'd thine honoured parent stem.
But doubly bless'd shall be the youth
To whom thy heaving bosom warms,
Possessed of beauty, love, and truth,
He'll clasp an angel in his arms.

Though storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,
Thy seraph smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair.
Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there,
And sent thee from celestial bliss
To show what all the virtues are.

## SWEET LOVELY JEAN

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they ha'e put on
My Jeanie dings them a'.
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae fau't, if sic ye ca't,
Except her love for me.
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een:
In shape and air nane can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,
I wonder what ye mean
To rise so early in the morn
And sit so late at e'en.
Ye'll blear out a' your een, John,
And why should you do so?
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her masterpiece was man;
And you amang them a, John,
So trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit;
And ye needna think it strange, John,
That I ca' ye trim and neat.
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so;
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms.
And so are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure you'll ne'er say no;
Though the days are gane that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.[1]

## KATE O' GOWRIE

When Katie was scarce out nineteen
Oh! but she had twa coal black een!
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.

[1] A full account of the successive amplifications of this song, whose original hero is said to have been town piper of Kelso, will be found in Mr. Robert Ford's interesting book, "Song Histories" (Glasgow, 1900). The fine old air to which it is sung appears to have been cathedral chant of pre-Reformation times.

Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,
Pate did to her his love explain,
And swore he'd be, were she his ain,
The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, "I winna marry thee
For a' the gear that ye can gi'e;
Nor will I gang a step ajee
For a' the gowd in Gowrie.
My father will gi'e me twa kye,
My mither's gaun some yarn to dye—
I'll get a gown just like the sky,
Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie."

"O my dear Katie, say na sae!
Ye little ken a heart that's wae.
Hey, there's my hand! hear me, I pray,
Sin' thou'lt no gang to Gowrie.
Since first I met thee at the shiel,
My saul to thee's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae deil,
Warlock, or witch in Gowrie.

"I fear nae want o' claes nor nocht;
Sic silly things my mind ne'er taught:
I dream a' nicht, and start about
And wish for thee in Gowrie.
I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
Than a' my rigs and out-gaun gear,
Sit down by me till ance I swear
Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie."

Syne on her mou' sweet kisses laid,
Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread.
She sighed, and in soft whispers said,
"Oh, Pate, tak' me to Gowrie!"
Quo' he, "Let's to the auld folks gang;
Say what they like, I'll bide their bang,
And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang,
But I'll ha'e thee to Gowrie."

The auld folk syne baith gied consent;
The priest was ca'd; a' were content;
And Katie never did repent
That she gaed hame to Gowrie.
For routh o' bonnie bairns had she—
Mair strappin' lads ye wadna see—
And her braw lasses bore the gree
Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

## THE LEA-RIG

At gloamin' if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O!
And mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,
When absent frae my dearie, O!
But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In evening fair and clearie, O!
Enraptured, a' my cares I scorn,
When wi' my kind dearie, O

Whare through the birks the burnie rows,
  Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O!
Upon the bonnie greensward howes,
  Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O!
I've courted till I heard the craw
  Of honest chanticleerie, O!
Yet never missed my sleep ava',
  When wi' my kind dearie, O!

For though the night were ne'er so dark,
  And I were ne'er so weary, O!
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O!
While in this weary warld of wae—
  This wilderness so dreary, O!
What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?
  'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O!

# JAMES GRAHAME

## 1765-1811

THE Cowper of Scotland, as he has been called, though he possessed neither the humour nor powers of satire of the English poet, was born in Glasgow, April 22, 1765. His father was a writer in the city, and destined his son for the same profession, while the choice of the young man himself was the Church. But though both of these schemes were in turn carried out, the effective issue of Grahame's life was decided for him by circumstances in quite another direction. At school he received a wanton blow on the back of the head which rendered him delicate throughout life, subjected him to frequent attacks of headache and stupor, and in the end caused his death. By this acquired delicacy a stimulus was given to the reflective side of his character, and at his father's summer cottage on the bosky banks of the Cart he gathered impressions of nature still and fair which were to flower and ripen later into poetry.

Meanwhile he passed through the Grammar School and University of Glasgow, and, yielding to his father's wish, entered the law office of his cousin, Lawrence Hill, in Edinburgh. In 1791 he became a Writer to the Signet, but, his health suffering at the desk, he passed, two years afterwards, into the Faculty of Advocates. Three years later he married.

It was during the following period that his poetry was given to the world. Already, while attending the University, he had issued a small book of verse. Part of this he now revised, and published anonymously as "The Rural Calendar" in the *Kelso Mail* in 1797; and four years later he produced "Mary Stuart, an Historical Drama." These contained passages of high promise, but attracted little notice. Accordingly,

in 1804, when he had another poem ready for publication, he determined to keep the authorship secret. Not even his own household knew of it, and he took the extreme precaution of meeting the printer at obscure coffee-houses to correct the proofs. The poem was "The Sabbath," and when the book was ready he took a copy home, and left it on a table. Returning a little later he found his wife absorbed in reading the new work. He said nothing, but paced the floor anxiously, waiting for her verdict, and his feelings can be understood when at last she burst out with, "Ah, James, if you could only write like this!"

The book was severely handled by the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterwards by Lord Byron, but its fame was already secure, and a second edition appeared in 1805. To this Grahame added "Sabbath Walks," and had the satisfaction to see three editions disposed of within twelve months. At Kirkhall, a sequestered spot on the banks of the Esk, where he spent two summers, he next wrote "The Birds o. Scotland." This work, describing in minute, loving detail the haunts and habits of these feathered creatures, appeared in 1806. And in 1809 he published his "British Georgics." Regarding this last work the criticism of Lord Jeffrey was probably just. "No practical farmer," he wrote, "will ever submit to be schooled in blank verse, while the lovers of poetry must be very generally disgusted by the tediousness of those discourses on practical husbandry which break in, every now and then, so ungracefully, on the loftier strains of the poet."

Grahame wrote no more. In the year in which the "British Georgics" appeared, he determined at last, his father having been long dead, to follow his early bent. Proceeding to London, he entered the English Episcopal Church, was ordained by the Bishop of Norwich, and in succession held the curacies of Shefton Mayne in Gloucestershire, of St. Margaret's, Durham, and of Sedgefield. In each place he proved an eloquent and successful preacher. His health, however, rapidly declined; he returned north for change; and at Whitehill, Glasgow, his brother's residence, expired, September 14, 1811. His death was the first subject to stir the poetic genius of his friend John Wilson, the future "Christopher North," who honoured his memory with a tribute no poet could despise. A detailed account of his life is furnished in Chambers's "Illustrious Scotsmen" (vol. II. p. 489), and a collected edition of his works, with a memoir by the Rev. George Gilfillan w published at Edinburgh in 1856.

"The Sabbath" remains Grahame's finest work. It is characteristic, perhaps, of the spirit quickening the muse of Scotland that the same subject should afford the finest poetical performance of a more recent writer, Robert Louis Stevenson.

## THE SABBATH

### *Opening Description*

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dovelike wings peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying millwheel rests; the anvil's din

Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large,
And, as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day!
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree.
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward, earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day!
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
While, wandering slowly up the riverside,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots. And while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends. . . .

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High.
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
Where not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom;
There, wrapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon,
Silence his praise, his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.

## THE MERLE

*(From "The Birds of Scotland")*

When snowdrops die, and the green primrose leaves
Announce the coming flower, the merle's note,
Mellifluous, rich, deep-toned, fills all the vale,
And charms the ravished ear. The hawthorn bush,
New-budded, is his perch; there the gray dawn
He hails; and there, with parting light, concludes
His melody. There, when the buds begin
To break, he lays the fibrous roots; and see,
His jetty breast embrowned; the rounded clay

His jetty breast has soiled; but now complete,
His partner, and his helper in the work,
Happy assumes possession of her home;
While he upon a neighbouring tree his lay,
More richly full, melodiously renews.
When twice seven days have run, the moment snat
That she has flitted off her charge, to cool
Her thirsty bill, dipped in the babbling brook,
Then silently, on tiptoe raised, look in,
Admire! Five cupless acorns, darkly specked,
Delight the eye, warm to the cautious touch.
In seven days more expect the fledgeless young,
Five gaping bills. With busy wing and eye,
Quick darting, all alert, the parent pair
Gather the sustenance which Heaven bestows.
But music ceases, save at dewy fall
Of eve, when, nestling o'er her brood, the dam
Has stilled them all to rest; or at the hour
Of doubtful dawning gray. Then from his wing
Her partner turns his yellow bill, and chants
His solitary song of joyous praise.
From day to day, as blow the hawthorn flowers
That canopy this little home of love,
The plumage of the younglings shoots and spreads,
Filling with joy the fond parental eye.
Alas! not long the parents' partial eye
Shall view the fledgling wing; ne'er shall they see
The timorous pinion's first essay at flight.
The truant schoolboy's eager, bleeding hand
Their house, their all, tears from the bending bush—

A shower of blossoms mourns the ruthless deed.
The piercing anguished note, the brushing wing,
The spoiler heeds not. Triumphing, his way
Smiling he wends. The ruined, hopeless pair
O'er many a field follow his townward steps,
Then back return, and, perching on the bush,
Find nought of all they loved, but one small tuft
Of moss and withered roots. Drooping they sit,
Silent: afar at last they fly, o'er hill
And lurid moor, to mourn in other groves,
And soothe, in other grief, their hapless lot.

# JOHN STRUTHERS

## 1776-1853

THE author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath" is probably remembered now mainly by the fact that, at the instance of Joanna Baillie, Sir Walter Scott induced Constable to publish his poem. He was, however, of more than local note in his day, and his poetry is still well worth perusal. Born at East Kilbride, July 18, 1776, he was indebted for much sympathy and instruction in childhood to Mrs. Baillie and her two daughters—of whom the younger was still unknown to fame—who then resided in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Baillie read with him, and the young ladies made music for him on the spinnet. In his grandfather's home, too, on the lonely Glassford Moor, where he spent three years as a boy, he found a store of histories and theological works of Reformation times which left a strong impression on his vein of thought. After serving an apprenticeship in Glasgow to his father's trade of shoemaking, and himself working at the same business in East Kilbride for some years, he married and moved into Glasgow as a working shoemaker. In 1804 he had his "Poor Man's Sabbath" printed, and sold a small edition to the local booksellers at sixpence a copy a few weeks before the appearance of Grahame's more famous poem, "The Sabbath." As a result Grahame was charged in a London periodical, *The Dramatic Mirror*, with plagiarism, the charge being founded on the fact that a MS. copy of Struthers' poem, confided to a friend some time before publication, had disappeared. Struthers himself, however, emphatically absolved Grahame. A second edition of "The Poor Man's Sabbath" was produced in 1806, and followed in the same year by a sequel, "The Peasant's Death."

In 1808 the poet's early friend, Joanna Baillie, paid him a visit in Gorbals, and it was the third edition of his poem which, at her

instance, Sir Walter Scott induced Constable to publish. The references to Struthers, therefore, by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott" are not only incorrect, but unjust to the shoemaker-poet. The patronising tone of these references, indeed, has done the memory of the poet much harm. Contrary to Lockhart's statements, Grahame's poem was not the earlier published, and Struthers was never either at Ashestiel or Abbotsford, though he had repeated invitations to both. However, in his own words, "till he ceased to have any occasion to be in Edinburgh, he never was there without having an interview with Mr. Scott in his house in North Castle Street." The Edinburgh edition was very badly printed, but it brought its author £30.

Struthers' next poem, "The Winter Day," was published in 1811, and in 1814 a collected edition of his pieces was produced in two volumes at Glasgow under the title of "Poems: Moral and Religious." In 1816, during the time of depression after Waterloo, he published an "Essay on the State of the Labouring Poor," deprecating the idea that all social ills are curable by Government. In the years 1817-1821 he edited "The Harp of Caledonia," a collection to which songs were contributed by Scott, Mrs. Hunter, and Joanna Baillie, and in 1819 he finally laid aside the shoemaker's lapstone for the position of printer's reader to the firm of Khull, Blackie, & Co. In their employment he assisted in editing Wodrow's "History" and other works. He also himself wrote a "History of Scotland from 1707 to 1827," which was published in the latter year. In 1833 he was appointed Keeper of Stirling's Library, a position which he held till the reconstruction of the library in 1848. Of his later writings the chief was the descriptive poem of "Dychmont," his longest piece, published in 1836, and an interesting autobiography prefixed to the complete edition of his poems in 1850. He died July 30, 1853.

The poet's muse was apt to assume a grave religious cast (Struthers was himself, in church matters, an Old Light Anti-Burgher), but his happiest vein was that of natural description. His finest piece is not the somewhat didactic "Sabbath" with which his name is chiefly associated, but the more purely descriptive "Winter Day" with its delightful successive pictures of rural life.

## THE WINTER DAY

### EVENING

HAIL! Evening, hail! thy fading ray,
Thy pensive shades of sober grey,
That bound the day's tumultuous span—
Fit emblem of the life of man!
How sweet, O Eve! thy peaceful hour,
What time the Spring puts forth her power,
When from the fragrance-breathing grove
Swells the bold note of rapturous love.
How grateful, then, released from toil,
On moss-grown bank to breathe awhile,
Lone, by the purling stream,
While, o'er the darkening vales below,
The hills their giant shadows throw,
As in the west the bright sun drops,
And fiery red the green tree tops
Flame in his setting beam.

And sweet, when summer dews descend,
In village gambol to unbend,
Or in thy pensive, gleaming ray,
Beneath the birken shade to stray,
Where, through the silent gloom profound,
The bat wheels slow her drowsy round,
Or when the west winds balmy play,
Their pinions laden with perfume,

O'er fields of clover, flowering gay,
Or, waving dark, the breathing broom,
Or, sweeter far than Banda's vales
Or blest Arabia's spicy gales,
All lovely o'er the cultured scene,
Where blossoms rich the fragrant bean.

And sweet, when pipes the autumnal breeze
Chill o'er the heath-empurpled hill,
Or, sighing through the rustling trees,
Responsive to the tinkling rill,
To see the lake's broad bosom heave
And sparkle to the moon's cold beam—
To listen to the rippling wave,
Heard faint, like distant mountain stream,
Or, on the breezy upland, laid
At ease beneath the broomy shade,
To see the rising vapours sail,
Blue-wreathing, up the distant vale.

And though, less splendidly arrayed,
The wintry landscape harsh appears,
And, glinting o'er the lonely glade,
Thy modest cheek is drenched in tears,
The child of Nature still may gaze,
And rapture heave his inmost soul,
As groaning wide the tempest strays,
Bends low the heaven with threatening scowl,
Or, cloudless, fired with winter's glance,
In lustre dread the immense expanse
Burns vast from pole to pole.

But chief, O Eve! in cottage warm
Is now displayed thy sweetest charm,
Where friends in social circle join,
And peace and piety combine,
When all are careful housed from harm,
    Each can a while his cares forego,
The winds are heard without alarm,
    While through the breast warm transports glow,
    And beams content on every brow.
With fuel high the hearth is heaped,
    And streams the strong reflected blaze
From servers broad on shelf still kept,
    Relics of love and youthful days.
Along the hearthstone, bending low
Beneath the chimney's ruddy glow,
Careless of either thieves or storm,
Tray stretches out his hairy form,
And on his back, with lofty grace,
First stroking down her tabby face,
Then sheathing soft her harpy claws,
And licking smooth her gory jaws
    With tail laid up, and half-shut eyes,
Mixed with the spinning-wheel's deep hum,
At ease, her sleep-provoking thrum
    Grimalkin croodling plies.

Around the ring in copious stream
    The tide of conversation flows;
Now laughter gilds the lively theme,
Now grief a melancholy gleam

Upon the subject throws.
For in the varied strain
The note is pitched from grave to gay,
And, scarcely shifted, melts away
From gay to grave again.

Meanwhile the children, warm, explore
The exploits of giant-killing Jack;
Or wondering trace from door to door
John Cheap the chapman with his pack;
Or of the sad sack-weaver, Slack,
With twelve misfortunes on his back,
Waking broad humour's deepest tones,
They mark the strangely serious moans;
Or, while their bosoms gleeful swell,
Buchanan's witty pranks they tell;
Or far amidst the merry green wood
They list the bugle's tone,
The signal good of bold Robin Hood
And fearless Little John.

But James the herd, in musings high,
The warm tear glistening in his eye,
That shuns the rude beholder's gaze,
Careless what merriment they keep,
The secret sigh is heaving deep,
Lost in the view of other days;
For lonely far in yonder vale
Her cot his widowed mother keeps,
And solitary to the gale
Her sad bereavement weeps.

And on the midnight pillow deep,
When all his toils are lost in sleep,
By vivid Fancy's wakeful power
Returns the gloaming's grateful hour—
He sees a father sweetly smile,
Returning from his daily toil;
He drops his play, he runs to clasp
His honoured knees with eager grasp.
There he can breathe his little plaints,
His hopes, his joys, his woes, his wants.
That soothing voice distinct he hears,
That once could scatter all his fears,
Expatiate warm on heavenly truth
In the clear tones of health and youth,
While marches Time with soundless tread,
And all are silent as the dead.

Awake, so strong he grasps the theme,
That sleep seems life, and life a dream
Even now he sees him lowly laid,
Exhausted, on his dying bed.
His feeble hand he seems to grasp,
And feels its cold and icy clasp,
Marks the last gleam that fired his eye,
As, lifted up to God on high,
His helpless offspring he consigned
In faith and patience, meek resigned.
The heavy groan of death he hears,
And his last words burn in his ears.
. . . . . .

Ceases their sport, the wheel's brisk hum,
When in some worthy neighbours come,
Who once a week make it their care
To meet for social praise and prayer.
Aside their plaids, their bonnets laid,
And kind enquiries mutual made,
The hearth is roused with ruddier blaze,
While, closing round, the ring extends,
And swelling high, to heaven ascends
Warm from each heart the notes of praise.

. . . . . .

Compared with exercise like this,
How poor the grovelling earth-worm's bliss—
The idle tavern's wassail roar,
Or wild the maudlin rout's uproar!
How poor in histrionic rage,
Wide, gaping, to besiege the stage,
Where poor Conceit, in tinselled pride,
All comic, grins with hand on side,
Or, Grandeur's fancied part assuming,
With tragic slap and straddle fuming,
While Frenzy rends her idiot jaws,
And gloating Folly brays applause!

Hail! Evening, hail! thy fading ray,
Thy pensive shades of sober grey,
That bound the day's tumultuous span—
Fit emblem of the life of man!
Whether thou shak'st from balmy wing

The fragrance of the new-born Spring,
Or Summer tinge thy glowing cheek,
Or Autumn round thee whistle bleak,
Or gloomy Winter o'er thee throw
His mantle dark, his air of woe—
If still such simple scenes are mine,
And such society divine.

Or if by stream, or mountain rude,
Thou lead'st me far in solitude,
Bring with thee still, companions meet!
Contentment—meditation sweet—
Devotion warm, with ardent eye,
And hope, that can unveil the sky.
So, while the darkening shadows sweep,
And closes round thee silence deep,
On wings of faith my soul may fly
Where worlds of light in glory lie—
Where day still keeps his cloudless throne,
And thy pale shades are all unknown.

# THOMAS CAMPBELL

## 1777-1844

It has been the custom to speak of the Virginia Merchants of Glasgow of the 18th century, who in their red cloaks paced the plainstones daily at the Cross, as if they served no purposes but those of their own pride. The fact is forgotten that they were the founders of Glasgow's foreign trade, on which all the later prosperity of the city has been built. Nor did they pass away without leaving other marks on the history of the west. Among more mundane matters, not the least of the country's indebtedness to these old adventurers is for the poetry of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

Thomas Campbell was the youngest of eleven children of a Glasgow Virginia Merchant, and was born in a house in High Street, at the corner of Nicholson Street, July 27, 1777. In the previous year the American war had broken out, and in common with all the others in the trade, his father had lost heavily. He was come of an ancient Argyleshire family, that of Campbell of Kirnan, and his most intimate friend was Dr. Thomas Reid, author of the famous "Enquiry into the Human Mind," after whom the future poet was named. Mrs. Campbell, too, was a woman of sound sense and refined taste. It was little wonder therefore that her son distinguished himself early. At Glasgow University, whose black front gloomed upon High Street almost opposite the house where he was born, and which he entered at the age of twelve, he became famous, not only for wild pranks and mischief, but for a translation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, which was declared the best exercise ever given in by a student. Others of his Greek translations also attracted notice; his "Poem on Description" took a prize, and clever fugitive pieces from his pen were frequently the talk of the quadrangle. On one occasion, when the class had been refused a

holiday, a petition in verse from Campbell so pleased the professor that he yielded to the request.

Under the pressure of necessity, on the loss of a long Chancery suit by his aged father, the poet went as a tutor, first to Sunipol in Mull, and afterwards to Downie, on the shores of Loch Crinan. There, in old *Earrka Gaidheal*, or Argyll, the early "Land of the Gael," overlooking the Sound of Jura, he gathered some of the impressions afterwards woven into his "Gertrude of Wyoming," as well as the traditions which formed the subjects of his poems, "Lochiel's Warning," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and "Glenara"; and there, more important still, he received in the letter of a college friend the suggestion of his most famous work. The friend, Hamilton Paul, himself no mean poet, sent him twelve stanzas of his own on the "Pleasures of Solitude," and with some humour wrote—"We have now three pleasures by first-rate men of genius: the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope' that we may soon meet again in old Alma Mater." This was a seed that was to bourgeon presently.[1]

Giving up his original idea of entering the church, and trying and tiring of law, Campbell went to Edinburgh. "And now," he says, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But the 'Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines, and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on my pupils fell off." At last, however, the poem was finished, and for the first edition a publisher gave him £60. The work was hailed with a burst of applause, and at once the poet found himself a personage. He was the greatest poet of the day. Jeffrey, Brougham, and Dugald Stewart were his friends, and he was just twenty-one years of age. It was the year 1799; Wordsworth so far had published only his

[1] An account of the life of Campbell's college friend is given in "Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns." Born at Bargany Mains in 1773, he was one of the earliest editors of Burns, and a noted humourist. On leaving Ayr to take up the ministry of Broughton he advertised a farewell sermon to ladies, and preached rom Acts xx. 37, "And they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." At college a translation of Claudian's "Marriage of Honorius and Maria" was subject of competition, and he and Campbell divided the prize.

Lyrical Ballads, Scott had not yet begun to write, and Byron, a boy of twelve, had just left Aberdeen.

For each new edition of his poem Campbell received £50, and on the strength of his success he went abroad. There, from the monastery of St. James, he saw the French defeat the Austrians at Hohenlinden—a sight which inspired one of his most famous poems. War against Britain, however, was imminent, and he found it prudent to return to Hamburg. There, on hearing that the British fleet had entered the Sound, he wrote "Ye Mariners of England," and shortly afterwards "The Exile of Erin." The latter piece was inspired by a friendship which he made at Altona with Anthony M'Cann, an Irish refugee accused of taking part in the Rebellion of 1798.

This friendship was to give him trouble later. On sailing for Leith his vessel was chased by a Danish privateer and forced into Yarmouth. Thence the poet made a trip to London, and was lionised by society. By the time he reached Edinburgh rumour had outrun him. It was known that he had messed with the French officers at Ratisbon, had been introduced to General Moreau, and had been in close correspondence with an Irish rebel. On the passage north a lady informed him that the poet Campbell had been sent to the Tower for high treason and was likely to be executed; and at Edinburgh he heard the same rumour in the streets. He called at once on the sheriff, and was astonished to discover that that officer held a warrant for his arrest. His papers, however, which had been seized at Leith, were found to contain nothing more treasonous than "Ye Mariners of England," and the whole incident ended in the opening of a bottle of wine.

In 1803 the poet married his cousin, Margaret Sinclair, and settled in London to a life of letters.

From the first, fortune smiled on him. A quarto edition of his "Pleasures of Hope" brought him £600, and in 1805 he was granted a pension of £200 per annum, half of which he settled on his sisters and his widowed mother. His "Annals of Great Britain," published in the following year, brought him £300, and in 1809, "Gertrude of Wyoming," considered at the time the finest of all his poems, was welcomed with immense enthusiasm.

For the next five years he produced little of note, writing mainly for magazines and encyclopædias. But a visit to Paris in 1814 quickened him again. He was introduced there to Wellington, Humboldt, and

other history makers, renewed a friendship with Madame de Staël, and records in his letters overwhelming pleasure in the works of art in the Louvre.

On his return Sir Walter Scott made interest, though without success, to secure him a chair at Edinburgh University, and Campbell began a new chapter of his career. In 1819 he produced his "Specimens of the British Poets" which, with his introductory essay, remains a work of high value; and in the following year his lectures on poetry, delivered first at the Royal Institution, and afterwards in the chief cities of the kingdom, confirmed his reputation as a critic, and brought him a handsome profit. In 1820 also he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* at a salary of £600, a position he continued to hold with great success till 1831.

These were his most strenuous years, bringing his greatest rewards and sorrows. In 1825, chiefly on his initiative, suggested by a visit to Germany, he saw the founding of London University;[1] in 1826, against no less a competitor than the author of "Marmion," he was elected Lord Rector of his own University of Glasgow—an honour which was twice renewed; and about the same time he inherited from a relative a legacy of £5000. On the other hand, in 1826 his wife died, and as his only surviving son had been long a lunatic, he had none to share his triumphs. And in 1831 an article of highly offensive character against his friend Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, which was printed without his knowledge in the columns of his magazine, led him to resign his editorship. It was therefore with a fellow-feeling for the griefs of others that he took up the championship of the crushed and bleeding nations of Greece and Poland. The downfall of Warsaw in 1831, with the horrors which accompanied it, moved him deeply, and with tongue, pen, and purse he devoted himself to succour the lost cause. It was by

[1] As attempts have been made to belittle Campbell's share in the foundation of London University, it may not be amiss to quote here an extract from a minute of the Company of Stationers of Glasgow, to which attention has kindly been directed by Mr. Robert Brodie, writer, clerk to the Incorporation. The minute is dated May 8, 1827, and is signed by James Brash, son of the senior partner of the firm of bookseller-poets, Brash & Reid, then President. The occasion was Campbell's visit to Glasgow as Lord Rector. The Company of Stationers resolved to make him an honorary member, and among their reasons for conferring the honour they include, "your being the first to suggest the idea of the London University, which, by the blessing of God, it is hoped will be an everlasting and widely diffused benefit to mankind."

his efforts that a committee was established in London to relieve the thousands of Polish exiles who had flocked over, and that a sympathy with the fallen nation, of which the sentiment still survives, was awakened throughout the country. Campbell's efforts were wholly generous and disinterested, and when he was buried afterwards in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey the fact was recognised. A guard of Polish exiles escorted his remains, and a handful of earth from the tomb of Kosciusko was thrown into his grave.

After 1831 his purely literary work added little to his fame. The *Metropolitan Magazine*, in which he took a third share, soon passed into other hands. It had contained his "Letters from the South," the fruit of a visit to Algiers in 1832. Other works to which his name was put, a "Life of Mrs. Siddons" in 1834, a "Life of Petrarch" in 1841, and lives of Sir Thomas Lawrence and of Frederick the Great in 1843, were mostly the product of other pens. And his last considerable poem, "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," in 1842, showed no spark of his early fire.

At length his health failed. In the summer of 1843 he sold his furniture, and retired with a favourite niece to Boulogne. And there on June 15 of the next year he died. The "Life and Letters" of the poet, by William Beattie, M.D., appeared in three volumes in 1849.

The poet was small in person, scrupulously neat in attire, and though naturally indolent, extremely witty and entertaining in congenial company. The late veteran Sidney Cooper says of him in his "Recollections," "Another most amusing man, full of jokes and anecdotes, and as bright and sharp as a needle, whom I met at Charles Knight's, was Thomas Campbell, the poet. He was a peculiar-looking man, with sharp blue eyes, a long and tapering nose that would go through a keyhole, of fresh colour, and, I think, marked with the smallpox. He was a man of keen observation, and always delightful company—a man who impressed and singularly attracted me." Lord Lytton also has left a picture of the poet. "Campbell," he says, "asked me to come and sup with him *tête-à-tête*. I did so. I went at ten o'clock; I stayed till dawn, and all my recollections of the most sparkling talk I have ever heard in drawing-rooms afford nothing to equal the riotous affluence of wit, of humour, of fancy, of genius, that the great lyrist poured forth in his wondrous monologue."

Campbell's poetry links the age of Cowper with that of Tennys Southey and Wordsworth were his continuous contemporaries, a during his time he saw blaze up and pass away the sun-splendou Scott's genius and the brilliant constellation of Byron, Shelley, a Keats. Of his longer poems, "The Pleasures of Hope" remains far the best, and many of its lines and happy epithets have passed i current coin of speech. But it is by his lyrics that his fame endu These remain "among the finest in any language."

## HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

## THE EXILE OF ERIN

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin door fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears like the raindrop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!

Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin mavourneen! Erin go bragh!

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING

*Wizard.*—

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown:
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albyn! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead.
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.*—

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.*—

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultantly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad.
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.*—

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan.
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one.
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock.
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array ——

*Wizard.*—

—— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near.
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier:
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

*Lochiel.*—

—— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale.
For never shall Albyn a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe;
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a deathshade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again, again, again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
Then cease, and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light.
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

## THE LAST MAN

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time:
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We're twins in death, proud sun!

Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.

What though, beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will!
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day!
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go! Let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe—
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire.
Test of all sumless agonies,

Behold not me expire!
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall;
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark.
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine—
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

Go, Sun! while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste.
Go! tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky!
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part:
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay!
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

## TO THE EVENING STAR

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke, unstirred,
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews!
Parted lovers on thee muse.
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art ——
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle—
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonnie bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief; I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonnie bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

And still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather:
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father!"

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her;
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—
My daughter!—oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

# WALTER WATSON

## 1780-1854

LIKE many another outlying village in the end of the eighteenth century, Chryston, a few miles to the north, derived its livelihood from the weaving of Glasgow muslins. Among its weavers was Walter Watson, "the Chryston Poet," author of "Sae will we yet," and other popular songs. Born of humble parents, and picking up a scant education as he could, he passed from herding kye to winding pirns, and at length to his father's trade of the loom. Of a restless turn of mind, he tried in turn farm labour and the well-paid work of a sawyer in Glasgow, and finally, at the age of nineteen, took the King's shilling from a recruiting sergeant at the Tontine. He served in the Scots Greys for three years with no more thrilling experience than a review by George III. at Weymouth, and was discharged at the Peace of Amiens in 1802. Returning then to his native village he resumed his early occupation at the loom, and seems to have fallen at once into the toils of poetry and love. Nothing stood in the way of his love affairs, and he married Margaret Wilson, a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood, in 1803. But his instinct for rhythm and rhyme was sadly hampered by the fact, pointed out by the village schoolmaster, that he was totally ignorant of grammar. By means of an old school-book, however, and a spell of close study, the difficulty was overcome, and the poet had soon the satisfaction of seeing several of his songs, "Jockie's far awa'," "The Braes o' Bedlay," and others, become widely popular.

An amusing story of his early days is told by his friend, Hugh Macdonald. Watson wrote "The Braes o' Bedlay" in order to gain favour with the lord of the manor. He took it to the "big house" and handed it in person to the great man. To his astonishment, however, the laird took the lovers' ramble described in the song literally, and instead of praising the poetry, threatened its author with a prosecution for trespass.

The success of his fugitive pieces induced Watson to publish a small collection of his poems in 1808. It brought him reputation, but no profit, and further volumes put forth in 1823 and 1843 respectively merely increased his fame without mending his fortunes.

Meanwhile the poet's life was that of the struggling peasant. He was local secretary of the combination of weavers—one of the earliest essays at trades-unionism—which succeeded in raising the wages of the craft in the years 1808-11, but in the dull times that followed Waterloo he was forced from the loom to the saw-pit, and at one period even to stone-breaking for a livelihood. He had a family of eight sons and two daughters, and it was only when some of them were able to help him as weavers that he attained some small share of comfort. After many removals about the country in the wake of work, Watson spent the last four years of his life at Duntiblae, near Kirkintilloch, and there he died of cholera in 1854.

A cheery old man, whose belief in life found expression in his own song, "We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet," the poet made friends wherever he went. The village concerts with which he eked out a living in his last days were always crowded; and he had the satisfaction in the year before he died of seeing a selection of his best pieces, with a memoir by Hugh Macdonald, published with great success. An obelisk was erected on the spot of his birth in 1875, and in 1877 a complete edition of his poems was published at Glasgow. Watson's most ambitious piece, "Chryston Fair," depicts with racy force the humours of a Scottish rural festival; and his rhyming epistles are packed with shrewd wisdom and practical philosophy; but he is remembered best by a few short pieces and happy lines.

## SAE WILL WE YET

Come sit down, my cronie, and gie me your crack;
Let the win' tak' the cares o' this life on its back;
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,
We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, etc.

Let's ca' for a tankard o' nappy brown ale,
It will comfort our hearts and enliven our tale;
We'll aye be the merrier the langer that we sit,
We've drank wi' ither mony a time, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, etc.

Sae rax me your mull, and my nose I will prime;
Let mirth an' sweet innocence employ a' our time;
Nae quarrelling nor fighting we here will admit;
We've parted aye in unity, an' sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, etc.

Let the glass keep its course, and gae merrily roun';
The sun has to rise, though the moon should gae doun;
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, 'tis time enough to flit;
When we fell we aye wan up again, an' sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, etc.

## THE WIDOW

Welcome, my Johnnie, buirdly and bonnie!
Ye're my conceit, though I'm courted by mony;
Come to the spence wi' me, my merry pleughman—
Mak' it your hame, ye'll be baith het and fu', man.
Baith het and fu', man, baith het and fu' man,
Mak' it your hame, ye'll be baith het and fu', man.

Ye sall hae plenty gin ye be tenty;
Year after year I hae doublet the rent aye;
Byrefu's o' horse and kye, barnfu's o' grain, man,
Beukfu's o' notes, and a farm o' your ain, man.
Farm o' your ain, etc.

Market or fair, man, ye may be there, man,
Selling and buying, wi' plenty to ware, man,
Clad like a laird in the brawest and warmest,
On a gude beast will haud up wi' the foremost.
Up wi' the foremost, etc.

Tawpie young lasses, keekin' in glasses,
Waste a' their siller on trinkets and dresses.
Think wi' yoursel', Johnnie, tak' wha ye've need o';
Ye may do waur that draw up wi' the widow.
Up wi' the widow, etc.

# JOHN FINLAY

## 1782-1810

JOHN FINLAY is remembered rather as a collector and preserver of old Scottish folksongs than as a maker of original poetry. He was possessor, nevertheless, of a true poetic vein, and has left more than one addition to the ballad and lyric minstrelsy of Scotland.

Born of parents in humble life at Glasgow, he entered the University at the age of fourteen, and distinguished himself there not only by proficiency, but by the elegance of his prose essays, and the spirit of his classical odes. While still at college, in 1802, he published "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other poems." Of this Professor Wilson, his class-fellow and friend, afterwards said, "It possesses both the merits and defects which we look for in the early compositions of true genius." A third edition was issued in 1817. Choosing a life of letters, Finlay went to London in 1807, and contributed to the press many articles on antiquarian subjects. Next year, having returned to Glasgow, he published his collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," which was highly praised by Sir Walter Scott. During his short life he also wrote a "Life of Cervantes," and produced editions of Blair's "Grave" and Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He refused, on account of the risk, the generous offer of Professor Richardson of Glasgow University to set him up as a printer, and, still hoping to establish himself as a man of letters, planned a continuation of Warton's "History of English Poetry." But in 1810, on his way to visit Wilson at Elleray, he was seized with apoplexy at Moffat, and died there on 8th December. A tribute to his memory, from Wilson's pen, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* on the publication of the new edition of "Wallace" in 1817.

## O COME WITH ME

O come with me, for the queen of night
Is throned on high in her beauty bright;
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth and heaven:
The cold flowers which the valley strew
Are sparkling bright with pearly dew,
And hushed is e'en the bee's soft hum,
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come!

The opening bluebell, Scotland's pride,
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed,
The daisy meek from the dewy dale,
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,
With the lily from the glassy lake—
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,
And bind them 'mid the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O love! without thee what were life?
A bustling scene of care and strife—
A waste where no green flowery glade
Is found, for shelter or for shade.
But, cheered by thee, the griefs we share
We can with calm composure bear;
For the darkest night of care and toil
Is bright when blessed with woman's smile.

## ISABELLA

I heard the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song.
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deepening pain of love they soothe, and sorrows pang control.

I looked upon the pure brook that murmured through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart,
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I looked upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye.
Ne'er softer fell the raindrop of the first relenting year
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted ere a sigh of sorrow proved
How hopelessly, yet faithfully and tenderly I loved.
Yet, though bereft of hope, I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

# ALEXANDER RODGER

## 1784-1846

WHEN the first series of "Whistle-binkie" was issued in 1832 from David Robertson's shop at the foot of Glassford Street, then the favourite literary howf of Glasgow, its best and most characteristic contributions were from the pens of William Motherwell and Alexander Rodger. It was the pawky humour of pieces like Rodger's "Robin Tamson's Smiddy" and "Behave yoursel' before folk," contrasting with the pathos of poems like Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," which struck the public taste so strongly, and made the curious poetic venture a success. Not less striking was the contrast between the characters, opinions, and careers of the two contributors.

The "Radical Poet," as Rodger has been called, was born at East Calder, Midlothian, 16th July, 1784. His mother was in weak health, and for the first seven years of his life he was cared for by two maiden sisters named Lonie. His father, meanwhile, having given up the farm of Haggs, near Dalmahoy, of which he had been tenant, had become an innkeeper in Mid-Calder, and there the future poet was put to school. Five years later the family removed to Edinburgh, and the boy was set to learn the trade of silversmith with a Mr. Mathie. This apprenticeship, however, was cut short in twelve months by the financial collapse of his father, who fled to Hamburgh. The lad was then brought to Glasgow by his mother's friends, who had become strongly attached to him, and who apprenticed him to a weaver named Dunn, at the Drygate Toll, near the Cathedral. In 1803, seized with the prevailing fever of patriotism, he joined the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, in which regiment, and its successor, the Glasgow Highland Locals, he remained for nine years. Meanwhile, in 1806, being twenty-two years of age, he married Agnes Turner, and removed to what was then the village of Bridgeton, to the east of the city. There, to support a quickly-growing family, he added the profits of music-teach-

ing to those of weaving, and in his leisure hours solaced himself with the making of poetry. Perhaps his earliest effort was a poem, "Bolivar," written on seeing in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, in 1816, that that patriot had set free seventy thousand slaves in Venezuela. The peculiarities, also, of the Highland members of his volunteer regiment furnished him with subjects for several satirical pieces.

This *furor scribendi*, however, was presently to bring him to trouble. 1816-1820 were the Radical years, when, amid the distress following Waterloo, political agitation rose to a dangerous pitch. In 1819 *The Spirit of the Union*, a strongly political paper, was started in Glasgow by Gilbert Macleod, and Rodger became sub-editor. But after the publication of the tenth number Macleod was arrested, tried, and sentenced to transportation for life, and Rodger became a suspect. In after days he used to tell how, when his house was searched for seditious publications, he placed his Family Bible in the officer's hands, that being, as he said, the only treasonable book in his possession, and he pointed to the chapter on kings in the second book of Samuel. Nevertheless, on the appearance of the famous "treasonable address" on the walls of Glasgow, signed by a "Provisional Government," Rodger was actually arrested, and imprisoned for eleven days in Bridewell. There in solitary confinement, he consoled himself, and aggravated his gaolers, by singing his own political compositions at the loudest of his lungs.

In 1821 he obtained employment as inspector of cloths at Barrowfield Printworks, and during his eleven years in that situation he composed most of his best pieces. At the same time the poet's political sympathies were by no means hid under a bushel. When George IV. in 1822, visited Edinburgh, an anonymous squib from Rodger's pen "Sawney, now the King's Come," appeared in the *London Examiner*, creating much speculation in the mind of the public, and no little annoyance to Sir Walter Scott, whose loyal "Carle, now the King's Come," had appeared simultaneously. And when Harvie of West Thorn blocked up the footpath through his property by Clydeside with a wall, it was by Rodger's strenuous energy that the public movement was directed which vindicated the right of way.

A friend started a pawnbroking business in Glasgow in 1832, and induced the poet (of all men) to become its manager. In a few months, as might have been expected, he threw up the position, and in a rhymed epistle to the managers of Barrowfield works declared his readiness

to do anything—"fire their furnaces, or weigh their coals, wheel barrows, riddle ashes, mend up holes," rather than stay where he was

> "Obliged each day and hour to undergo
> The pain of hearing tales of want or woe."

He found a place shortly, however, as reader and reporter on the *Glasgow Chronicle;* and a year later, on John Tait starting a Radical weekly, the *Liberator*, Rodger became his assistant. Tait died, and the paper came to grief, but in a few months the poet found a place in the office of the *Reformer's Gazette*, which he kept till his death. In 1836 some two hundred of his fellow-citizens entertained him to dinner and presented him with a silver box full of sovereigns—"a fruit not often found on the barren slopes of Parnassus." He died 26th September, 1846, and was buried near William Motherwell in Glasgow Necropolis, where a monument marks his resting-place. On hearing of his death the Scotsmen in Cincinnati collected and sent to David Robertson, the publisher, a sum of £12 as a gift to the poet's widow and children.

Rodger's first avowed appearance as an author was in 1827, with a volume, "Peter Cornclips, a Tale of Real Life, and Other Poems and Songs." In 1838 he published another volume of "Poems and Songs, Humorous and Satirical"; and in 1842 "Stray Leaves from the Portfolios of Alisander the Seer, Andrew Whaup, and Humphrey Henkeckle"—these being the *nommes de plume* above which the satirical contents had appeared in periodicals. Since then select editions of his poems have been edited by Mr. Robert Ford in 1896 and 1902. But the poet's name is chiefly associated with "Whistle-binkie," in which his best pieces appeared, and of which, after the death of Carrick in 1835, he became editor.

The political heat of that time has passed away, and in consequence "Sandy" Rodger's satires have lost both point and sting, but his songs, touching slily and not unkindly the foibles of ordinary human nature, remain amusing as ever, and the hot-headed, tender-hearted, Radical poet is not likely to be forgotten. The late Crimean Simpson has recorded of him: "I was familiar with his round, short figure when he was connected with the *Reformer's Gazette*, Peter Mackenzie's paper. I used to see him regularly about Argyle Street, and I have often heard him sing his own songs at the Saturday Evening Concerts, which he did in a genial, pawky way."

## ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY

My mither men't my auld breeks,
And wow, but they were duddy!
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy.
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan;
I never yet gae by the door
But aye I fa' a-lauchin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
And had ae bonnie dochter;
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Though mony lads had socht her.
But what think ye o' my exploit?
The time our mare was shoein'
I slippit up beside the lass,
And briskly fell a-wooin'.

And aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin':
Quo' I, "My lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin'.
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
And lea' the carle, your faither,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel' and a' thegither."

"Deed, lad," quo' she, "your offer's fair;
I really think I'll tak' it;
Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't.
For gin I wait my faither's time
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na, I'll marry in my prime,
And mak' a wife fu' thrifty."

Wow! Robin was an angry man
At tynin' o' his dochter.
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
And far and near he socht her.
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
And fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, "Gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
And ye can tak' my mither."

Auld Robin girned, and shook his pow:
"Gude sooth," quo' he, "you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
And end this hurry-burry."
So Robin and our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
And Robin has my mither.

## BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK

**Behave yoursel' before folk!**
**Behave yoursel' before folk!**
**And dinna be sae rude to me**
**As kiss me sae before folk!**

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But gudesake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Whate'er you do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack
That's gien or taen before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Nor gie the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But losh! I tak it sair amiss
To be sae teased afore folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
When we're oor lane ye may tak' ane
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind ye that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care;
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye hae done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks;
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet:
Sic tales I doubt are a' deceit;
At onyrate it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kissed,
Gae, get a licence frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk!
Behave yoursel' before folk!
And when we're ane, bluid, flesh, and bane
Ye may tak' ten before folk.[1]

## THE ANSWER

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawky, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
And ding me doit before folk!

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[1] A description by an eye-witness of the occasion of the composition of this song was contributed to the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* for 1st March, 1902, by the late James Dick, of gutta-percha fame. At a party at "Granny Muir's" in honour of a young journalist leaving for New York, the hero of the evening made several attempts to kiss his sweetheart, and she remonstrated with "Behave yourself before folk!" Rodger, who was one of the company, retired to another room for a little, and on returning read the song aloud, and handed it to the young man, by whom it was published first in America.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk—
While ye ensnare can I forbear
A-kissing, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whare love 'mong sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'elids steek,
And shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me before folk?

That lip like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, and ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
Aye, twenty times before folk.
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When temptingly it offers me
So rich a treat before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright—
That shapely neck o' snawy white—
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte—
Provokes me till't before folk.
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka charm, young, fresh, and warm,
Cries "Kiss me now!" before folk?

And oh! that pawky, rowin' e'e,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, let be
Frae kissing you before folk!
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tak' a smack before folk?

Ye own that, were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk?
Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
Could scarce desist before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll ha'e a blythesome bridal made,
When ye'll be mine before folk.
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk;
For whereas then ye'll aft get ten,
It winna be before folk.

# JOHN WILSON

## 1785-1854

THOUGH a native of Paisley, and associated in later life mostly with that Edinburgh which he helped so much to glorify as the Modern Athens, Professor Wilson was too closely associated with Glasgow in his most impressionable years to be omitted altogether from its roll of makers. His father was a prosperous gauze manufacturer in "St. Mirrens," and his mother, Margaret Sym, the daughter of a wealthy Glasgow family. After an early education at the manse of Mearns, he entered Glasgow University at the age of thirteen. There he was known chiefly by the facility with which he scribbled verses, and the ease with which he beat all competitors at the exhilarating exercise of hop, step, and jump. There also he received from Professors Young and Jardine the impulses which led him at a later day to adopt a life of letters. Afterwards, at Magdalene College, Oxford, he won the Newdigate Prize for a poem of fifty lines, and earned distinction in all athletic sports. At the age of twenty-three, by the death of his father, he was left his own master, and purchased the beautiful estate of Elleray, on Lake Windermere. Five years later he married Miss Jane Penny, daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant.

Wordsworth, Southey, and De Quincey lived within easy reach, and Coleridge was a frequent visitor to the neighbourhood. Among these friends young Mr. Wilson of Elleray, with his fine fortune, his good looks, and his poetic taste, was the spoiled favourite. Again and again his romantic escapades were the talk of the little circle. At one time he attached himself to a company of strolling players, and again he became one of a gipsy company which visited the district.

All such dilettante trifling, however, was brought to an end presently by the sudden loss of his fortune. That loss acted upon him like a plunge into cold water upon one light-headed with wine. It sobered and steadied him; he forgot his illusions, and found his real power. Hitherto he had been an amateur in poetry, and his elegy on the death of James Grahame, his "Isle of Palms," and his "City of the Plague," remain among other productions to attest his fine, if somewhat fanciful, powers in that direction. But now he went to Edinburgh, turned to prose, and produced his tales and sketches—"Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay." He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1815, but seems never to have even tried to succeed in the law courts. On the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1817, he became, under the pseudonym of "Christopher North," its most original, constant, and charming contributor. From his pen came the greater part of the startling "Chaldee Manuscript," written between nine at night and five next morning. And, greatest and most enduring of all, to him were owed the successive papers of that rich original feast, the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." It is one of the chief disabilities of an Englishman that he cannot enjoy the felicities of these articles. The original of all modern *causeries*, they have never been equalled, never even approached, for any of the qualities which make a *causerie* worth reading.

In 1820 Wilson became a candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. He had the support of Sir Walter Scott, but was bitterly opposed by the Whigs, and when, somewhat to his own surprise, he was elected, a storm was looked for. At his opening lecture a crowd assembled to howl him down. An eye-witness has described the scene—"The lecture room was crowded to the ceiling. Such a collection of hard-browed, scowling Scotsmen, muttering over their knobsticks, I never saw. The professor entered with a bold step, amid profound silence. Every one expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself or his subject, upon which the mass was to decide against him, reason or no reason. But he began in a voice of thunder right into *the matter* of his lectures, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly, without a pause, a flow of rhetoric such as his predecessors never delivered in the same place. Not a word, not a murmur, escaped his conquered audience, and at

the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause." He held the chair for thirty years, and in 1851, on receiving a pension of £300 from Government, resigned without a retiring allowance.

His summers were spent at Elleray, where his splendid hospitality and regattas on Windermere won him the title of "Admiral of the Lake." In Edinburgh he was the recognised successor of Sir Walter Scott. For a generation his stalwart form and magnificent leonine head made the most noted figure in the assemblies and streets; and when he expired there in 1854 it was felt that the last of the godlike race was dead in Modern Athens. Thousands followed his hearse to the Dean Cemetery, and in 1865 his statue was set up, not far from Scott's, in the beautiful Princes Street Gardens.

His complete works were edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrie, after his death, and a memoir by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, appeared in 1862.

## THE EVENING CLOUD

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
  A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
  O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
  Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow:
Even in its very motion there was rest;
  While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
  To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
  Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

## TO A WILD DEER

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight.
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head,
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine! whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hilltops since the mists of the morn—
Whom the pilgrim lone wand'ring on mountain and moo
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore,
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.

Up, up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne,
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast;
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest,
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains ye antlers lie still!
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment, thou bright apparition, delay,
Then melt o'er the crags like the sun from the day.

. . . . . .

His voyage is o'er!—as if struck by a spell,

He motionless stands in the brush of the dell,
Then softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven,
Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee;

Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
With rock wall encircled, with precipice crowned,
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies,
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

. . . . . .

Yes, fierce looks thy nature, even hushed in repose,
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes;
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance, to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gazehound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—

In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign.

But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock, lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day,
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet,
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

# ANDREW CRAWFURD

## 1786-1854

COMPILER of an "Eik," consisting of three large MS. volumes, to Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, of a "Cairn of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, and West of Scotland Matters," in forty-six large quartos, and of a collection of newspaper cuttings thirty volumes in size, Dr. Andrew Crawfurd, the Johnshill poet, was, during the first half of the nineteenth century, a storehouse of information on things Scottish from which all the men of letters of the West of Scotland were fain to draw. The fortnightly "Attic Stories," published in Glasgow in 1817, were largely written by him. Motherwell's "Minstrelsy" in 1827, and "Paisley Magazine" in 1828, owed many of their best contents to his industry. He had a hand in the production of "The Laird of Logan" and "Whistle-binkie," when these collections were being put together in David Robertson's back shop in Glassford Street. And Ramsay's "Tannahill" and "Views in Renfrewshire," and Paterson's "Sempills of Beltrees," "History of Ayrshire," "Scottish Journal," and "Edinburgh Traditional Magazine," all owed much to his industrious accumulations.

It is pathetic to think that this busy toiler in the antiquities of letters and forgotten alleys of folklore was a speechless invalid, palsied in the whole right side, crippled by want of a leg, and forced not only to write, but to carry on all his collections, by means of his left hand alone. Second son of Andrew Crawfurd, portioner, and Jean Adam, a country heiress, he was born at Johnshill, Lochwinnoch, 5th November, 1786. His father wished him to become a manufacturer, and he began life as a clerk in Paisley. But his own inclinations were of another kind, and after a course of eight years at Glasgow University, in which he distinguished himself by carrying off many college honours, he

obtained the diploma of the Glasgow Faculty of Physicia
Surgeons in 1818, and began practice as a medical man at R
In December of the following year, however, he caught typh
and lay long on the edge of death. When he did unexpectedly
it was as the physical wreck, palsied, cripple, and speechless,
described. With a stout heart, nevertheless, he set himself to
future, and with such success that in his quiet retirement at Johi
built up a unique reputation as a poet, writer, and literary an
Though he could not speak, he was fond of company, and by
an interjection, a shake of the head, or an occasional la
managed to make interesting talk among others, and his h
came a favourite resort. He died at Johnshill, 27th Decembe
An account of his life is contained in Alexander G. Murdoch's
and Living Scottish Poets."

## CONSCIENCE

Aye! we may busk wi' rosy wreath
The bitter cup o' care,
And we may gar the drink aneath
To skinkle bricht and fair.

And we may busk the face wi' smiles
To hide the wounded heart,
And fleech on mirth wi' flatterin' wiles
To pu' awa' the dart.

And we may jilt the soothfast frien'
That snibs us when we sin,
And ilka hour in daffin' spen',
To droun the voice within.

But yet the flowers, wi' a' their pride,
The drink they canna sweeten;
And yet the smirks, they canna hide
The heart wi' canker eaten.

And conscience, though we've held her lang,
Hushed in a doverin' sleep,
Will rise belyve, refreshed and strang,
And gar us ruefu' weep.

## A GLANCE AYONT THE GRAVE

My boyhood was a pleasant dream,
And noo I wake to prove it sae;
My youdith bleezed wi' hope's fair gleam;
My manhood keps the thud o' wae.

The sunny knowes that ance were dear,
I taigle on, aye fain to view;
The spunk o' life that lowe't sae clear,
Is crynit to an aizle noo.

Is life a dulesome glamour a'?
The weary wraith o' daffin' past?
And are we bound by feydom's law
To lair in mirk wanhope at last?

Na! our fate speils the hin'most breath,
And skinkles like the star of even,
And lichts the eerie glen o' death,
And airts us to our bield in Heaven.

# JOHN DONALD CARRICK

## 1787-1837

EDITOR of the first series of "Whistle-binkie," and projector of "The Laird of Logan," one of the most amusing and famous collections of Scottish humour, John Donald Carrick holds an assured place in the literary annals of Glasgow. For his contribution to the kindly gaiety of the nation indeed, in respect of these two creations alone, more is owed to him than is ever likely to be summed up.

Born of humble parents at Glasgow in April, 1787, he had but limited education, and while still very young was placed in the office of Mr. Nicholson, an architect of some note in the city. It does not appear that he was regularly apprenticed, and the uncertainty of his future seems to have determined him to seek fortune in a wider world. Of the four youthful Glasgow poets, Smollett, Gray, Buchanan, and himself, who have made the romantic pilgrimage to London, none did it in more hardy and independent fashion than the architect's boy. The four hundred miles he travelled on foot, living on the poorest fare, and sleeping sometimes in roadside taverns, but more often among the harvest sheaves under the kindly canopy of heaven. At Liverpool he met a recruiting party, gay with ribbons, and martial with fife and drum, and the temptation was strong to enlist. He threw up his stick, however, and as it fell pointing south, he continued his journey. When he did reach London it was with the last humble half-crown in his pocket. He was just twenty years of age, had left home without consulting any one, and had nothing but his own efforts to fall back upon.

His ambition at that time was not towards letters, and after various essays he found a place in a Staffordshire pottery warehouse. In 1811 he returned to Glasgow and set up a similar business on his own account, which he carried on for fourteen years. At last, however, he became involved with a relative in the foreign trade, and saw his hopes destroyed. He next tried the business of a travelling agent, but though

it enabled him to pick up many amusing traits of character about the country, it was otherwise unsuccessful, and he finally threw up mercantile attempts.

Meanwhile, in 1825, Carrick, who had been studying ancient Scottish literature, had produced a "Life of Sir William Wallace," which was published as a volume of "Constable's Miscellany," and long continued popular. He now became sub-editor of a Glasgow journal, the *Scots Times*, and on the appearance of Dr. Strang's paper, *The Day*, in 1832, contributed many admirable pieces to its columns. In the same year he edited the first series of "Whistle-binkie," to which he contributed a humorous introduction and several excellent songs and amusing poetical sketches. In 1833 and 1834 respectively he became editor of the *Perth Advertiser* and the *Kilmarnock Journal*. For the latter position he was strongly recommended by his friend William Motherwell, who at the same time declared his rooted hostility to the Liberal principles of both Carrick and the paper.

Alas! on each of these journals Carrick was subjected to the annoyance of supervision by a committee, which within a year in each case made the position intolerable. To add to his misery he had been attacked by paralysis of the mouth and by tic doloreux, perhaps the most excruciating of human ailments. On asking leave of absence from his post on the *Kilmarnock Journal* he was refused, and forced to resign.

This, nevertheless, was the period of his best work, and in June, 1835, the first edition of the "Laird of Logan" appeared. A sojourn at Rothesay so far revived him that he was able to contribute a series of papers rich in Scottish humour and traits—"Nights at Kilcomrie Castle; or, the Days of Queen Mary"—to the *Scottish Magazine*. But his ailment again gradually overpowered him, and he died 17th August, 1835. A sketch of his life was prefixed to the complete edition of "Whistle-binkie."

Carrick's forte was his rich humour and happy vein of drollery. He had a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a biting but not unkindly knack of satire. During the crisis of the passing of the Reform Bill he took active part, and his "New Election Song," otherwise "The Laird of Barloch," roared through the streets by a ballad singer, had a great effect as a political squib. Dr. Strang, in "Glasgow and its Clubs," quotes it in full. It is to be regretted that no publisher has yet produced a collected edition of Carrick's works.

## THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,
And Winter, wi' drap at his nose, doth come,
A whistle to mak' o' the castle lum,
To sowf his music sae sairly, O!
And the roast on the speat is sapless and sma',
And meat is scant in chamber and ha',
And the knights ha'e ceased their merry guffaw,
For lack o' their warm canary, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,
'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute.
The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,
And the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!
And lofty and loud were the tones she assumed,
And boasted how ladies and knights gaily plumed,
Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,
To the sound o' her strings went a-caperin', O!

"While the Haggis," she said, "was a beggarly slave,
And never was seen 'mang the fair and the brave."
"Fuff, fuff!" quo' the Haggis, "thou vile, lying knave,
Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O!
Can it fill a toom wame? Can it help a man's pack
A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,
But when starving at hame will it keep him, alack!
Frae trying his hand at the hanging, O?"

The twa they grew wud as wud could be;
But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,
Wha stood listening bye; and to settle the plea
They begged he would try his endeavour, O!
For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,
And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot.
But a haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it's hot;
So his bowels were moved in its favour, O!

"Nocht pleasures the lug half so weel as a tune,
And whare hings the lug wad be fed wi' a spoon?"
The Harp in a triumph cried, "Laddie, weel done!"
And her strings wi' delight fell a-tinkling, O!
"The Harp's a braw thing," continued the youth,
"But what is the Harp to put in the mouth?
It fills na the wame, it slakes na the drouth;
At least, that is my way o' thinking, O!

"A tune's but an air, but a haggis is meat;
And wha plays the tune that a body can eat?
When a haggis is seen wi' a sheep's head and feet,
My word, she has gallant attendance, O!
A man wi' sic fare may ne'er pree the tangs,
But laugh at lank hunger, though sharp be her fangs;
But the bard that maun live by the wind o' his sangs,
Wae's me, has a puir dependence, O!

"How often we hear, wi' the tear in our eye,
How the puir starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,
Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,
Without e'er a friend within hearing, O!

But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crost
Lay his head on a haggis to gie up the ghost?
O never, since Time took his scythe frae the post,
And truntled awa' to the shearing, O!

"Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup.
Gie the haggis the lead, be't to dine or to sup:
Till the bags are weel filled there can no drone get up,
Is a saying I learned from my mither, O!
When the feasting is ower, let the harp loudly twang,
And soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,
And the wish o' my heart is, wherever ye gang,
Gude grant ye may be thegither, O!"

# WILLIAM GLEN

## 1789-1826

On one of the evenings when Queen Victoria was entertained at Taymouth Castle, in 1842, John Wilson, a famous Scottish singer of the day, was engaged to perform. The list of his songs was submitted beforehand to the Queen, and in place of one which he proposed, she asked that he should sing "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." That request was the first intimation that Jacobite songs would no longer be taboo at Court.[1]

Of all modern Jacobite lyrics there can be no doubt this of William Glen's remains the most popular. So constantly is it sung that it has completely appropriated the tune of the fine old Ayrshire ballad, "Johnnie Faa." Indeed, it has eclipsed even its author's other work so far that it has come to be looked on generally as his solitary production. Far from remaining so sterile, however, Glen was one of the most prolific of song writers. The pity is that more care was not taken to preserve his work to the world.

The poet's life was unfortunate. Opening with the fairest promise, it was darkened early by one disaster after another, and if his conduct showed weakness in the later years he was not without excuse. Second son of a considerable West India merchant, and descended of a family which had some pride in its past, he was born in Queen Street, Glasgow, 14th November, 1789, and received a good education in his native city. His mother's brother, James Burns, was Provost of Renfrew, and an enthusiast for the old historical tales of Scotland. With him the future poet spent his summers, and from his lips heard the stories of "Wallace wight," the royal Stewarts, and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which were to give their own turn to his poetry. The first outcome of this influence

[1] The incident is related by Alexander Whitelaw, editor of Messrs. Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song."

was an ardent patriotism. When a corps of Glasgow Sharpshooters was raised in 1803, Glen joined as a lieutenant; and he afterwards became an enthusiastic member of the Renfrewshire Yeomanry. His father, to begin with, hoped to leave him independent means, but a disastrous fire in Trinidad reduced the family fortunes, and the poet became a business man. In this career he prospered highly for a time. After spending several years in the West Indies, he began business in Glasgow on his own account as a manufacturer and trader with these colonies, and in 1814 was elected a manager of the Merchants' House and a director of the Chamber of Commerce.

At that date he made some figure in the life of the city. He was a member of the Coul Club and the Anderston Social Club, and at their weekly meetings produced many effusions, which were duly inscribed in the minutes. One of these, given on the 18th of April, 1814, after the abdication of Napoleon, was sung by Adam Grant, and is printed in "Glasgow and its Clubs"; and an earlier piece, "The Battle of Vittoria," was long popular in that exciting time. On being first sung at the Glasgow theatre, the latter was received with wild applause, and it was called for nightly during the season.

But the crisis which overtook the country at the end of the Napoleonic wars proved disastrous, among many others in Glasgow, to the young merchant-poet. After Waterloo the Anderston Social Club, deprived of the patriotic motive which had been its chief reason for existence, presently ceased to meet, and its laureate, subjected to heavy business losses, found himself ruined. A broken man, enjoying indifferent health, he did not enter commercial life again. Instead, he turned for occupation to the publication of his collected compositions. "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" appeared in 1815, "The Lonely Isle, a South Sea Island Tale," in 1816, and "The Star of Brunswick," on the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, in 1818. In 1818, also, he married Catherine Macfarlane, daughter of a Glasgow merchant who rented a farm at Port of Menteith. His means of livelihood was a moderate allowance made him by his father and by an uncle in Russia, with such slight additions as he could compass by his pen. "In his latter days," says Dr. Strang, "he took severely to the bottle. He was extremely ready in his poetical compositions, and would throw off a number of verses in the course of a night, and sell them to a bookseller for a few shillings, to be printed as a broadsheet."

At last his wife induced him to retire to her childhood's district. There, at Rainagour, near Aberfoyle, on the banks of the lovely Loch Ard, he composed many of his sweetest songs, and there in the end it seemed that he was to die. A few weeks before that end, however, he said to his wife, "Kate, I would like to go back to Glasgow." "Why, Willie," she asked, "are ye no as well here?" "It's no myself I'm thinking about," he answered. "It's of you, Kate, for I know well it's easier to take a living man there than a dead one." "So," says the writer who narrates the incident,[1] "the sorrowful woman with her dying husband departed from the place, and the warm Highland hearts missed and mourned for him, forgetting his faults, and remembering only his virtues." He died in Gorbals, Glasgow, of consumption, and was buried in the Ramshorn Churchyard, in December, 1826.

Besides the pieces included in his own volumes, Glen was author of much occasional poetry. Several of his lyrics, as already remarked, were inscribed in the minutes of the Anderston Social Club. And later in his short life, while living at Aberfoyle, he contributed a number of pieces to the *Literary Reporter*, a Glasgow miscellany published in 1823. There is reason to believe, however, that he left a considerable mass of unpublished manuscript. Dr. Charles Rogers, in his "Century of Scottish Life," says, "In a solitary nook at Aberfoyle resided, a few years ago, two females, where they were discovered by a clerical friend, who, at my request, obligingly sought them out. These were the widow and daughter of William Glen. . . . Glen was unfortunate in business, and the depressed condition of his affairs led to the dispersion of his MSS., and nearly bereft him of posthumous fame."[2] When this was written one of the poet's manuscript volumes, inscribed Volume Third, was in the hands of Gabriel Neil, the editor of Zachary Boyd, and from it Rogers printed

[1] J. G. Wilson, editor of "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," whose father had been a personal acquaintance of Glen.

[2] The clerical friend here mentioned was probably the late Dean Stanley. At his instance a cottage home was built at Craigmuck, near Aberfoyle, and placed in charge of Mrs. Glen and her daughter. There for many years they tended a houseful of poor children from Glasgow. For this and several other facts the editor is indebted to William Anderson, Esq., F.S.A.Scot., himself a distant relative of Mrs. Glen, and an enthusiastic collector of the poetic ana of Scotland.

some pieces in his "Modern Scottish Minstrel." Rogers also published at Edinburgh in 1874 a collection of Glen's poems, with a portrait and memoir. In the memoir he gave a history of the family of Glen from the days of Bruce, and derived the name from The Glen in Peebles-shire, once their property. But the pieces included had nearly all appeared already in the poet's own volumes. The manuscripts in the hands of Gabriel Neil remained for the most part unpublished, and after the antiquary's death in 1862 his MS. volume seems to have gone amissing. Another has come into the knowledge of the present writer. When the collection of the late Alexander Macdonald, who was a native of Gartmore, in the neighbourhood of Aberfoyle, was sold in 1897, this volume was acquired by Mr. D. Simpson, 23 Dunmore Street, South Side. It contains forty-three pieces, only two or three of which seem to have been printed before, in Dr. Rogers' collected edition and in Glen's own volume of 1815. Many of the poems deal with the district of Aberfoyle and Menteith, and from internal evidence there can be little doubt that all of them are the work of William Glen. Probably it is one of the series of which Gabriel Neil's book was "Volume Third." Two of the pieces included below—"The Highland Maid" and the verses "To the Memory of John Graham of Claverhouse"—are taken from this volume by kind permission of Mr. Simpson.

## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
  He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
  Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonnie soun'
  The tears cam' happin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
  For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie!

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dule and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang;
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he's pressed by want,
On every side is danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen;
My heart 'maist burstit fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys,
And whare was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer!"

He hovered on the wing a while,
  Ere he departed fairly,
But weel I mind the farewell strain
  Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

## THE HIGHLAND MAID

Whan summer's sun, wi' lovely smile
Adorned the bents o' Aberfoyle,
And roses sweet began to blaw
On Castle Duchray's ruined wa',
'Twas then, on Daliel's lovely glade
I met my bonnie Highland Maid.

Let nobles in the gorgeous ha'
Woo ladies decked in jewels braw;
But unto me alone be given
The heath couch 'neath the summer heaven,
Close to a burn and hazel shade
And in my arms my Highland Maid.

Then, then let wealth tak' wings and flee!
It ne'er shall draw ae sigh frae me.
Could I repine, or wish for more,
Blest wi' the lassie I adore,
In native innocence arrayed—
My bonnie, blooming Highland Maid?

Oh! ne'er will I that day forget
When on fair Duchray's banks we met,
When lone Daliel's romantic groves
Heard the warm whisper of our loves;
While the unconscious sigh betrayed
The love throes of my Highland Maid.

Shackled wi' poortith's iron bands,
I soon may visit distant lands,
But even in the arms o' death
I'll muse upon the Land o' Heath,
An' far frae love's woe-soothing aid,
I'll weep for my sweet Highland Maid.

## TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, LORD VISCOUNT DUNDEE

He died not in bed, in the hour of age,
  Hand feeble and tresses hoary,
No! Dundee closed his warlike pilgrimage
  In the hour of meridian glory.
No churchman came nigh to teach him to die,
  To point out the way, calm and coldly;
But the victory note from the trumpet throat,
  Sounded his requiem boldly.

Killiecrankie's wild pass saw the hero fall,
'Mid the drum-beat and musket rattle;
'Twas enough the stoutest heart to appal,
The shock of that furious battle.
He died on the field as a soldier should die,
Where the proudest of laurel wreaths crowned h
And instead of the mass, he was cheered with the
Of victory shouting around him.

Let Bigotry sleep—his arm pulled it down:
The Gordian knot he did sever;[1]
He fought for his prince, he defended the crown,
And patriots will bless him for ever.
Not a wavering doubt nor a shade of fear
Can be traced through a page of his story;
No! noble Dundee closed his gallant career
In the fulness of mortal glory.

[1] It is difficult to understand the allusion here, if it refers to any
accomplished by the battle of Killiecrankie, in which Dundee fell.

# JOHN BRECKENRIDGE

## 1790-1840

ALL the available information regarding the life of the author of "The Humours o' Gleska Fair" is owed to the late Alexander G. Murdoch, who had an opportunity of procuring facts from surviving friends of the poet, and has preserved them in his valuable work, "Recent and Living Scottish Poets." John Breckenridge was born at Parkhead, and bred to the trade of a handloom weaver, but, joining the Lanarkshire militia, served a term of five years in Ireland. On his return he married, succeeded his mother in a small grocery business in his native place, and settled down to the life of a decent citizen. He was an excellent weaver, could write "like copperplate," made famous rhymes, and fiddles whose reputation brought high prices from London. Yet he neither wished riches for himself nor fame for his poetry, and when his end approached he made his wife bring the drawer in which his papers were kept, and throw them all into the fire. His "Gleska Fair" only escaped by an accident. A copy of the piece had come into possession of Livingstone, the Scottish vocalist, and he sang it into public knowledge. Only a few other scattered verses survive, but this poem, following the same vein as Mayne's "Siller Gun," and James V.'s "Christ's Kirk on the Green," gives Breckenridge a title to remembrance. It is certainly not the finest vein of poetry, but it has all the merit and more than the humour of a Dutch picture, and in this case the manners of the people are pourtrayed by one of the people themselves.

The poet is described as "small in stature and rotund in form, with a blythe expression of countenance, dark bright eyes, and a brow so ample that he was nick-named 'brooie' when a boy." He was "deil-fond o' fun, and whiles sae fu' o' mischief that there was nae fen'in' wi' him"; and on his deathbed he told his wife she "wasna to be sair on the folks that were awn (owing) them, as she would maybe manage to fen' in a decent way without it." He died of a lingering internal disease.

## THE HUMOURS O' GLESKA FAIR

The sun frae the eastward was peeping,
And braid through the winnocks did star
When Willie cried, "Tam, are ye sleeping?
Mak' haste, man, and rise to the Fair!
For the lads and the lasses are thranging,
And a' body's now in a steer,
Fye, haste ye, and let us be ganging,
Or, faith, we'll be langsome, I fear."

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,
And wow but he made himsel' snod,
And a pint o' milk brose he did worry,
To mak' him mair teugh for the road.
On his head his blue bannet he slippit,
His whip o'er his shouther he flang,
And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippit,
On purpose the loons for to bang.

Now Willock had trysted wi' Jenny,
For she was a braw, canty quean;
Word gaed that she had a gey penny,
For whilk Willie fondly did grien.
Now Tam he was blaming the liquor:
Ae night he had got himsel' fu',
And trysted glied Maggie MacVicar,
And faith, he thocht shame for to rue.

The carles, fu' cadgie, sat cocking
  Upon their white nags and their brown,
Wi' snuffing and laughing and joking
  They soon cantered into the town.
'Twas there was the funning and sporting;
  Eh, lord! what a swarm o' braw folk—
Rowly-powly, wild beasts, wheels o' fortune,
  Sweetie stan's, Maister Punch, and Black Jock.

Now Willock and Tam, geyan bouzie,
  By this time had met wi' their joes;
Consented wi' Gibbie and Susie
  To gang awa' doun to the shows.
'Twas there was the fiddling and drumming;
  Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through—
Fiddles, trumpets, and organs a-bumming;
  O sirs! what a hully-baloo.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
  Weel theekit wi' blankets and mats,
And deals seated round like a tap-room,
  Supported on stanes and on pats.
The whisky like water they're selling,
  And porter as sma' as their yill,
And aye as you're pouring they're telling,
  "Troth, dear, it's just sixpence a gill!"

Says Meg, "See yon beast wi' the claes on't,
  Wi' the face o't as black as the soot!
Preserve's! it has fingers and taes on't—
  Eh, sirs! it's an unco like brute!"

"O woman, but ye are a gomeral
To mak' sic a won'er at that!
D'ye na ken, ye daft gowk, that's a mongrel
That's bred 'twixt a dog and a cat.

"See yon souple jaud, how she's dancing,
Wi' the white ruffled breeks and red shoon
Frae the tap to the tae she's a' glancing
Wi' gowd, and a feather abune.
My troth, she's a braw decent kimmer
As I have yet seen in the Fair!"
"Her decent!" quo' Meg, "she's a limmer,
Or, faith, she would never be there."

Now Gibbie was wanting a toothfu';
Says he, "I'm right tired o' the fun:
D'ye think we'd be the waur o' a mouthfu'
O' gude nappy yill and a bun?"
"Wi' a' my heart," Tam says, "I'm willing—
'Tis best for to water the corn:
By jing, I've a bonnie white shilling,
And a saxpence that ne'er saw the morn."

Before they got out o' the bustle
Poor Tam got his fairing, I trow,
For a stick at the ginge' breid play'd whistle,
And knockit him down like a cow.
Says Tam, "Wha did that? deil confound h
Fair play, let me win at the loon!"
And he whirled his stick round and round h
And swore like a very dragoon.

Then next for a house they gaed glowring,
Whare they might get wetting their mou'.
Says Meg, "Here's a house keeps a-pouring,
Wi' the sign o' the muckle black cow."
"A cow!" quo' Jenny, "ye gawkie!
Preserve's, but ye've little skill!
Ca' ye that in rale earnest a hawkie?
Look again and ye'll see it's a bull."

But just as they darkened the entry,
Says Willie, "We're now far eneu';
I see it's a house for the gentry—
Let's gang to the Sign o' the Pleugh."
"Na, faith," then says Gibbie, "we'se raither
Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gunn's,
For there I'm to meet wi' my faither,
And auld Uncle John o' the Whins."

Now they a' snug in Luckie's had landed,
Twa rounds at the bicker to try;
The whisky and yill round was handed,
And baps in great bourocks did lie.
Blind Alick, the fiddler, was trysted,
And he was to handle the bow.
On a big barrel-heid he was hoisted,
To keep himsel' out o' the row.

Ne'er saw ye sic din and guffawing;
Sic hooching and dancing was there;
Sic rugging, and riving, and drawing,
Was ne'er seen before in a Fair.

For Tam, he wi' Maggie was wheeling,
And he gied sic a terrible jump,
That his head cam' a rap on the ceiling,
And clyte he fell doun on his rump.

Now they ate and they drank till their bell
Were bent like the head o' a drum;
Syne they rase, and they capered like fillie
Whene'er that the fiddle played bum.
Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,
And scarcely were able to stan',
So they took to the road a' fu' cheerie
As day was beginning to dawn.[1]

[1] A more detailed but less poetical piece with simi "Humours of Glasgow Fair," appeared in the Glasgow *Reporter* of 26th July, 1823, above the signature "Obser and a third poem on "Glasgow Fair" is said to have bee by Alexander Macalpine, author of "The Mail Coach."

# THOMAS LYLE

## 1792-1859

Of all the songs celebrating natural beauties of the neighbourhood of Glasgow, "Kelvin Grove" justly remains the most popular. Its author, Dr. Thomas Lyle, depends almost entirely on that single song to keep his memory green. Moreover, the glory of having written it was the solitary gleam of sunshine in a somewhat obscure career. It is curious to think, therefore, that by an ironic turn of circumstance Lyle was nearly deprived of the honour of its authorship. Hugh Macdonald, in his "Rambles Round Glasgow," relates the episode. "The song," he says, "was first published in 1820 in the 'Harp of Renfrewshire,' a collection of poetical pieces to which an introductory essay on the poets of the district was contributed by William Motherwell. In the index to that work the name of John Sim is given as that of the author of 'Kelvin Grove.' Mr. Sim, who had contributed largely to the work, and for a time had even acted as its editor, left Paisley before its completion for the West Indies, where he shortly afterwards died. In the meantime the song became a general favourite, when Mr. Lyle laid claim to it as his own production, and brought forward evidence of the most convincing nature (including letters from Sim himself) to that effect. So clearly, indeed, did he establish the fact of his authorship that a musicseller in Edinburgh who had previously purchased the song from the executors of Mr. Sim, at once entered into a new arrangement with him for the copyright. Mr. Lyle, it seems, was in the habit of corresponding with Mr. Sim on literary matters, and on one occasion sent him 'Kelvin Grove' with another song, to be published anonymously in the 'Harp of Renfrewshire.' In the meantime, Mr. Sim, who had transcribed both the pieces, was called abroad, and after his death his executors, finding the two songs among his papers and in his handwriting, naturally concluded that they were productions of his own genius, and published them accordingly." It is little wonder that to

his last day, though his claim as author had been fully admitted, Lyle should still allude with some bitterness to the turn of fate which had all but deprived him of his fame.

Born in Paisley, 10th September, 1792, he studied at Glasgow University, and took his diploma as a surgeon in 1816. For the next ten years he practised in Glasgow. At that time the richly wooded banks of the Kelvin, to the north-west of the city, still remained a most romantic and sequestered region, and the Pear-tree Well, in particular, at the part known as North Woodside, was a favourite resort of lovers and other ramblers from the town on summer afternoons. Lyle was in the habit of making botanical excursions to the spot, and his song, written in 1819, was the result.

In 1826 he removed to Airth, near Falkirk, and in the following year published a volume of "Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and Scarce Works; with Biographical and Illustrative Notices." The work was the result of long and careful study. It contained, among others of Lyle's own poems, his song of "Kelvin Grove" with some alterations and an additional stanza. And it was notable for its publication of the miscellaneous poems of Mure of Rowallan. But it is doubtful if the work did its author any practical good. He got the reputation of a writer of poetry and gatherer of rare plants rather than of a skilful surgeon, and his practice was of small account. In 1853 he returned to Glasgow, and was employed by the city authorities during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera. Two years later Grant Wilson, editor of "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," says he found him there "living in obscurity with little practice, and apparently as much forgotten as the spot celebrated in his most popular song." In "The Old Ludgings of Glasgow," 1901, occurs a notice:—"One of the houses recently cleared away on the west side of High Street, between George Street corner and the water-works, was the tenement No. 283, where Dr. Thomas Lyle, author of the charming song, 'Kelvin Grove,' was said to have resided during the last years of his life, about 1856, when holding the office of District Surgeon to the Barony Parochial Board. His drug store was in the next house northwards, now part of the water-works yard." He died in Glasgow, 19th April, 1859. Rogers, in his "Century of Scottish Life," says of that event—"As he had latterly lived in obscurity his departure was scarcely noticed in the newspapers."

## KELVIN GROVE

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O! Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume,
Throws a soft but sweet perfume
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet, with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O!

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O!

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented breir,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O!

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O!

## DUNOON

See, the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp
From a beam of the rising moon,
On the heathy shore, at evening fall,
'Twixt Holy Loch and dark Dunoon.
Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
From the dew-clad moorland flower,
Invites my wandering footsteps there
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone step seek the shore,
There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar,

And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way.
All else are asleep in the still, calm night,
And robed in the misty grey.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
And the night-breeze sweeps the hill,
It's sweet, on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.
Eliza! with thee in this solitude
Life's cares would pass away,
Like the fleecy clouds over grey Kilmun
At the wake of early day.

# JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

## 1794-1854

WITH one exception, the "Life of Sir Walter Scott" remains the most famous biography in the English language; nevertheless its author, John Gibson Lockhart, had to wait forty-two years for his own biography to be written. Among the reasons for that long delay the chief, without doubt, arose from the character of Lockhart himself. Known in his own time, from the sting of his pen, as "the Scorpion," he made probably at least as many enemies as well-wishers, and it was only after the lapse of years that an audience was to be found impartial enough to read calmly his just praise and blame. Yet there can be no doubt he was a great man, one of the literary giants of those days, and in each of his characters, as poet, novelist, biographer, or Tory champion, material might have been found for an abundant and striking "Life."

Descended from an ancient and honourable family, the Lockharts of Lee, near Lanark, his father, Dr. John Lockhart, was for nearly fifty years minister of Blackfriars Church, Glasgow, and was noted for a strange combination of wit and absence of mind. The poet was Dr. Lockhart's second son, the eldest by a second marriage, and his mother was a daughter of Dr. Gibson, an Edinburgh minister. He was born at the manse of Cambusnethan, near Glasgow, 12th June, 1794. At Glasgow University he was a distinguished student, and among other honours earned a Snell exhibition which carried him to Baliol College, Oxford. There again he distinguished himself, graduating in his eighteenth year with first-class honours. He intended to follow the profession of law, and in 1816 was called to the Scottish Bar; but here he suddenly found his career checked—he could not make a speech.

What seemed a misfortune at the time proved, however, the happy directing influence of his life. If he could not speak he could write.

In 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was established, and from the first he was, after John Wilson himself, the most brilliant of its contributors. Two years later his first book appeared—"Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." This was a series of sketches, by an imaginary Dr. Morris, of the most distinguished literary Scotsmen of the time. And in 1820 he married Sophia, the elder daughter of Sir Walter Scott.

By his own merits, no less than by his connection with "the Great Unknown," Lockhart was now one of the foremost of the northern men of letters. At Chiefswood, a cottage near Abbotsford, where he and his wife took up their summer abode, Scott, escaping from the throng of guests at his own house, wrote many a chapter of the Waverley novels, and Lockhart himself produced in rapid succession his striking romances—"Valerius," perhaps the most classical tale of Roman life and manners in the language, "Adam Blair," a story of strong emotion and descriptive power, "Reginald Dalton," reminiscent of the author's own student life at Oxford, and "Matthew Wald." Then, in 1823, appeared his spirited translations of Spanish ballads, "to which," said Miss Mitford, "the art of the modern translator has given the charm of the vigorous old poets." And these were closely followed by his "Life of Robert Burns" and "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," both of which remain standard works to the present day.

At the same time Lockhart had continued to contribute a profusion of articles, learned, eloquent, and witty, if too often biting and abusive, to the pages of *Blackwood*, and in 1825 he was appointed editor of the great Tory organ, the *Quarterly Review*. On leaving for London to take up this post he was entertained at a dinner in Edinburgh. On that occasion he tried to make a speech, failed as signally as he had done in the law courts, but atoned for his infirmity as he sat down by the witty remark, "Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak we should not have been here." He remained editor of the *Quarterly* for twenty-seven years.

Meanwhile, on the death of Sir Walter Scott in 1832, Lockhart became his literary executor, and fulfilled that great task by publishing, six years later, his Life of the great romancer. How well and with what jealous care and skill the work was done it is unnecessary to say here. The "Life of Scott" remains not only its author's greatest book, but a model of biography for all time.

Before this task was finished the shadows had begun to fall on

ockhart's own life. "Death," he wrote, in the final volume, "has aid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write." His wife, that favourite daughter of Sir Walter, of whom so many tender and charming incidents are related in the Life, was dead.

His own fate was to be strangely like that of his great father-in-law. Under the pressure of infirmity, he resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly* in 1853, and spent a winter in Italy. On his return, however, his trouble renewed its force, and after residing for a time with his elder brother, Mr. Lockhart, M.P., at Milton of Lockhart, in Lanarkshire, he went to Abbotsford to die. There, his last hours soothed by his only surviving child, Mrs. Hope Scott, he passed away, 25th November, 1854. He lies in quiet, amid the ruins of St. Mary's Aisle, at Dryburgh Abbey, at the feet of Sir Walter. His descendant is the owner of Abbotsford, and representative of the line of Sir Walter Scott at the present day. The Life of Lockhart, by Sir Andrew Lang, was published in 1896.

## CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed
For a prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no r

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest, genty drab.
The blue stripe in his stocking
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart
That about his ears did run;
And, before, there was a toupee
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered
He took off his wee "three-cockit,"
And he proffered you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so;
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan.
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room,
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop
Which his maid dressed very fine.
There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton n

Or, if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West Port,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow.
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's
no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous;
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con.* but not the *pro.*
We ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below.
We ne'er shall hear the like from Captain Paton no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day;
And all missed him in the coffee-room,
From which now he stayed away.
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And, in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain from twenty symptoms
That death was in his view.
So the Captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe;
And we laid him by the Ramshorn Kirk:
'Tis the way we all must go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'

Join all in chorus, jolly boys!
And let punch and tears be shed
For this prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'

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[1] This "Lament," inimitable for its hundred quaint, appro touches, was published first in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Sept 1819. Its subject, Captain Paton, dressed in precise, old-fas style, stepping along with his cane held in a fencing attitude him, was a well-known figure on the plainstones at Glasgo when Lockhart was a boy in the city. A full description o given, with a characteristic portrait, by "Senex" in "Glasg and Present." He lived for many years with two maiden si tenement of his own, opposite the old Exchange, and died in 1

## BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO

*(From the Spanish)*

With some ten of his chosen men Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all in the palace hall the lying king to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee!" cries the king, "who com'st unbid to me.
But what from traitors' blood should spring save traitors like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Who ever told this tale, the king hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard. "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie.
Below the throne, what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led to make us slaves of France—
The life of King Alphonso, I saved at Roncesval—
Your words, lord king, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down, your hope was flown, I saw the falchion shine
That soon had drunk your royal blood had I not ventured mine.
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith to set Don Sancho free;
But, curse upon your paltering breath! the light he ne'er did see.
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind and stiffened limb were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black;
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back.
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream—"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream!—What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!" But not one to move a finger dareth.
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death:—Cries Bernard, "Here am I,
And here is the sword that owns no lord excepting Heaven and me:
Fain would I know who dares its point—king, Condé, or grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew: it hung beneath his cloak.
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke.
With helm on head and blade in hand the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested; ye know your worth I prize!"
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and, smiling, passed away.
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

# JANET HAMILTON

## 1795-1873

"On a cold February morning in the year 1809 we started on foot early for Glasgow. We went to the house of an acquaintance of my husband, and told him we had come to be married. He sent his porter to the Rev. Dr. Lockhart, of College Church, the late county M.P.'s father,[1] who asked if we had any one to witness the marriage. Our answer was in the negative. The porter and Betty, the housemaid, were called in to witness—the knot was tied which has never yet been loosed. I never saw the Doctor's face, and I can pass my word he never saw mine. We then returned to the friend's house, got some refreshment, took the road home again on foot, arrived after dark, got in unperceived by any of my girlish companions, had a cup of tea with a few of the old neighbours, and at the breakfast table next morning we took stock of our worldly gear. Our humble household plenishing was all paid, and my husband had a Spanish dollar, and on that and our two pair of hands we started, and though many battles and bustles have had to be encountered, with the help of a good and kind God, we have always been able to keep the wolf from the door."

Such is the characteristic description, written by herself, of the marriage of Janet Hamilton, "the Langloan poetess," one of those remarkable women in humble life of whom Scotland has produced so strong a crop. The poetess was born at Carbill, Shotts, in the parish of Shotts, 12th Octo[illegible] 17[illegible] Thomson, her father was [illegible] side she was fifth in [illegible] Covenanter in 1683. [illegible] first to Hamilton, the [illegible]

[1] Father also of J. G[illegible]

in the parish of Old Monkland, where Janet remained during the rest of her long life. For the first two years her parents wrought as labourers on Drumpellier home farm, and the seven-year-old girl, besides keeping house, spun as a daily task two hanks of sale yarn. When the mother gave up outdoor labour the child was taught tambouring, then a very remunerative employment, and so from her earliest years helped the household store. Her father also began shoemaking on his own account, and presently engaged a young man to assist him. It was to this young man that, at the early age of fourteen, Janet was married in the manner she has described. She had ten children by him, and her married life lasted for some sixty years.

She had learned to read when a child, and by means of the village library had devoured such works as the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, Rollin's "Ancient History," Plutarch's "Lives," and Pitscottie's "Scotland," besides the poems of Burns, Fergusson, and Allan Ramsay. As she nursed her children she kept a volume by her in a hole in the wall, and in this way read Shakespeare, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and many noted authors. Before the age of nineteen she had produced a good deal of verse, all strictly religious. Then the cares of her family intervened, and she did not indite a line till about the age of fifty-four. She had still to acquire the art of handwriting, but she mastered the difficulty, inventing a peculiar caligraphy of her own, and began to contribute to Cassells' *Working Man's Friend*.

The remaining years of her life were prolific both of prose and verse. During the last eighteen of them she was blind; but her husband and her daughter Marion read to her, and her son James was her amanuensis. The cause of temperance at home, and the cause of freedom in Poland, Spain, Italy, and Greece, found in her an unfailing and vigorous advocate. By reason of these interests, no less than of her general fame as a poet, she was visited in her humble "but and ben" by many people of note. Among them was a son of Garibaldi, and she told afterwards with pride how he had lifted her "in his great strong arms" from her seat by the kitchen fire to the "sanctum" beyond. The poetess was never more than twenty miles from that humble dwelling "up a back stair" at Langloan, and there she died, 27th October, 1873. A fountain now stands as a memorial opposite the house where she lived and thought so long.

Her earliest volume was "Poems and Songs," published in 1863.

It was followed by "Poems of Purpose and Sketches in Prose" in 1865, "Poems and Ballads" in 1868, and "Poems, Essays, and Sketches" in 1870. Her son edited a memorial volume of her poems and prose works in 1880, to which were prefixed introductions by the Rev. George Gilfillan and Dr. Alexander Wallace. A second edition was issued in 1885. An appreciation by Professor Veitch appeared in *Good Words* for 1884.

Janet Hamilton's social and moral essays, and sketches of peasant life and character, all bear the imprint of strong sense and natural powers of observation, while her temperance essays and poems remain among the most realistic and vivid of the pleadings produced in the white heat of that famous movement. Her descriptive poems are remarkable for their faithful pictures of the wild nature that she loved, and out of her very real sympathy with the struggling lives around her she wrought the true tenderness and pathos of her human song.

The pieces included here are given by kind permission of Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow.

## A BALLAD OF MEMORIE

Nae mair, alas! nae mair I'll see
  Young mornin's gowden hair
Spread ower the lift—the dawnin' sheen
  O' simmer mornin' fair!
Nae mair the heathery knowe I'll speel,
  An' see the sunbeams glancin'
Like fire-flauchts ower the loch's lane breast
  Ower whilk the breeze is dancin'.

Nae mair I'll wan'er ower the braes,
  Or through the birken shaw,
An' pu' the wild-weed flowers amang
  Thy lanely glens, Roseha'!

How white the haw, how red the rose,
  How blue the hy'cinth bell,
Whare fairy thim'les woo the bees
  In Tenach's breckan dell!

Nae mair, when hinnysuckle hings
  Her garlands on the trees,
An' hinny breath o' heather bells
  Comes glaffin' on the breeze;
Nor whan the burstin' birken buds,
  An' sweetly scented breir,
Gie oot their sweets, nae power they ha'e
  My dowie heart to cheer.

Nae mair I'll hear the cushie-doo,
  Wi' voice o' tender wailin',
Pour oot her plaint; nor laverock's sang,
  Up 'mang the white clouds sailin'.
The lappin' waves that kiss the shore,
  The music o' the streams,
The roarin' o' the linn nae mair
  I'll hear but in my dreams.

Whan a' the house are gane to sleep
  I sit my leefu' lane,
An' muse till fancy streeks her wing,
  An' I am young again.
Again I wan'er through the wuds,
  Again I seem to sing
Some waefu' auld-warld ballant strain,
  Till a' the echoes ring.

Again the snaw-white houlet's wing
  Outower my heid is flaffin',
Whan frae her nest 'mang Calder Craigs
  I fley't her wi' my daffin';
An', keekin' in the mavis' nest,
  O' naked scuddies fu',
I feed wi' moulins out my pouch
  Ilk gapin', hungry mou'.

Again I wan'er ower the lea,
  "An' pu' the gowans fine";
Again I "paidle in the burn,"
  But oh! it's lang sinsyne!
Again your faces blythe I see,
  Your gladsome voices hear—
Frien's o' my youth—a' gane, a' gane!
  An' I sit blinlins here.

The star o' memory lichts the past;
  But there's a licht abune,
To cheer the darkness o' a life
  That maun be endit sune.
An' aft I think the gowden morn,
  The purple gloamin' fa',
Will shine as bricht, and fa' as saft
  Whan I ha'e gane awa'.

## EFFIE—A BALLAD

She was wearin' awa'! she was wearin' awa'!
Wi' the leaves in October we thocht she wad fa';
For her cheek was ower red, and her e'e was owre bricht,
Whare the saul leukit oot like an angel o' licht.

She dwalt in the muirlan's amang the red bells
O' the sweet hinny heather that blooms on the fells,
Whare the peesweep and plover are aye on the wing,
An' the lilt o' the laverock's first heard in the spring.

As black as a craw, an' as saft as the silk
Were the lang locks that fell on a neck like the milk;
She was lithesome an' lo'esome as lassie micht be,
An' saft was the love-licht that danced in her e'e.

Puir Effie had loved—a' the hopes an' the fears,
The plagues and the pleasures, the smiles an' the tears
O' love she had kenned; she had gane through them a'
For fause Jamie Crichton—oh, black be his fa'!

The auldest o' five, when a lassie o' ten
She had baith the house an' the bairnies to fen';
The mither had gane when she was but a bairn,
Sae Effie had mony sad lessons to learn.

At hame had ye seen her amang the young chips,
The sweet law o' kindness was aye on her lips;
She kaimed oot their hair, washed their wee hackit feet
Wi' sae tenty a haun that a bairn wadna greet.

She was to her faither the licht o' his e'en;
He said she wad be what her mither had been,
A fair an' sweet sample o' true womanhood,
Sae carefu' an' clever, sae bonnie an' gude.

The cot-house it stood on the lip o' the burn
That wimplet an' jinkit wi' mony a turn
Roun' the fit o' the heather-fringed gowany brae,
Whare the ae cow was tethered, an' bairnies at play.

Sweet Effie was just in the midst o' her teens
Whan she gat the first inkling o' what wooing means
Frae a chiel in the clachan, wha aften was seen
Stealin' up the burnside to the cot-house at e'en.

On a saft simmer gloamin' I saw them mysel'
On the bank o' the burnie, an' weel I could tell,
By the hue on her cheek, an' the blink o' her e'e,
That her young love was his, an' wad evermair be.

Belyve to fair Effie cam' wooers galore,
An' mony saft tirlin's at e'en on the door.
She smiled on them a', but gied welcome to nane—
Her first love an' last was young Jamie's alane.

An' Jamie, wha ne'er was a week frae her side,
Had vowed ere a towmond to mak' her his bride;
Her troth she had gi'en him wi' blushes an tears:
It was sweet—oh, how sweet! though whiles she had fears.

For a wee birdie sang, as roun' her it flew,
Sweet lassie, tak' tent—he's owre sweet to be true;
He's oot in the e'enin's whan ye dinna ken,
An' they say he's been seen wi' Kate o' the Glen.

But Effie wad lauch, an' wad say to hersel',
"What lees an' what clashes thae bodies maun tell!
For my Jamie has sworn to be true to the death,
An' nocht noo can part us as lang's we ha'e breath."

Ae short winter Sabbath, just as it grew mirk,
The faither cam' hame—he had been at the kirk;
His cheek was sae white, an' his look was sae queer
That Effie glowered at him in dreadour an' fear.

Then he said "My ain Effie, puir mitherless lass!
Oh, wha wad ha'e thocht this wad e'er come to pass?
Thy Jamie this day in the kirk was proclaimed,
An' Katie Maclean for his bride they ha'e named.

"I was tauld on the road by ane that maun ken,
Her grannie was ance the gudewife o' the Glen,
An' she left to young Katie a hantle o' gear:
It's gear Jamie wants, an' there's naething o't here."

An' what said puir Effie? She stood like a stane;
But faintin' or greetin' or cryin' was nane.
Her sweet lips they quivered, the bluid frae her cheek
Flew back to her heart, but nae word could she speak.

The faither sat down, laid her heid on his breast:
"On God an' her faither my Effie maun rest;
They ne'er will deceive thee—thy wrongs are richt sair:
Gin Jamie had wed thee they micht ha'e been mair."

Sune Effie gat up, gied her faither some meat,
Put the bairnies to bed; yet ne'er could she greet.
Her young heart was stricken—the fountains were dry
That gush frae the een wi' a tearfu' supply.

That nicht at the reading she joined in the psalm,
Her cheek it was pale, but her brow it was calm;
An' faither he prayed, as she knelt by his side,
That God his dear lassie wad comfort and guide.

The winter gaed by, an' the hale summer through
She toshed up the house, fed and milkit the cow;
The cauld warld had nocht that she cared for ava,
Her life it was silently meltin' awa'.

Oh! whare noo the love-licht that sparkled erewhile
In her bonnie black e'e? Oh, whare noo the smile
That dimpled her cheek? They were gane! they were gane!
Yet she ne'er shed a tear, an' ne'er made a maen.

An' sae she was wearin', fast wearin' awa',
Wi' the leaves in October sweet Effie did fa'.
Her mournin' was ended, an blissfu' an' bricht
The dear lassie dwells wi' the angels o' licht.

# WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

## 1797-1835

AMONG the poets who have drawn inspiration directly from the old romantic narrative ballads of Scotland, William Motherwell must rank close after Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd. His poetry, with that of Allan Cunningham, remains the latest and most luscious fruit of the great romantic movement begun half a century earlier by John Home's tragedy, "Douglas," itself founded on the ballad of "Gil Morice." Motherwell's own collection of the ancient ballads stands among the best, and with the comprehensive essay on the subject by which it is prefaced may be set beside the "Border Minstrelsy" of Scott himself.

The house still stands in High Street, at the south corner of College Street, in which the poet was born, 13th October, 1797. He was third son of William Motherwell, an ironmonger, whose ancestors had been owners of the Muir Mill on the Carron for four hundred years.[1] His mother, Elizabeth Barnett, was daughter of a farmer at Auchterarder, who left her the sum of £2000. Early in the new century the family removed to Edinburgh, and there for three years Motherwell attended the school of William Lennie, author of the once-famous "Lennie's Grammar." At that school he met Jeanie Morrison, a pretty child of about the same age as himself, whom he has made immortal in his most famous poem. The object of his regard, the

[1] It may be of interest to note that Janet Motherwell, an aunt of the poet, married Henry Bannerman, whose daughter became the wife of Sir James Campbell of Stracathro, and mother of the present J. A. Campbell, Esq. of Stracathro, LL.D., M.P., and of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, leader of His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons. For this and several other details the present writer is indebted to Mr. Frank Miller, Annan, descendant of another aunt of the poet, and himself an enthusiastic and painstaking collector of Galloway poetry.

daughter of an Alloa brewer, returned home at the end of the session, wholly unconscious of the interest she had excited. She never met her youthful admirer again, married John Murdoch, a Glasgow commission merchant, in 1823, and not till several years after Motherwell's song had been published became aware that she was its heroine. But the poetic instinct had been awakened, and before he was fourteen Motherwell had made the first draft of his fine lyric.

Meanwhile, his father becoming embarrassed in business, the boy had been sent to an uncle, an ironfounder at Paisley. There, at the Grammar School, he finished his education, with the exception of a session later in life at the Greek and Latin classes in Glasgow University. At school, when he was supposed to be busy with his lessons, he was oftener entertaining his comrades with long yarns about castles, robbers, and strange, out-of-the-way adventures; and in the Paisley Sheriff-Clerk's office, in which he was placed at the age of fifteen, he indulged his taste for mediæval romance by the deciphering of antique documents, and the sketching of knights in armour and the like. One of these sketches, of the Sheriff himself, upon a blotter, attracted the notice of Sheriff Campbell one day in Court, and excited his interest in the lad. Motherwell in consequence was appointed Sheriff-Clerk Depute of Renfrewshire in 1819, and he held the post with credit for fully ten years.

During those years he built up his literary reputation. In 1818 he had contributed to a small Greenock publication, the *Visitor*. In 1819 he supervised an edition of the "Harp of Renfrewshire," contributing a valuable introduction and notes. In 1827 appeared his ballad collection, "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern." And in 1828 he established the *Paisley Monthly Magazine*, which, during its short career, earned a reputation as one of the best conducted periodicals of its day. At the same time he had been contributing frequent articles to the *Paisley Advertiser*, and in 1828 he became its editor. He was now fairly launched as a journalist, and in January, 1830, he removed to Glasgow as editor of the *Courier* there.

In his boyish days Motherwell's politics had been of the extreme Liberal cast. His change of views was jocularly attributed by some of his friends to a severe handling which he received on one occasion, in performance of his duties as Sheriff-Clerk Depute, from a party of Paisley Radicals. It was during the "Radical War" in 1818. He

was thrown down, trampled on, and on the point of being thrown over a bridge into the Cart by the infuriated mob, when he was rescued. But by instinct he was of the chivalric cavalier type, and by constitution no less than conviction he was an extreme Tory. At the time of his appointment to the *Courier* political feeling was at its fiercest in the country. It was the time of the Reform Bill agitation, and Motherwell, as editor of a Tory newspaper, acquitted himself in the thick of the fight. In the "Sma' Weftianæ" of the Glasgow Sma' Weft Club, printed in the *Scots Times* in October, 1829, he is satirised good-naturedly as the "Baron o' Mearns," and the circumstance is alluded to of his heading a band of hired porters to prevent the Whigs from entering the Black Bull ballroom during a Conservative meeting against Reform.

Such experiences were little conducive to the production of poetry, and they seem to have stopped the muse of Motherwell; yet his reputation as a poet was still to make. This, however, was shortly achieved. In 1832 several notable publications appeared in Glasgow, and to each of them Motherwell made contributions of the highest merit. To John Strang's paper, *The Day*, he gave "The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart," "The Etin of Sillerwood," and other fine poems, besides the amusing prose "Memoirs of a Paisley Bailie." To J. D. Carrick's "Whistle-binkie" he contributed "Jeanie Morrison," "My heid is like to rend, Willie," and many more of its best contents. And to the "Scottish Proverbs" of Andrew Henderson, the portrait painter, he supplied an interesting preface. Lastly, towards the end of the year, he collected his scattered pieces into a small volume under the title of "Poems Narrative and Lyrical." On this book his fame as a poet rests.

Three years later he was collecting material for a life of Tannahill, had a prose volume of Norse legends almost ready for the press, and was engaged with the Ettrick Shepherd on a joint edition of the works of Burns, when the end came. There was a movement on foot to suppress the Orange Society, and Motherwell, who had suffered himself to be enrolled a member, was summoned to London by a committee of the House of Commons. In his examination he showed great mental infirmity, and broke down. Two months later, after dining at a friend's house in the suburbs of Glasgow, he was struck with sudden apoplexy and died in a few hours, 1st November, 1835. His grave is in Glasgow

Necropolis, marked by a monument and life-like bust. The centenary of the poet's birth was celebrated by a large and influential gathering in Paisley.

Short in stature and kindly in face, he was as warm in personal friendship as he was relentless in political warfare. Strangely enough, many of his keenest political enemies were his warmest personal friends. An instance of his attitude is the letter of strong commendation he wrote in favour of Carrick's appointment to the editorship of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. His most distinctive and perhaps strongest poetry is his versification of the Scandinavian folk-songs. In this field he rivalled Gray, and what Lockhart did for the Moorish ballads Motherwell in a less degree may be said to have done for those of the Norsemen. He was also strikingly successful in imitating the folk-songs of his own country. But his most popular pieces are those in which he strikes the simplest and most tender chords of natural feeling. "My heid is like to rend, Willie," remains the most painfully pathetic thing in all Scottish poetry. This and his "Jeanie Morrison" are the productions by which he will probably continue to be best remembered. The perfection of the latter was a result of the slow elaboration of more than twenty years.

A memoir of the poet, by his friend and medical adviser, Dr. James M'Conechy, was prefixed to a new edition of his poems in 1847. The most complete editions are those of 1865 and 1881. Edgar Allan Poe paid a noble tribute to Motherwell's genius in his "Essay on the Poetic Principle," and it does not seem too much to suppose that the American poet was influenced by some of the latter's weird effects. An able appreciation of Motherwell was included recently by Sir George Douglas, Bart., in his volume on Hogg and other poets in the "Famous Scots" series.

## JEANIE MORRISON

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  Through mony a weary way,
But never, never can forget
  The love o' life's young day.

The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
  May weel be black gin Yule,
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
  Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
  And blind my een wi' tears.
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
  And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
  The blythe blinks o' lang syne.

'Twas then we loved ilk ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part,
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule—
  Twa bairns and but ae heart.
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
  To leir ilk ither lear,
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
  Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
  When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
  What our wee heads could think!
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
  Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
  My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans laughing said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays—
The schule then skail't at noon—
When we ran aff to speel the braes,
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throstle whusslit sweet.

The throstle whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune
Concerted harmonies;

And on the knowe abune the burn
  For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
  Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
  Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
  When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
  Unsyllabled, unsung.

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
  Gin I ha'e been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
  As ye ha'e been to me.
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
  Thine ear as it does mine!
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' lang syne!

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper, as it rins,
  The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
  And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygane days and me!

## THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A steed, a steed of matchless speed!
  A sword of metal keen!
All else to noble hearts is dross,
  All else on earth is mean.
The neighing of the war-horse proud,
  The rolling of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet loud
  Be sounds from heaven that come.
And O! the thundering press of knights,
  When as their war-cries swell,
May toll from heaven an angel bright,
  And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
  And don your helms amain;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
  Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand:
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
For the fairest of the land!
Let piping swain and craven wight
Thus weep and puling cry;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die.

## THE SOLEMN SONG OF A RIGHTEOUS HEART

There is a mighty noise of bells
Rushing from the turret free.
A solemn tale of truth it tells
O'er land and sea—
How hearts be breaking fast, and then
Wax whole again.

Poor fluttering Soul! why tremble so
To quit life's fast decaying tree?
Time worms its core, and it must bow
To fate's decree:
Its last branch breaks, but thou must soar
For evermore.

No more thy wing shall touch gross earth:
Far under shall its shadows flee,

And all its sounds of woe or mirth
Grow strange to thee.
Thou wilt not mingle in its noise,
Nor count its joys.

Fond one! why cling thus unto life,
As if its sands were meet for thee?
Surely its folly, bloodshed, strife,
Liked never thee!
This world grows madder each new day,
Vice bears such sway.

Couldst thou in slavish arts excel,
And crawl upon the supple knee,
Couldst thou each woe-worn wretch repel,
This world's for thee.
Not in this sphere man owns a brother:
Then seek another.

Couldst thou bewray thy birthright so
As flatter guilt's prosperity,
And laud oppression's iron blow,
This world's for thee.
Sithence to this thou wilt not bend,
Life's at an end.

Couldst thou spurn virtue meanly clad,
As if 'twere spotted infamy,
And praise as good what is most bad,
This world's for thee.

Sithence thou canst not will it so,
Poor flutterer, go!

If head with heart could so accord
In bond of perfect amity,
That falsehood reigned in thought, deed, word,
This world's for thee.
But scorning guile, truth-plighted one,
Thy race is run!

Couldst thou laugh loud when grieved hearts weep,
And fiendlike probe their agony,
Rich harvest here thou soon wouldst reap—
This world's for thee.
But with the weeper thou must weep,
And sad watch keep.

Couldst thou smile sweet when wrong hath wrung
The withers of the poor but proud,
And by the roots pluck out the tongue
That dare be loud
In righteous cause, whate'er may be—
This world's for thee.

This canst thou not? Then, fluttering thing,
Unstained in thy purity,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing—
Meet home for thee.
Fear not the crashing of life's tree—
God's love guides thee.

And thus it is: these solemn bells,
Swinging in the turret free,
And tolling forth their sad farewells
O'er land and sea,
Tell how hearts break full fast, and then,
Grow whole again.

## MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLI

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dying for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my breist-bane—
Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never shall see mair.

I'm sitting on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A puir, heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Aye, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryste was set!
Oh, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae!
And wae's me for the destiny
That gart me love thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie!
I downa seek to blame:
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see;
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.

But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red lang syne.

A stoun gaes through my heid, Willie—
A sair stoun through my heart!
Oh, haud me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirkyard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrily
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sitting on,
Wi' dewdraps' shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that lovit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be;
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart
That ne'er loved ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld m
That fyle my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek and kiss the chi
Ye never sall kiss mair.

## THE MERMAIDEN

"The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws schill,
And the white faem weets my bree,
And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see."

Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
And she spak' blythe and free:
"I never said to my bonnie bridegroom
That on land we should weddit be.

"Oh, I never said that an earthly priest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e;
And I never said that a landward bower
Should hald my love and me."

"And whare is that priest, my bonnie mayden,
If an earthly wight is na he?"
"Oh, the wind will sough and the sea will rair
When wedded we twa sall be."

"And whare is that bower, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it shouldna be?"
"Oh, my blythe bower is low," said the mermaiden,
"In the bonnie green howes o' the sea.

"My gay bower is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea:
The fish are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dowrie.

"And my bower is slatit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chalmers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.

"And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wad gi'e
Acre for acre o' the red ploughed land
As I'll gi'e to thee o' the sea?

"The mune will rise in half an hour,
And the wee bricht starns will shine,
Then we'll sink to my bower 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathoms and nine."

A wild, wild skreich gied the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud laugh the bride;
For the mune rose up, and the twa sank down
Under the silvered tide.

## THE SONG OF HARALD

*From "The Battle-Flag of Sigurd"*

"The ship-borne warriors of the north,
The sons of Woden's race,
To battle as to feast go forth,
With stern and changeless face;
And I, the last of a great line,
The Self-devoted, long

To lift on high the Runic sign
Which gives my name to song.
In battle-field young Harald falls
Amid a slaughtered foe,
But backward never bears this flag,
While streams to ocean flow.
On, on above the crowded dead
This Runic scroll shall flare,
And round it shall the lightning spread
From swords that never spare."
So rush the hero-words from the death-doomed one,
While skalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

"Flag, from your folds! and fiercely wake,
War-music, on the wind!
Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to shake
The sternness of my mind.
Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair,
Pale watcher by the sea,
I hear thy wailings on the air,
Thy heart's dirge sung for me.
In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
Above the salt sea foam;
The wave that bears me from thy bower
Shall never bear me home.
Brynhilda! seek another love,
But ne'er wed one like me,
Who, death-foredoomed from above,
Joys in his destiny."
Thus mourned young Harald as he thought on Brynhilda,
While his eyes filled with tears which glittered, but fell not.

"On sweeps Sigurdir's battle-flag,
The scourge of war, from shore
It dashes through the seething foam,
But I return no more!
Wedded unto a fatal bride—
Boun for a bloody bed,
And battling for her side by side,
Young Harald's doom is sped.
In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp
Reel headlong to the grave,
There Harald's axe shall ponderous ring,
There Sigurd's flag shall wave!
Yea, underneath this standard tall,
Beside this fateful scroll,
Down shall the tower-like prison fall
Of Harald's haughty soul!"
So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer and nearer
The fleet of the Northmen bears down to the shore.

"Green lie those thickly timbered shores,
Fair sloping to the sea;
They're cumbered with the harvest stores
That wave but for the free.
Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
Our garner the broad shield:
Let peasants sow, but still he's lord
Who's master of the field.
Let them come on, the bastard-born,
Each soil-stained churl—alack!
What gain they but a splitten skull,
A sod for their base back?

They sow for us these goodly lands,
We reap them in our might,
Scorning all title but the brands
That triumph in the fight!"
It was thus the land-winners of old gained their glory;
And grey stones voiced their praise in the bays of far isles.

"The rivers of yon island low
Glance redly in the sun;
But ruddier still they're doomed to glow,
And deeper shall they run.
The torrent of proud life shall swell
Each river to the brim,
And in that spate of blood how well
The headless corpse shall swim!
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
Curls from each peopled glen,
And hark! the song of maidens mild,
The shout of joyous men!
But one may hew the oaken tree
The other shape the shroud,
As the Landeyda o'er the sea
Sweeps like a tempest cloud."
So shouteth fierce Harald; so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are careering.

"Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread
Abroad to the blue sky;
And spectral visions of the dead
Are trooping grimly by.

The spirit heralds rush before
  Harald's destroying brand;
They hover o'er yon fated shore
  And death-devoted band.
Marshal, stout jarls, your battle fast;
  And fire each beacon height!
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
  Our banner heaves in sight.
And through the surge and arrowy shower
  That rains on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power
  Which rules the battle-field!"
So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand of slaughter,
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.[1]

[1] The idea of this poem—of a flag that brought victory to its side, but certain death to its bearer—seems to have been a favourite among the Scandinavians. A similar legend has been handed down regarding the "Fairy Flag" of the Macleods, preserved at Dunvegan, and described by Sir Walter Scott in his too short autobiography. This flag had three virtues: it multiplied the forces of the Macleods in battle, it rendered the marriage bed fertile, and it brought herring into the loch. Twice already has its power been exercised on the battlefield. Should it be displayed a third time it will again ensure triumph to Macleod, but the flag and its bearer will together vanish from earth.

# ROBERT POLLOK

## 1798-1827

THERE is a striking difference between the £15 said to have been received by Milton for "Paradise Lost" and the £2500 realised by Robert Pollok's "Course of Time." The astonishing success of the later production is accounted for, not so much by its merit, for in this, though notable enough, it falls far short of its great prototype, but by the fact that the poem appealed in a peculiar way to the religious spirit of Scotland. For the greater part of a century Pollok's "Course of Time" was to be found beside the Bible and Shorter Catechism on the shelf of well-nigh every farmhouse and cottage in the country.

The facts of the poet's career were few and pathetic. Son of an upland farmer, he was born at the steading of North Moorhouse in the parish of Eaglesham, 19th October, 1798. The house has since been rebuilt, but when the poet was seven years old the family removed to Mid Moorhouse close by, and within its walls, standing roofless now, and on the grassy moors around, Pollok gathered the inspiration of his genius. Ballageich, the highest hill in Renfrewshire, rises a mile or two to the south. From its summit twelve counties can be seen—from the blue seas flashing round Arran to the sunny Ochils and the silver Forth. It was the country of the Covenanters; Pollok's own ancestors had been hunted and shot there in the "killing years"; every hollow of the moors had its memory of the persecuted people; and the farm of Lochgoin at hand was the home of their historian, John Howie. Mid Moorhouse itself was a suggestive spot, its foundations dating, it was believed, from the times of Robert the Bruce.

After seven years at the school of Mearns, and two years' labour on the farm, Pollok went to Barrhead to learn cabinet-making. After achieving four chairs, however, he returned home, convinced that the

making of furniture was not his calling. He and an elder brother, David, then set themselves to enter the ministry. At Glasgow University the future poet distinguished himself in logic and moral philosophy, and in March, 1822, graduated Master of Arts. A long five years, however, had still to be spent at the Divinity Hall of the United Secession Church in Glasgow. Alas! as has been the case with hundreds of other aspirants to "the ministry," the long struggle upon scanty means proved too much for the student, and the battle was won by a dying man.

Three years before completing his divinity course, in straits for money, Pollok wrote and published anonymously a volume of "Tales of the Covenanters," and during the autumn of 1826, the year of the short corn, he wrought with feverish haste at the great poem by which he hoped to win a name. He wrote at the rate of a hundred lines a day, sometimes on the summit of Ballageich, but oftener in his own little room in the lonely farmhouse below. "Towards the end of the tenth book," he wrote to his brother, "for the whole consists of ten books—where the subject was overwhelmingly great, and where I indeed seemed to write from immediate inspiration, I felt the body beginning to give way. But now that I have finished, though thin with the great heat and the unintermitted mental exercise, I am by no means languishing and feeble. Since the 1st of June, which was the day I began to write last, we have had a Grecian atmosphere, and I find the serenity of the heavens of incalculable benefit for mental pursuit."

The work was published in March, 1827, and was hailed at once with great applause. It is said that when the manuscript was submitted by the publisher, Blackwood, to Professor Wilson, the latter had an engagement to dine with a friend, but became so absorbed in reading the poem that dinner and friend were together forgotten.

Two months after the appearance of his poem, on 2nd May, 1827, Pollok received his licence as a probationer. Next day he preached in the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Brown, at Edinburgh. In the congregation was Dr. Belfrage, the preacher-physician. He detected the death-sign in the countenance of the young probationer, and carried him off to his own manse at Slateford, near the Pentlands, where everything possible was done for him. As a last resource the invalid set out for Italy. Before going, he instructed his brother to burn his minor poems; and

he bade farewell, at the lovely Crook of the Lainsh, on the moors beyond Ballageich, to Mary Campbell, the girl whom he had hoped to make his wife. The parting was for ever. He got no further south than Southampton, and there, a month later, 17th September, 1827, he died.

In 1843 a selection of Pollok's minor pieces, with a memoir by his brother, was published at Edinburgh. A volume of *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains*, edited by the Rev. James Scott, also appeared at New York. In 1898 Messrs. Blackwood published the thirty-first edition of "The Course of Time." Over Pollok's grave at Millbrook, near Southampton, his admirers set up a granite obelisk, and in September, 1900, by way of marking his centenary, another monument was erected near his birthplace on the Mearns Moor.

Pollok's genius was most ambitious. His poem aimed at nothing less than a spiritual history of mankind. As might be expected, it is unequal in execution. Nevertheless, it contains passages which approach Milton, and which, as Professor Wilson said, "Heave and hurry and glow along in a divine enthusiasm." Orthodox in the strictest sense, it addressed itself warmly to the theological spirit of its time, and may be held to justify its author's title as the "laureate of Calvinism."

## HAIL, HOLY LOVE!

*From "The Course of Time"—Book V.*

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity!
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink
Essence that binds the uncreated Three,
Chain that unites creation to its Lord,
Centre to which all being gravitates,
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!

Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blest because thou seek'st no more,
Hopest not, nor fear'st; but on the present livest,
And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms.
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven; sweet chord that harmonises all
The harps of Paradise! the spring, the well,
That fills the bowl and banquet of the sky!
    But why should I to thee of love divine?
Who happy, and not eloquent of love?
Who holy, and, as thou art, pure, and not
A temple where her glory ever dwells,
Where burn her fires, and beams her perfect eye?
    Kindred to this, part of this holy flame,
Was youthful love—the sweetest boon of earth.
Hail, love! first love! thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
She gathered, and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
    But who would that expound which words transcends
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The cornfields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground,
And as it fell bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage and smiled,
And up the east unclouded rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave, and hither now repaired
Nightly the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
Her lover's safety and his quick return.
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.

Her eye upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as zephyr sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face:
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly, the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down well-pleased, and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
    Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not, for ofttimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
    She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the Throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself

The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy.

SON of a prosperous wooll
Slamannan, Blackburn, and T
at Dunipace, Stirlingshire, 3r
first for the ministry. His fath
prospects, and he was glad to
village of Armadale, near Bath
the post, moved into Glasgow,
Poetry was his relaxation, bu
popular, and have remained so
of Scotland" were published ir
contributors, and all the song
Two of these songs—"Morag's
Baugieburn?"—celebrate scene
the name of his own summer re
"Jessie o' the Dell" refers di
dale. The poet was presented
his friends and admirers in Gl
three years later.

## BOTHW

Old Bothwell Ca
Stand lonely 'ma

But where are now the martial throng,
The festive board, the midnight song?
The ivy binds the mould'ring walls,
And ruin reigns in Bothwell halls.

Oh, deep and long have slumbered now
The cares that knit the soldier's brow,
The lovely grace, the manly power,
In gilded hall, and lady's bower.

Old Bothwell Castle! ages gone
Have left thee mould'ring and alone,
While noble Douglas still retains
Thy verdant groves and fair domains.[1]

No Saxon foe may storm thy walls
Or riot in thy regal halls:
Long, long hath slept brave Wallace' shade
And broken now his battle blade.

The tears that fell from beauty's eye,
The broken heart, the bitter sigh,[2]
And deadly feuds, have passed away,
Still thou art lovely in decay.

---

[1] James Stewart, 4th Baron Douglas, son of the winner of the great Douglas Cause, died at Bothwell, 6th April, 1857. The estates then passed, through his niece, to the Earl of Home.

[2] "Bothwell Bank" is a very old pathetic song, referred to in Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" in 1605. An account of it is furnished in "Songs of Caledonia," Glasgow, page 50.

Before the sun sinks in t
And nature a' has gane t
There to my fond, my fa
Oh let me clasp my
Meet me, &c.

The gladsome lark o'er
The lintie in the bosky
Nae blyther than your b
My ain, my artless
Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love-note
That sighs in whispers
And a' that twa fond h
Will be our sang,
Meet me, &c.

There ye shall sing the
While to my faithfu' bo
Then wha sae happy, w

# WILLIAM CROSS

## 1804-1886

BORN in Paisley, that town where the weaving of muslin and weaving of rhyme have so often gone together, William Cross many a time, as a bare-footed boy, carried his father's web to Glasgow. That father had been admitted a member of the Paisley Craft of Weavers in 1776, and to his last day the son preserved with pride his craft ticket, with the worthy weaver's specimen of fine lawn—"seventeen hunder linen"—attached. The poet was bred a designer of textiles, and became a shawl manufacturer when Paisley was the great seat of that trade. He had strong literary tastes, however, and as early as 1825 several of his pieces appeared in a Paisley periodical called *The Gaberlunzie*. He contributed "The Covenanter's Widow" and other pieces to Bennet's *Glasgow Magazine* in 1833. And when the third series of "Whistle-binkie" appeared, his "Dainty Bit Plan" and other humorous compositions were among its contents. For Alexander Colquhoun, a teacher of French in Paisley, he bought the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, and on Colquhoun's death in 1840, the shawl trade being greatly depressed, he took the editorship into his own hands. Before leaving Paisley on that occasion he was entertained at a large public supper in the Golden Lion Inn.

It was the time of the great rending of th national Church, and in 1844 Cross contributed a tale on the subject, "The Disruption," to the columns of his paper. The story became highly popular, was published in a separate volume in 1846, and in 1875 appeared in the columns of the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*. Nevertheless the *Edinburgh Chronicle* did not succeed, and Cross sold it in 1845. Fulton of Glenfield, and some other friends who knew his worth, then set him up in Glasgow. His first warehouse was in Glassford Street, and for forty years he carried on a highly successful business as a maker of tartan shawls. In 1882 he collected his best compositions into a volume, entitled "Songs and Miscellaneous Poems," which was published by Messrs. Kerr and

Richardson. His last production was a tale "The Craigs of Muirside," illustrative of the witch prosecutions in Scotland, which appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail* when he was over fourscore years of age.

Cross was thrice married, and had a daughter each by his first and second wives. He died in Glasgow on 29th October, 1886, just as the "Guizers," in immemorial Scottish fashion, came to the door. He was buried in Paisley. An appreciative notice of his life appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* for 6th November, 1886, and his portrait remains in the hands of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Millar, Helensburgh. By those who knew him his memory is cherished as that of a plain old Scotsman, quiet-living and charitable, who took pleasure to the last in speaking his native Doric. Dr. Hedderwick, in "Backward Glances," says of him, "He was one of my oldest cronies, and one whom I always held in the highest regard. Several of his comic songs are not surpassed by many things in the Scottish tongue, though his natural reserve and modesty gave little indication of the higher flights of which he was capable." Of his poetry the best pieces are "The Dainty Bit Plan," "The Canting Auld Kimmer," "The Kilbarchan Recruit," and "Charles First at Hampton Court." The first three touch a unique vein of humorous satire; the fourth has a mournful dignity, expressing with power and effect the last tragic reflections of the martyr-king.

## THE DAINTY BIT PLAN

Our May had an e'e to a man,
  Nae less than the newly-placed preacher;
Sae we plotted a dainty bit plan
  For trappin' our spiritual teacher.
    For oh! we were sly, sly;
      Oh! we were sly and sleekit;
    But ne'er say a herrin' is dry
      Until it's baith reisted and reekit.



We flattered young Maister M'Gock,
We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy,
And we praised every word that he spoke,
Till we maist put him oot o' the body.
For oh! we were sly, sly, &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
Unless when frae hame he was helpin';
When May, and the rest o' us a',
Ran far and near after him skelpin'.
For oh! we were sly, sly, &c.

But, to come to the heart o' the nit,
The dainty bit plan that we plotted
Was to get a subscription afit,
And a watch to the minister voted.
For oh! we were sly, sly, &c.

The young women-folk o' the kirk
By turns took a hand at collectin';
But May took the feck o' the wark,
And the trouble the rest o' directin'.
For oh! she was sly, sly, &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
And May, wi' sma' priggin', consentit
To be ane o' a party o' five
To gang to the manse and present it.
For oh! she was sly, sly, &c.

Takin' present and speech baith in han',
She delivered a bonnie palaver,
To let Maister M'Gock understan'
How zealous she was in his favour.
For oh! she was sly, sly, &c.

She said that "the gift was to prove
That his female frien's valued him highly,
But it couldna express half their love"—
And she glintit her e'e at him slily.
For oh! she was sly, sly, &c.

He put the gold watch in his fab,
And proudly, he said, he wad wear it;
Then, after some flatterin' gab,
Tauld May he was gaun to be marriet!
Oh, we were sly, sly;
Oh, we were sly and sleekit;
But Maister M'Gock was nae gowk
Wi' our dainty bit plan to be cleekit

May cam' hame wi' her heart in her mouth,
And frae that day became a Dissenter;
And now she's renewin' her youth,
Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.
Oh! but she's sly, sly;
Oh! she is sly and sleekit;
And cleverly opens ae door
As soon as anither is steekit.

# GEORGE JACQUE

## 1804-1892

SON of George Jack, a labourer, and Jean Veitch, of Border descent, this author of a well-known hymn was born at Douglas Castle, 18th January, 1804. As a child he was noted for his intimacy with the birds of his native strath, which he tamed, and could bring from the air to his feet at a call. After such schooling as Douglas could give, he was sent to Glasgow, and in Gallowgate there served for four years as a draper's apprentice. But his heart, as he said afterwards, was never in business, and at the age of twenty-one he found his way into Glasgow University. Moved by the prelections of a Baptist preacher, he left the Established Church, entered the Divinity Hall of the Relief Church at Paisley, and was licensed by the Presbytery of that denomination at Perth in 1835. He settled at Auchterarder, and ministered there with acceptance for the long period of fifty-seven years.

For long his preaching powers were hampered by a nervous disability of the vocal chords, and, Demosthenes-like, he took to rehearsing his sermons to the browsing cattle on the hillsides. But after many years he got unexpected deliverance by means of an ulceration of the throat. His discourses, delivered without notes, were composed during his daily walk of seven or eight miles. In 1856 he married Catherine Wallace, and at a later day his brother, Captain Gavin, or Guy, as he called him, after half a century of absence and silence, returned to spend his last years at the manse fireside. Jacque's services were acknowledged in 1876 by the gift of a silver tea service valued at £80, and a work-table and chair for his wife. And at his jubilee in 1884 he was presented with a sum of £600 and other gifts. He died 15th February, 1892.

The cleric-poet was an expert improviser on the violin, on which he composed airs to Byron's "Ocean," and many of his own poems and

hymns. Of literary performances, he wrote a biography whose publication was stopped by interested parties, and a novel which remained unprinted. He was author of several booklets published in Glasgow, and of several contributions to the *Christian Leader* and other religious papers. His best piece remains the hymn "Hark how Heaven is Calling," written at request of the Rev. W. Thomson, Slateford, to suit the German tune "Arnsberg." It was sung at his own funeral. A brief memoir by the Rev. Dr. Blair, Dunblane, was printed, with three of his poems, at Auchterarder in 1892. The following piece is included here by Dr. Blair's kind permission:—

## HARK HOW HEAVEN IS CALLING

Hark how heaven is calling,
In sweet echoes falling
  From angelic harps and voices!
'Tis the wondrous story,
Chiefest theme in glory—
  Grace o'er man redeemed rejoices.
    This inspires all their lyres,
And with harp and singing
Heaven's dome is ringing.

Saint unites with angel,
Hymning the evangel—
  Glory to the God of heaven!
Glory to the Spirit,
And to Jesus' merit
  Let hosannas loud be given!
    For He saves sinful slaves,
Them from ruin raising
In His love amazing.

Does salvation's story
Waken praise in glory
  To the Lamb who suffered for us?
And while heaven rejoices
Shall not kindred voices
  Swell from earth to join the chorus?
    Yes, the song, loud and strong,
Shall to glory's portals
Rise from saved immortals.

# GEORGE OUTRAM

## 1805-1856

Of English extraction, nephew of Benjamin Outram, the famous civil engineer, and cousin of Sir James Outram, one of the heroes of Lucknow, the author of "Legal Lyrics" was born at Clyde Ironworks, Glasgow, 25th March, 1805. His father was partner and manager of the ironworks at the time, but removed shortly afterwards to Leith, and the future poet was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh. In 1827 he was called to the Scottish Bar, but being of a retiring disposition confined himself mostly to the practice of a chamber counsel, a sphere in which he showed distinguished ability.

Outram's experience in his profession was turned to account in a series of humorous and satirical pieces, in which he proved that a field previously considered barren contained ample material for poetry. His compositions were mostly written to be sung at festive gatherings. They were privately printed under the title of "Legal Lyrics" in 1851, and brought their author much repute among the legal and literary coteries of the capital. Regarding the most famous of the pieces an amusing incident is related. On the occasion of a dinner given by Dr. Robert Chambers to Outram and some other friends it was arranged that Peter Fraser should sing Outram's "Annuity." Immediately afterwards Mrs. Chambers, dressed to suit the character, sang "The Annuitant's Answer," a piece written for the purpose by her husband, with a spirit little less than that of the original. Proceedings of this kind seem to have been in Outram's way. On another occasion, according to Dr. Hedderwick, who knew the poet, "his love of everything Scotch was shown in a famous dinner which he gave to a number of choice spirits, at which cockie-leekie, sheep's head, haggis, black pudding, and howtowdie abounded, the guests being all attired and made up to represent well-known Scottish characters."

Among the poet's closest friends were Lord Cockburn and "Christopher North." Outram shared the enthusiasm of the latter for angling, and collaborated with him in producing the *Dies Boreales*, which followed the more famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

In 1837 he married Frances M'Robbie, a lady from Jamaica, by whom he became the father of four sons and one daughter. In 1837

also he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*, a position in which, with that of part proprietor, he remained till his death. He died at Rosemore, his summer residence on the Holy Loch, 15th September, 1856, and was buried in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh.

Outram's poems were edited, with a biography, by his friend, Sheriff Glassford Bell, and published by Messrs. Blackwood under the title of "Lyrics Legal and Miscellaneous" in 1874. A new edition, containing further details and a number of additional poems, was supervised by Dr. Stoddart, one of Outram's successors in the *Herald* chair, in 1888.

"The Annuity" is reproduced here by kind permission of the poet's nephew, Captain John D. Outram, who took part with his regiment in the recent South African War, and received a bullet through the knee in the action at Klipdrift.

## THE ANNUITY

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
    An unco week it proved to me—
For there I met a waesome wife
    Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak' out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst its shell,
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
    I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneuch—
    She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teuch
    By human ingenuity.
But years ha'e come and years ha'e gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again
    Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin,
But that, it seems, is nought to me—
She's like to live although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
And stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an insurance company;
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast;
I thought a kink might set me free:
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma care! the blast gaed by
And missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera
Or typhus, wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths an' drugs an' a'
In siccan superfluity!

She doesna need—she's fever proof:
The pest gaed ower her very roof.
She tauld me sae, an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak'—
A compound fracture as could be.
Nae leech the cure wad undertak'
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured! She handles't like a flail:
It does as weel in bits as hale:
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her an' her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be;
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't an' do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life!
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot; but whare's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbane wanders through her sark
In an unkenned corkscrewity.
She's palsified, an' shakes her heid
Sae fast about ye scarce can see't;
It's past the power o' steel or leid
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hanged, if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exeguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope:
'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will pushion do't? It has been tried.
But, be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it ha'e.
It's needless to assail her doubts,
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
An' only eats and drinks what suits
Hersel' an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Three score and ten perchance may be.
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.

She should ha'e lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood;
She's some auld pagan mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and out;
She's sauted to the last degree;
There's pickle in her very snout,
Sae caper-like an' cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They've kyanised the useless knir;[1]
She canna decompose nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity.

[1] Witch.

# DUGALD MOORE

## 1805-1841

WHEN "Whistle-binkie" was being put together from the pens of Carrick, Rodger, Motherwell, and others in David Robertson's back shop near the foot of Glassford Street, another howf of men of literary and artistic taste existed not far away. The stationery warehouse of James Lumsden & Son in Queen Street saw the comings and goings of artists like Horatio MacCulloch and Daniel Macnee, and of poets like Andrew Park and Dugald Moore. James Lumsden, first of the name to be Lord Provost, was a warm friend of struggling talent. MacCulloch and Macnee found early employment with him in the tinting of illustrations, and it was by his help that Moore was enabled to publish his first book of poetry.[1]

Dugald Moore was the son of James Moore, a private soldier, who appears to have been related to Dr. John Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and his more famous son, the hero of Corunna.[2] The poet was born in Stockwell Street, 12th August, 1805. His father, who had married at nineteen, died young; but his mother, Margaret Lamont, of Highland descent, was a woman of character, and managed to give her two sons at least the rudiments of education. It has been said that Dugald was apprenticed to a tobacco manufacturer, but the family account runs that it was to a maker of combs. Comb-making was not to his taste, and the method he took to have his indentures cancelled was ingenious enough. He never made a comb without breaking one or two of the teeth, till his master told his mother she had better send him to some other trade where good eyesight was not required. When at last he obtained a place in the copperplate

[1] Dr. Hedderwick, in "Backward Glances," gives an interesting picture and some amusing reminiscences of the warm-hearted Provost.

[2] See page 26.

printing department of Messrs. Lumsden & Son he found himself in a congenial atmosphere.

By Lumsden's help, as already stated, Moore was enabled to publish "The African and other Poems" in 1829. The book ran to a second edition in 1830, and was followed in rapid succession by "Scenes from the Flood, the Tenth Plague and other Poems," "The Bridal Night and other Poems," "The Bard of the North: a Series of Poetical Tales illustrative of Highland Scenery and Character," "The Hour of Retribution and other Poems," and "The Devoted One." The poet contributed many pieces, besides, to the *Glasgow Free Press*, the *Western Literary Journal*, and other periodicals. On the proceeds of his earlier volumes he was able to start in business for himself as a bookseller and librarian in Queen Street, and when he was cut off, after three days' illness, at the age of thirty-six, he left a small competence for his mother. In the manner of his end he was a martyr to a mistake of surgery. It was the day of constant venesection, and the poet, laid aside by a slight inflammation, was literally bled to death by his doctor. He died 2nd January, 1841.

Moore was a Freemason and was never married, but the portrait of a lady to whom he was attached is preserved, with that of himself by Sir Daniel Macnee, and a quantity of his MSS., by his niece, Mrs. David Smith, Glasgow. The portrait shows him to have borne a considerable personal resemblance to Robert Burns. His early death, after accomplishing so much promising work, excited widely-felt sympathy, and he was lamented by a large circle of friends and admirers who erected to his memory in Glasgow Necropolis one of the most notable monuments in that city of the dead.

In his own day Moore's worth as a poet was widely acknowledged, but his merit has received no more than scant justice since his death. It is true that his muse had little turn for the tender and domestic. His arena was rather that of mountain, moor, and tempest. But his poetry is full of noble and fine suggestion, and in description of nature wild and free, and its association with human passion of the past, he has many passages and whole poems which must rank among the best. His finest work is contained in "The Bard of the North."

## TO THE VITRIFIED FORT IN GLEN NEVIS

I bend in wonder o'er the living fountains,
  Like a lone spirit of the cataract;
Or gaze athwart Lochaber's savage mountains,
  Measuring the ern on her majestic track;
Or with the hawk, high in these shadowy regions,
  Nestle amid the tempest and the gleam
Of sunny clouds that, ranged in glorious legions,
  Float onward like the phantoms of a dream.

Fondly I list the far and wild commotion
  Of the strong wind, as o'er the hill he skiffs;
Or drink the music, as the mighty ocean
  Rings like the voice of God among the cliffs.
In joy I see the dim waves dance and brighten
  Around the marble hem of many an isle,
And the eternal mountains rise and whiten
  'Mid light's high track and summer's crimson smile.

But ah! the song is hushed along the meadow;
  Mute is the shepherd's pipe upon the hill;
And time moves o'er our deserts like a shadow,
  Bidding the magic of the harp be still.
And silence, like the robe of death or slumber,
  Falls round the green sides of each fairy glen,
And, save the ruined cot, or cairn's grey lumber,
  Nought tells that Scotland's valleys had their men,

Yes, men of hardihood, the boast of story,
Once moved in pride through these unpeopled vales;
There beauty built her summer bower, and glory
Leaned on his sword, and listened to her tales;
And music had her songs that will not wither—
The bard his harp-strings and prophetic thought;
And on those dreary slopes of rock and heather
The voice of Cona sang, and Fingal fought.

Aye, and a thousand plaided clans were ready
To face unscared the battle's loudest roar,
And fling its billows back—as firm and steady
As rocks dash out the sea-surge from the shore.
But oh! the days are changed: a desert meets us,
Instead of peopled glens and laughing eyes;
And the wild hawk or wandering eagle greets us
With dreary yell, in place of love's replies.

A wanderer came—the stern claymore was wielded
By the free peasant of the lonely hill,
Who, rushing from his mountain eyrie, shielded
The father who begat him. Fiercely shrill
His war-cry swept the crags—the stranger felt it,
And vainly braved the bonnet and the targe:
The boast of England like a snow-wreath melted
Before the levelled thunder of their charge.

Yet vain the free-born and the noble-hearted
Hewed 'mid the bristling steel and cannon's roar·
The light, the fire of Albyn's tribes departed
In the red tempest of Drummossie Moor.

In vain the mighty of the glens defended
Their mountain hearths—fell treachery was nigh:
The brave, the beautiful, the long-descended
Vanished like starlights when the sun is high.

The grey hill knows them not—the hunter's sheiling
Stands low and desolate upon the brae;
The sons of song, the breasts of worth and feeling,
The stately of the glens, have passed away.
In vain the summer shines, the tempest gathers;
No one is there to greet them in the strath;
Gone to the glorious spirits of their fathers,
The plaided sons of Scotia sleep in death.

Yes, the grey bothy and our towers are hoary;
No more the hunters gather in the hall,
To rouse the red deer in the misty corrie,
Or hit the falcon by the waterfall.
The rising beams of hope may come and gather
O'er other lands—they will not visit us:
The dark stone looking through the silent heather—
That fort—exclaims, it was not always thus!

# HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

## 1805-1874

Of the friends whom "Christopher North" took very evident pleasure in introducing in the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and *Dies Boreales*, none is more kindly mentioned than "Tallboys." Henry Glassford Bell, who figures under this pseudonym, and who was then a young man in Edinburgh studying for the Bar, remains perhaps the most genial personality linking the Modern Athens of the time of Scott with the literary and social Glasgow of a later day.

His father, James Bell, was a Glasgow advocate, and his mother was daughter of the Rev. John Hamilton, minister of Cathcart. The poet was born in Glasgow, but when he was six years of age the family removed to Edinburgh, and he was educated at the University there. He early developed a faculty for a life of letters. Upon leaving college he wrote, for *Constable's Miscellany*, a "Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots" in two volumes, which ran through several editions, and was translated into several languages. At the same time, when his feelings were warm and his thoughts full of the subject, he produced his famous poem on the hapless queen. And in 1829 he established the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which he edited with much success for three years. In 1831 appeared his first volume of poetry—"Summer and Winter Hours." In the following year he published "My Old Portfolio," a collection of pieces in prose as well as verse. And during the next thirty years poems, essays, tales, and law-papers came from his pen, till the whole ran to twelve volumes. His latest work, "Romances and Minor Poems," combining the fervour of youthful feeling with the ripeness of maturer thought, set the seal to his title as a "maker." It was published in 1866.

His life, however, was not only, nor even mainly, that of a man of letters. In 1832 he was admitted as an advocate; seven years later he obtained the appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire; and in 1867, when the Sheriff-Principal, Sir Archibald Alison, died, Bell, by a somewhat unusual step, was promoted to the post, which he held with

the highest distinction till his death. His original appointment of Sheriff-Substitute was owed to sheer merit. In the famous trial of the Glasgow cotton-spinners for conspiracy he was a junior counsel for the defence, and he got up the details of his case with so much ability and painstaking care that Sheriff Alison marked him for his next vacancy. For nearly forty years he filled one of the most conspicuous positions in the social and public life of Glasgow, an eloquent speaker on the platform, and most interesting and charming of guests. Among other public enterprises he took a large share in establishing in 1833 the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.

He was still in the vigour of maturity when a cancer in the hand, brought on by the use of a round-topped walking-stick, struck him down, and he died 7th January, 1874. He was engaged at the time in editing an issue of the poems of David Gray. Twice married, he was survived by a widow, a son, and three daughters. His tomb is in the nave of Glasgow Cathedral, and a full account of his career was printed in the *Glasgow Herald* of 8th January, 1874.[1]

It may be true, as has been said, that Henry Glassford Bell was greater as a man than as a poet. As Sheriff he was known not less for his sound judgment and thorough knowledge of law than for his personal character of sterling worth. He was no palterer, but with dignity, weight, and decision, went straight to his point. *Ultimus Romanorum* he has been called—"One of the first of our few good dramatic censors, among patrons of art a Mæcenas, of Scottish critics of poetry among the best our country has produced." His own verse has the ring of health and sanity in it, and if his finest poem, "Mary Queen of Scots," presents in some respects a conventional view of the heroine, the picture it affords has enlisted far-reaching sympathy, and conveyed an impression of the unfortunate queen second in effect only to that drawn by Sir Walter Scott.[2]

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[1] A number of personal and interesting reminiscences of Bell are also given by Dr. Hedderwick in his "Backward Glances."

[2] The Sheriff was not the only member of the family to wield a poetic pen. His younger sister, Mrs. Jane Cross Simpson, was a frequent contributor of poetry to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and afterwards published several volumes of prose and verse. The fine hymn, "Go where the morning shineth," was her production.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

I looked far back into the past, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow crept,
And, all around, the noonday light in drowsy radiance slept.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line.
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continued light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng;

And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head had passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands the first among his peers.
Next him the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have failed;
And higher yet their path shall be, and stronger wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
There too the Prince of Condè wears his all unconquered sword,
With great Coligni by his side,—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medici, that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings, the haughty Catherine!
The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make,
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake.
But fairer far than all the crowd who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts, the fond, deep love of one,
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,

They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine, and its flowers?

The scene was changed.—It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept: there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth.
It was her mother's land—the land of childhood and of friends;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends;
The land where her dead husband slept; the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose and the splendours of a throne.
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance.
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;

The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark.
One gaze again—one last, long gaze: "Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek, her smile was sadder now;
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar.
They half beguiled her of her cares; they soothed her into smiles;
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.

But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas battle-cry!
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam—her words, her prayers are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm," she said, "my woman's heart farewell!"

The scene was changed.—It was a lake, with one small, lonely isle
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords, my lords!" the captive cried, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze tha blows,
And once more reign a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek; streamed her rich tresses down;
She wrote the words; she stood erect—a queen without a crown!





The scene was changed.—A royal host a royal banner bore;
The faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more.
She stayed her steed upon a hill, she saw them marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away,
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
Scattered, and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt has won!
Away, away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part!
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all.
Rich were the sable robes she wore, her white veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—that cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom;

I saw that grief had decked it out, an offering for the tomb.
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry of mould.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle;
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy smile.
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born.
Alas, the change! she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block, alone—
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has passed away!
The bright, the beautiful is now a bleeding piece of clay!
A solemn text! Go think of it in silence and alone,
Then weigh, against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne.

# THOMAS BRYDSON

## 1806-1855

BORN in Glasgow, and educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, Thomas Brydson was in 1839 ordained minister of Levern Chapel, near Paisley, and in 1842 became parish minister of Kilmalcolm, where he remained somewhat of a recluse till his sudden death, 28th January, 1855. While a probationer he contributed to the *Republic of Letters*, the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and several of the London annuals. In 1829 he published a volume of "Poems," and two years later "Pictures of the Past." The author of many pleasant pieces, he is probably destined to be remembered by a single fine song. It contains one perfect line, which might have been written by Keats.

## ALL LOVELY AND BRIGHT

All lovely and bright, 'mid the desert of time,
  Seem the days when I wandered with you;
Like the green isles that swell in this far distant clime
  On the deeps that are trackless and blue.

And now while the torrent is loud on the hill,
  And the howl of the forest is drear,
I think of the lapse of our own native rill—
  I think of thy voice with a tear.

The light of my taper is fading away;
It hovers and trembles and dies;
The far coming morn on her sea-paths is gray,
But sleep will not come to mine eyes.

Yet why should I ponder, or why should I grieve
O'er the joys that my childhood has known?
We may meet when the dew-flowers are fragrant at eve,
As we met in the days that are gone.

# ANDREW PARK

## 1807-1863

"WHEN I became acquainted with Park in 1856," says Charles Rogers in his "Century of Scottish Life," "he was a gentleman at large, existing by his wits, and courted for his society. Of an agreeable demeanour, and always apparelled in becoming vestments, he was presentable at any table, and he dined out almost daily. His home, if he had one, must have been stored sparingly, for his works sold slowly, and he would not have recourse to a subscription."

Born at Renfrew, and taught in the parish school there, the poet enjoyed only two sessions at Glasgow University, before, in his fifteenth year, he entered a commission warehouse in Paisley. Five years later he removed to Glasgow as salesman in a hat factory, and presently he began business there on his own account. In this, however, like many poets, he had small success. The *furor scribendi* was upon him. Before leaving Paisley he had published "The Vision of Mankind," a poem written in a succession of sonnets. And in 1834 he issued another volume of poems, "The Bridegroom and the Bride." On cholera breaking out in the city he sold his stock, went to London, and made the attempt to live by his pen. There again he had scant satisfaction, and after several years of effort he returned to Glasgow in 1841.

Dugald Moore was then recently dead, and Park bought his business, and set up as a bookseller. But ill-luck still pursued him, and he retired finally from commercial life. In 1843 "Silent Love," his most successful work, appeared, professing to be the production of one James Wilson, druggist in Paisley. Two years later it was issued again in small quarto, beautifully illustrated by Sir Noel Paton. Altogether his poetry ran to twelve volumes, till it was finally issued between a single pair of covers by Bogue, London, in 1854. One of the pieces gives an account of Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842, and another, "Veritas," contains a narrative of his own life up till 1849. In 1856 he made a tour to Egypt and the East, and in the following year published an account of his journey.

Park's latter days were probably spent somewhat after the gentlemanly Bohemian fashion Rogers has described, in going about among his friends and congenial acquaintances, by whom, there is evidence, he was much honoured and admired. When he died in Glasgow, 27th December, 1863, two hundred mourners followed his remains to Paisley Cemetery, where he had expressed a wish to be buried near his friend James Fillans, the sculptor.

Something of the character of the poet is illustrated by an incident which occurred at his funeral. After the obsequies, several of the mourners from a distance betook themselves to a hotel in the town, "About thirty or forty persons," says Dr. Hedderwick, "might be present. Some one, however, seemed to be wanting to take the lead, and an old crony of the poet's ventured to suggest that the man really wanted was poor Park himself. 'Had Park only been here,' he said, 'he would have introduced everybody to everybody else, ordered whatever was needful, and called upon us all to drain a silent glass to the memory of the deceased.'"

Three years later a handsome monument and bronze bust were set up over the poet's grave.

## SILENT LOVE

*Opening Passage*

No man e'er loved like me! When but a boy
Love was my solace and my only joy;
Its mystic influence fired my tender soul,
And held me captive in its soft control.
By night it ruled in bright ethereal dreams,
By day in latent, ever-varying themes;
In solitude, or 'mid the city's throng,
Or in the festal halls of mirth and song;
Through loss or gain, through quietude or strife,
This was the charm the heart-pulse of my life,

While age has not subdued the flame divine,
A votary still I worship at the shrine.
When cares enthral, or when the soul is free,
'Tis all the same. No man e'er loved like me!
Oh! she was young who won my yielding heart
Nor power of poesy, nor painter's art
Could half the beauties of her mind portray,
E'en when inspired, and how can this my lay?
Two eyes that spoke what language ne'er can do,
Soft as twin-violets moist with early dew;
And on her cheek the lily and the rose
Blent beauteously in halcyon repose;
While vermil lips, apart, revealed within
Two rows of pearls, and on her dimpled chin
The Graces smiled; a bosom heaved below,
Warm as the sun, but pure as forest snow.
Her copious ringlets hung in silken trains
O'er alabaster streaked with purpling veins;
Her pencilled eyebrows, arching fair and high
O'er lids so pure they scarcely screened the eye.
A form symmetral, moving forth in grace
Like heaven-made Eve, the mother of our race;
And on her brow benevolence and truth
Were chastely throned in meek perennial youth;
While every thought that had creation there
But made her face still more divinely fair;
And every fancy of her soul expressed
On that fair margin what inspired her breast,
Pure as the sunbeams gild the placid deep
Where zephyrs close their wings in listless sleep.

This maiden won my heart. Oh, it is vain
To say, perhaps hers was returned again?
To say, she read the language of my eyes,
And knew my thoughts, unmingled with disguise?
Is it too much to say that eyes reveal
What words in vain but struggle to conceal—
That silent love is not far more sincere
Than vaunting vows, those harbingers of fear?
Deep-rooted veneration breathes no sound.
Back, mortal, back, ye stand on holy ground!
Hid in the heart's recess, like precious ore,
It lies in brilliant beauty at the core.
Or as the moon, sweet empress of the night,
Reflecting, gives, in modest mellowy light,
The sun's refracting rays, her destined part,
So genuine feeling steals from heart to heart.
Laugh not, ye sordid sons, ye beings cold,
Who measure all your greatness by your gold,
Whose marble bosoms never once could feel
What friendship, love, and sympathy reveal.
Learn but one truth—'twill not reduce your stores—
Love higher than your gilded riches soars;
Your demi-god a meaner thing must be
Than Cupid proves. No man e'er loved like me!
Think not a glance too transient to destroy
The calmness of the mind with mingled joy.
Judge for yourselves, but make no strictures here;
Set no mean limits to its hope and fear.
Many could tell, if they but had the art,
The stirring power with which it throbs the heart,

Thrills every nerve, pursues through every vein
Its path electric till it fires the brain,
And trembling there like needle to the pole,
Strange blushes rise in crimson from the soul—
The heaving breast, in respiration free,
Convulsive feels with innate ecstacy.

## HURRAH FOR THE HIGHLANDS

Hurrah for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands!
The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas
In his fleet tiny bark through the perilous night.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky,

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wandered through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms;
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.

# JOHN STUART BLACKIE

## 1809-1895

FOR nearly half a century the most noted figure in the streets of Edinburgh was that of Professor Blackie. With his bushy white hair and clear-cut, clean-shaven features instinct with a witty humour, with soft felt hat, and Scots plaid always on his shoulder, he was as distinguished in appearance as he was brilliant and versatile in intellect. Edinburgh has long claimed him as her own, but he was a native of Glasgow.

His father was a banker, and while the son was still young the family removed to Aberdeen. At Marischal College there, at Edinburgh University, and afterwards at Gottingen, at Berlin, and in Italy, the future poet pursued education, and, having given up his first idea of the ministry, he was called to the Scottish Bar in 1834. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of Humanity at Marischal College, and eleven years later was elected to the chair of Greek at Edinburgh. It was characteristic of the man that he spent many months of the following summer in Greece in order to acquire a fluent use of the language as it is now spoken.

From that time onward Blackie's life was that of the busy scholar, teacher, and writer. He had already published a notable translation of Goethe's "Faust," and a version of the plays of Æschylus. In 1857 he issued "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece," three years later "Lyrical Poems," partly in Latin, and in 1866 a work on "Homer and the Iliad," including a translation of the great epic in ballad measure, which remains his greatest performance. Of his later poetical works the most notable were "Musa Burschicosa," a volume of songs for students; "War Songs of the Germans," issued during the Franco-Prussian war in 1870; "Lays of the Highlands and Islands" in 1872;

and "Songs of Religion and Life" in 1876. His "Messis Vitæ" appeared in 1886, and "A Song of Heroes" in 1890. His prose works included a treatise "On Beauty" in 1858, "The Four Phases of Morals," a volume on "Self-culture"—by far his most widely circulated work, "full of the wisdom of life, ripe and true"—a collection of philological papers, "Horæ Hellenicæ" in 1874, and an elaborate work on "The Language and Literature of the Highlands" in 1876.

After championing many causes, and upholding many theories with tongue and pen, he became identified latterly with the advocacy of the founding of a Celtic professorship at Edinburgh—a project which was at length crowned with success. An enthusiast for the memories and scenery of the Highlands, he spent his summers at Oban till the railway reached the spot, upon which "desecration" he fled. Some of his translations of Gaelic songs, such as "Ho ro my nut-brown maiden," have long been extremely popular.

Active with tongue and pen almost to his last hour, he died at his house in Edinburgh, 2nd March, 1895, and was buried with full academic honours, the pipers of the Black Watch playing before the bier from St. Giles' Cathedral to the Dean Cemetery.

An official biography by Miss Anna M. Stoddart was published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1895, and a volume of "Selected Poems" was edited, with an eloquent appreciation, by Professor Blackie's nephew, Dr. A. Stoddart Walker, in 1896. The following pieces are included here by kind permission of the poet's executors.

## A SONG OF THE COUNTRY

Away from the roar and the rattle,
  The dust and the din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle
  Till the strong treads the weak man down!
Away to the bonnie green hills
  Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
  To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The veil of the dun and the brown,
The push and the plash and the pother,
The wear and the waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine-wood nods near
To the light-plumed bird on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purls,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern unfurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good:
More dear than the wealth of the world,
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down!





Away where the green twigs nod
  In the fragrant breath of the May,
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,
  And the blythe birds sing on the spray.

## CHINESE GORDON

Some men live near to God, as my right arm
  Is near to me, and thus they walk about
Mailed in full proof of faith, and bear a charm
  That mocks at fear, and bars the door on doubt,
And dares the impossible. So, Gordon, thou,
  Through the hot stir of this distracted time,
Dost hold thy course, a flaming witness how
  To do and dare, and make our lives sublime
As God's campaigners. What live we for but this—
  Into the sour to breathe the soul of sweetness,
  The stunted growth to rear to fair completeness,
Drown sneers in smiles, kill hatred with a kiss,
  And to the sandy waste bequeath the fame
  That the grass grew behind us where we came!

# WILLIAM MILLER

## 1810-1872

WHEN the Rev. George Gilfillan, then in the height of his fame, was giving one of his popular lectures in Glasgow City Hall, he took occasion to refer to "Willie Winkie," and described it in characteristic fashion as "the greatest nursery song in the world." He was greatly surprised at the close of the lecture, on leaving the hall, to be accosted by a tall old man, who informed him, with moist eyes, that he was William Miller, the author of the song the lecturer had so warmly praised.

Gilfillan's description is supported by the opinion of another critic, himself a great poet. Robert Buchanan declared Miller to be "the Laureate of the Nursery," adding, "There, at least, he reigns supreme above all other poets, monarch of all he surveys, and perfect master of his theme."

The author of "Willie Winkie" was born in Briggate, Glasgow, in August, 1810, but spent his early years at Parkhead, then a rural village east of the city. It was intended at first to make him a surgeon, but a severe illness at the age of sixteen forced him to cease study, and he was apprenticed to a wood-turner. In that craft his skill became famous, and in his latter days few, it is said, could approach him either in speed or excellence of work. He began early to contribute poetry to periodicals, but it was the appearance of "Willie Winkie," "John Frost," and "The Sleepy Bairn," in the third and fourth series of "Whistle-binkie," that established his reputation. During the next thirty years of his life Miller wrote but little. He did not even collect his productions into a volume till 1863, when they appeared in a thin quarto under the title of "Scottish Nursery Songs and Poems." It was only

at the close of 1871, when poor health forced him to leave work, that, by his own fireside, he turned again to the making of verse. But he was then a dying man. A few weeks at Blantyre in July, 1872, did not restore him, and he expired at his son's house in Glasgow on 20th August. He was buried at Tollcross, but a monument was set up to his memory in Glasgow Necropolis. Some of the unpublished productions of his later years were printed in Grant Wilson's "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," and a new edition of his work has been edited by Mr. Robert Ford in 1902. Miller was a poet of a single string, and the entire bulk of his verse is small, but that verse stands alone, perfect of its kind.

## WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,
Up stairs and doun stairs in his nicht goun,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The dog's speldert on the floor, and doesna gie a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep."

Onything but sleep, you rogue, glowerin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what, waukenin' sleepin' folk.

"Hey, Willie Winkie, the wean's in a creel,
Wamblin' aff a body's knee like a very eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—see there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither that has a stourie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep afore he'll close an e'e;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

## JOHN FROST

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost,
Wi' your crispin' and poutherin' gear, John Frost,
For hedge, tower, and tree, as far as I see,
Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You've been very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost,
Although ye ha'e wrought in the dark, John Frost,
For ilka fitstap, frae the door to the slap,
Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost,
For the weans wi' cauld taes, crying, "Shoon, stockings, claes,"
Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And to tell you I winna be blate, John Frost,
Our gudeman stops out whiles rather late, John Frost,
And the blame's put on you if he gets a thocht fu',
He's sae fleyed for the slippery lang gate, John Frost.

Ye ha'e fine goin's-on in the North, John Frost,
Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost,
Though their kirn's on the fire they may kirn till they tire,
But their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost?





Now your breath wad be greatly improven, John Frost,
By a whilock in some baker's oven, John Frost,
Wi' het scones for a lunch, and a horn o' rum punch,
Or wi' gude whisky-toddy a' stovin', John Frost.

## THE SLEEPY LADDIE

Are ye no gaun to wauken the day, ye rogue?
Your parritch is ready and cool in the cog;
Auld baudrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk,
Wad fain ha'e a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.

There's a wee bird singin' "Get up, get up!"
Losh! listen, it cries, "Tak' a whup, tak' a whup!"
But I'll kittle his bosie—a far better plan—
Or pouther his pow wi' a waterin'-can.

There's claes to wash, and the house to redd,
And I canna begin till I mak' the bed;
For I count it nae brag to be clever as some
Wha, while thrang at a bakin', can soop the lum.

It's nine o'clock, and father, ye ken,
Has scrimpitly time a minute to spen';
But a blink o' his wifie, and bairn on her knee,
Aye lightens his toil, though sair it may be.

So get up to your parritch, and on wi' your claes!
There's a fire on might warm the Norlan' braes;
For a parritch cog and a clean hearth-stane
Are saut and sucker in our town-en'.

# ALEXANDER HUME

## 1811-1859

IT will hardly be gainsaid that Burns's fine song "Afton Water" owes as much of its popularity to the beautiful air to which it is sung as it does to the words themselves. That air, with not a few others in our Scottish song-books, was the composition of Alexander Hume, the musician-poet. A man of the highest gifts, he was one of the saddest-fated of the sons of song. Born in Edinburgh 7th February, 1811, he was, to begin with, a chairmaker, and for a time, while a young man, lived in Dundee. He soon, however, developed a strong natural genius for music, and his self-taught efforts brought him into mark. He became a tenor chorister in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, and chorus-master at the theatre, and in 1843 was entrusted with the joint editorship of Messrs. Gall & Son's "British Psalmody," to which he contributed a number of fine tunes. Convivial habits, however, lost him one appointment after another, and removing to Glasgow, he led a precarious existence on the products of his pen. Some of his finest songs were written in most unlikely circumstances. He ceased living with his family, and, his health giving way, he died in Glasgow, 4th February, 1859. Paradoxically enough, five years before his death he won the prize of the Edinburgh Abstainers' Musical Association by his madrigal, "Round a Circle," a piece of solid merit. His poems and musical compositions have never been collected, but a considerable list of them is given in Mr. David Baptie's valuable compendium, "Musical Scotland." A vivid account of Hume was furnished by Tom Elliott in an article on James Macfarlan in the *Ulster Magazine* for January, 1863.

X

## THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL

Fareweel, fareweel, my native hame,
  Thy lanely glens and heath-clad mountains!
Fareweel thy fields o' storied fame,
  Thy leafy shaws and sparkling fountains.
Nae mair I'll climb the Pentlands steep,
  Nor wander by the Esk's clear river;
I seek a hame far o'er the deep—
  My native land, fareweel for ever!

Thou land wi' love and freedom crowned,
  In ilk wee cot and lordly dwelling
May manly-hearted youth be found,
  And maids in every grace excelling.
The land where Bruce and Wallace wight
  For freedom fought in days o' danger,
Ne'er crouched to proud usurping might,
  But foremost stood, wrong's stern avenger.

Though far frae thee, my native shore,
  And tossed on life's tempestuous ocean,
My heart—aye Scottish to the core—
  Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion.
And while the waving heather grows,
  And onward rows the winding river,
The toast be "Scotland's broomy knowes,
  Her mountains, rocks, and glens forever!"

## MY AIN DEAR NELL

O bonnie Nellie Brown, I will sing a song to thee!
Though oceans wide between us row ye'll aye be dear to me;
Though mony a year's gane o'er my head since down in Linton's dell
I took my last fond look o' thee, my ain dear Nell.
Oh, tell me, Nellie Brown, do you mind our youthfu' days,
When we ran about the burnie's side, or speeled the gowany braes,
When I pu'd the craw-pea's blossom and the bloomin' heather-bell,
To twine them round thy bonnie brow, my ain dear Nell?

How often, Nellie Brown, ha'e we wandered o'er the lea,
Where grow the brier, the yellow broom, and flowery hawthorn tree,
Or sported 'mang the leafy woods till nicht's lang shadows fell!
Oh, we ne'er had thochts o' partin' then, my ain dear Nell!
And in winter, Nellie Brown, when the nichts were lang and drear,
We would creep down by the ingleside, some fairy tale to hear.
We caredna for the snawy drift, or nippin' frost sae snell,
For we lived but for each other then, my ain dear Nell.

They tell me, Nellie Brown, that your bonnie raven hair
Is snaw-white now, and that your brow, sae cloudless ance, and fair,
Looks careworn now, and unco sad; but I heedna' what they tell,
For I ne'er can think you're changed to me, my ain dear Nell!
Ance mair, then, Nellie Brown, I ha'e sung o' love and thee,
Though oceans wide between us row, ye're aye the same to me
As when I sighed my last farewell in Linton's flowery dell—
Oh, I ne'er can tine my love for thee, my ain dear Nell!

# NORMAN MACLEOD

## 1812-1872

Two hundred years after Zachary Boyd, the minister of the Barony was again a poet. He was also the greatest Scottish churchman of his time. Descended from a race of ministers which for two generations held the manse of Morven, his father was author of the famous "Farewell to Fiunary," and his mother of the stirring "Sound the Pibroch." There were proclivities, therefore, in the blood. The future minister of the Barony was born in his father's manse at Campbeltown, 3rd June, 1812, and was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities and in Germany. At Edinburgh he was Dr. Chalmers's favourite student. In 1838, on being licensed, he became parish minister of Loudon, and at the Disruption five years later he was transferred to Dalkeith. There his powers attracted notice; he became editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, and in 1846 was sent to Canada on Church affairs by the General Assembly. Five years later he became minister of the Barony parish of Glasgow. His church was said to be the ugliest in Scotland, but Sunday after Sunday, year after year, it was thronged by his eager audiences. His Sunday evening services for people in working clothes were immensely successful, and when he preached before Queen Victoria at Crathie in 1854 she became his lifelong friend. He was appointed a Dean of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, Dean of the Order of the Thistle, and one of the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland. In 1858 also he received the degree of D.D. A strong man mentally and physically, no labour seemed too great for him.

Besides attending to his arduous parish work, he used a busy pen. In 1854 appeared his "Earnest Student"—memorials of his friend John Macintosh; when *Good Words* was established in 1860 he became its editor; and in its pages and elsewhere a constant succession of his works saw the light. Of his tales, the most popular remain "The

Starling" and "The Old Lieutenant and his Son." At the same time, with tongue and pen, throughout the country, he kept rousing enthusiasm for the undertakings of the Church. An attempt to bring him to judgment in 1865 for broad views on Sunday observance roused much excitement, but broke down; and two years later the General Assembly sent him to report on its mission field in India. From the heat and labour of that journey he never recovered. In the following year he was elected by acclamation Moderator of the General Assembly, but already he was a failing man. He died 16th June, 1872, and was buried in Campsie churchyard. His death was felt to be a national loss; he must be recognised as one of the greatest broadeners of the modern thought of Scotland. A Life by his brother, Dr. Donald Macleod, was published in 1876.

Socially, in private and public, Macleod, with his fine humour, never failed to strike a happy note. Some anecdotes of him are given in Dr. Hedderwick's "Backward Glances." At a private dinner he told of a dispute between a Churchman and a Dissenter. "There can be no truth in Dissent," said the Churchman, "because Dissenters are never even mentioned in the Bible." "What!" cried the Dissenter, "did you never read of the seceders of Lebanon?" Again, at the Scott Centenary Banquet, in Glasgow City Hall, after Henry Monteith, the Marquis of Bute, Sheriff Bell, and others had said their best, the climax was reached, and the whole audience touched and thrilled, by Macleod's description of Sir Walter's "heroic and superhuman effort, in old age, with enfeebled health and shattered nerves, to repay the prodigious debt in which he had become involved—a debt overwhelming to him, but which *would not have cost some gentlemen on that platform a night's sleep.*"

## DANCE, MY CHILDREN

"Dance, my children, lads and lasses!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!

"Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum,
Batter it with Tullochgorum
Till the storm without is dumb.

"Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing,
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing!"

Thus a grey-haired father speaketh,
While he claps his hands and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them—
What's to lose and what's to win.

But he hears a far-off music
Guiding all the stately spheres;
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers.

## TRUST IN GOD

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no forms of guilty passion;
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no party, church, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Simple rule and safest guiding;
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

# JAMES HEDDERWICK

## 1814-1897

BETWEEN the years 1840 and 1880 literary genius in Glasgow and the West of Scotland owed more to the fine lettered taste and enterprise of James Hedderwick than to anything else. In his publications Alexander Smith, Hugh Macdonald, David Wingate, David Gray, James Macfarlan, William Black, and others, all found their first audience and road to fame. He is entitled to affectionate remembrance, therefore, not only as a poet himself, but as a Mæcenas of poets in his time.

Born in Glasgow, 18th January, 1814, he was early apprenticed to the business of his father, who was afterwards Queen's printer in the city, and who believed the printing office an excellent school. Even as a boy, however, he had a strong literary bent, and on one occasion made a pilgrimage to Edinburgh to see Sir Walter Scott sitting as Clerk of the Court of Session. At the age of sixteen he spent a year at London University, won first prize in the Belles Lettres class, and read Shakespeare with Charles Kemble. On returning to Glasgow, while still in his teens, he edited what is now a literary curiosity, the *Saltwater Gazette*, and when the *Argus* was launched in 1832, he gained valuable newspaper experience in connection with it, his father being its printer.

So well did he improve his opportunities, and so promising were his contributions to the press, that before he was twenty-three he was appointed assistant-editor of the *Scotsman*. During the following years in Edinburgh he made acquaintance with most of the Scottish men of letters of the time, and of many of them—Francis Jeffrey, James Ballantine, the brothers Chambers, and others—he had at a later day highly interesting memories to relate. Among his other literary performances at that period he wrote one number of Wilson's "Tales

of the Borders," and some political articles which were much quoted and commented on. And when at last he left Edinburgh, in 1842, he was entertained at a public dinner, at which Charles Maclaren, editor of the *Scotsman*, presided, and John Hill Burton, the future historian of Scotland, was croupier. He then, with his brother Robert, started the *Glasgow Citizen*, a 4½d. weekly paper. In its columns the native literary taste of the editor became at once evident, and, the final series of "Whistle-binkie" having been issued in that year, the new paper gathered about it the literary traditions and aspirations of Glasgow. *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, another weekly periodical begun in 1862, had a more purely literary character, but much the same set of contributors. It ceased to appear two years later when, the new daily papers having undermined the position of his weekly journals, Hedderwick launched the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. The American Civil War was then at its height, and interest in Transatlantic news intense. By meeting this interest the new paper at once attained a brilliant and lasting success, and to its example is largely due the popular afternoon press of the United Kingdom.

In 1878 Glasgow University recognised Hedderwick's services to literature by conferring on him the degree of LL.D. To the last his house in town retained something of the character of a *salon* of letters, among others who were frequently entertained there being the members of the Ballad Club, of which he was honorary president. For many years he was subject to distressing attacks of heart palpitation. This affection rendered imprisonment in a train a natural dread to him, and he travelled regularly to and from his country house at Helensburgh by road. Only twice in these years did he make a journey by rail, going once to Peebles and once to Edinburgh, on the latter occasion to give evidence regarding a brother killed in the disastrous Winchburgh accident. At Rockland, his Helensburgh residence, on 1st December, 1897, he died. He was twice married, and was survived by a widow and four sons and a daughter.

As a journalist Dr. Hedderwick wielded to the end one of the most shrewd and charming pens. He possessed also a singularly happy manner of address, and but for his heart affection must have left his mark as an orator in a much wider sphere. On the occasions when he did make an appearance, as at the founding of the Western

Burns Club in 1859, he made a memorable impression. As a poet, not less than a friend of poets, he has assured his place. His first volume of poems appeared in 1844. It was followed by "Lays of Middle Age" in 1859, enlarged thirty years later, and "The Villa by the Sea, and other Poems" in 1891. His ode on the jubilee of Queen Victoria was read to the Queen by his old friend Sir Theodore Martin, and was ordered to be included among the odes selected for preservation. Its feature was the absence of the usual adulation and flattery of Royalty for royalty's sake.

Among his efforts for the fame of others must be recorded the highly effective prologue which he wrote for the dramatic performance given in 1860 for the widow of Hugh Macdonald, the memoir which in 1862 he prefixed to the first edition of the poems of David Gray, and the very beautiful epitaph inscribed on the public monument to John Henry Alexander, the actor-manager, erected in Glasgow Necropolis. His witty, kindly, and altogether delightful volume of "Backward Glances," besides, published in 1891, contains many of the most interesting reminiscences of literary Edinburgh and Glasgow during sixty years.

Dr. Hedderwick left some brief MS. notes of his life in the hands of his sons, from which a number of details have been included in the present short account. A memorial to him has been erected in the nave of Glasgow Cathedral.

## BY THE SEA-SIDE

On thy fancy, gentle friend! come listen while I paint
A little sea-side village, with its houses old and quaint,
With a range of hills behind, and a rocky beach before,
And a mountain-circled sea lying flat from shore to shore
Like a molten metal floor.

The noon is faint with splendour; the sails are hanging slack;
The steamer, passed an hour ago, has left a foamy track;
The fisher's skiff is motionless at anchor in the bay;
The tall ship in the offing has been idling all the day
Where yesternight it lay.

There is not breath enough to wake an infant wave from sleep;
A dreamy haze is on the hills and on the shimmering deep;
The rower slackens in his toil, and basks within his boat;
On the dry grass the student sprawls, too indolent to note
The glory that's afloat.

Round my throne of rock and heather the fat bee reels and hums;
The liquid whistle of some bird from the near hillside comes;
All else is silence on the beach and silence on the brine,
And tranquil bliss in many a heart, yet sudden grief in mine,
To mark a stranger pine.

He is young, with youth departed; moist death is on his cheek;
They have borne him out into the sun a little health to seek—
An old man and a mother and a maid with yearning eyes;
They smile whene'er they talk to him; he smiles when he replies;
Despair takes that disguise.

Long months of weary watching o'er a patient bed of pain—
The light held softly backward that might show all watching vain—
With footsteps hushed, and awful fears unbreathed except in prayer,
And healing draughts that would not heal, and whisperings on the stair
Are imaged meekly there.

Oh, picture sad to be so framed in the sunshine sent of God!
Alas! those sorrowing faces, and such loveliness abroad!
I look a little forward, and I spy a wider woe—
The heather wet and withered, and the waters moaning low,
And a churchyard white with snow.

Yet seems it well, my thoughtful friend, to cheer that dying eye
With witness of the spousals of the glowing earth and sky—
To wrap that frail immortal in the year's delicious prime,
And nurse him into dreamings of the bright celestial clime,
Ere falls the wintry rime.

# JAMES NORVAL

## 1814-1901

SOMETHING of a rough and towsy wit, but a man of character and force, with a rugged but real vein of poetry in him, "the Calton Bard" as he was called, was one of the best-known figures in the East-End of Glasgow in his day. When it was known he was to speak at an election meeting the hall was certain to be full. As a heckler of candidates he had no equal, and when he took up a cause, with his convincing rhetoric and caustic humour, the election was as good as won.

Norval was born, not in the Calton, but in the village of Parkhead, farther east. While he was still a child, however, his parents removed to the "white houses" in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, and there during his happy childhood he gathered associations, woven later into "My ain gate en'," and others of his best songs. His mother had a wonderful store of old witch tales and ballads, which sank into his memory, and he grew up amid the stir of the Radical risings which arose out of the trying times after Waterloo. He saw the bonfires with which the people rejoiced over the acquittal of Queen Caroline, and he watched the processions to "the Clay Knowe meetings," at which the proletariat expressed their views on the whisky and tobacco duties of the Government. Like most others in Calton at that day he was bred a weaver, and for many years he made his living at the loom. Like many weavers also, he took early to the writing of verse, but it was only after the *Glasgow Citizen* was started, with the brilliant little group of East-enders, which included Hugh Macdonald and David Gray, contributing to it, and when Mr. William Freeland, as sub-editor, offered to print some of his compositions, that Norval bethought himself in earnest. To the *Citizen* columns he contributed his best pieces—"The March Win'," "The Boo-Man," "The Wee Pickle Meal," and others.

Norval used to tell how, when the last-named piece appeared, an admirer tramped all the way from Carron to Glasgow to see the author. But when the weaver, in his shirt sleeves, and tufted with "cadis," emerged from his shop, the pilgrim eyed him with disdain. "Are *you* the author of 'The Wee Pickle Meal?'" he said. "I've walked a' the way frae Carron to see the man that wrote that poem, and—I'm greatly disappointed."

In 1868 the poet was made a burgess of Glasgow; and among his other exploits he took part in the famous struggle regarding the People's Park, in which the Town Council were beaten, and Glasgow Green was saved from further encroachment.

Latterly Norval fell upon hard times. Hand-weaving decayed, and the loom verified its nick-name of "the four posts o' poverty." He was forced to descend to the calling of a labourer, and even then found it hard to live. To the last, however, he remained the sturdy, sober, and upright Scot. He was a total abstainer, and when he died the interests of the working classes in Glasgow lost one of their strongest advocates. An immense store of old Glasgow memories also died with him; and though he was married he left no child to inherit his name. He died in the Victoria Infirmary, Glasgow, and was buried in Cathcart Cemetery. As a poet he wrote little and printed less, but it is to be hoped that what he did write may yet be gathered into a modest volume to perpetuate his fame. After his death, an account of his career, from the sympathetic pen of Mr. Robert Ford, was printed in *The People's Friend*.

## THE MARCH WIN'

The March win' sat gurlin' on the room winnock sill,
At the deid hour o' nicht, and his gurl boded ill;
He gar'd the doors and winnocks shake, syne roared doun the lum—
"Are ye there, frail man? Hoo! I'll kill ye gin I come!"

"Kill me gin ye come, will ye? cat-witted auld fule!
Hoots! ye couldna sned the shank o' a wee puddock-stool!
Cam' ye here to bullyrag? Your threats I lichtly dree,
For my life's in the haun's o' my Maker wha's on hie,
An' quakes na at the snash o' a braggart like thee."

"Ha! ha! ha!" lauched the win'; "e'en sneer gin ye will,
But I hae the power to threaten—certes, I can kill!
I could mak' your heart cauld and your een stane blin';
My sooth! he maun be bauld that wad daur the March win'!"

"My sooth! 'he maun be bauld!' Feich! the auld boul's rinnin' wud!
Gae 'wa' and fley the bairns wi' your white stourie clud.
Turr the thack aff the roof, whup its strae ower the linn,
I carena a bodle for your heel-hackin' win'.
Ye lee like a banker when he spuilzies wi' a grin."

"I've smote the bonnie bride 'mid her bridesmaids young and fair;
I've felled the beggar loon; I've choked the baron's heir;
I've slain the radiant saint, and the bloated in his sin;
And the bauldest doff their caps to the keen March win'."

"Weel, I wadna doff my cowl, nor wad I jee my wig
To sic a sprowsie fule—to sic a leein' prig,
That comes like a thief i' the middle o' the nicht.
Gin ye'd come like a man, 'mid the noon's rosy licht,
I wad ding ye wi' a sun-glaff, ye frozen-sauled wicht!"

"Frozen-sauled wicht! said ye? Then ye'll dree the wicht's power!"
Syne he gied me sic a worryin', fegs, I mind it to this hour.
He filled me fu' o' gellin' pains frae ankle-bane to chin;
He brang the measles 'mang the weans, and speckled a' their skin;
It's easy wark to count their gains that daur the March win'.

# MARION PAUL AIRD

## 1815-1888

A GRAND-NIECE of the witty minister-poet Hamilton Paul,[1] and descended from old families in Carrick and Cunningham, the authoress of "Had I the wings of a dove" was born and educated in Glasgow. Her early days were spent in a romantic cottage at Govanhill, then a remote rural spot, but during all her later years she lived at Kilmarnock. In 1838 she began to contribute poetry to the newspapers, and was brought into some local note by Dr. John Bowring, to whom she had addressed a set of verses, mentioning the compliment at a banquet given in his honour. Under the *nom de plume* of "Marimonia" she contributed to the *Ayrshire Wreath* and another poetical periodical issued by Mr. James M'Kie, and in 1846 she attained considerable success with a volume of poems, "The Home of the Heart." Seven years later she published "Heart Histories," containing the best pieces of her first book, with some additions. A larger volume, "Sun and Shade," saw the light in 1860, and in 1863 she issued an exact reprint of her "Home of the Heart." An occasional later piece from her pen appeared in the *Kilmarnock Standard*, and on Christmas and New Year leaflets. For an "Immortelle" on the Prince Consort she received a grant from the royal bounty fund; but her circumstances were straitened, and in 1874 a number of friends and admirers subscribed and purchased an annuity for her. In her humble last years a gleam of sunshine which came to her was the news that a friend travelling on the Continent had heard a princess playing and singing her verses, "Far, far away." She died in Kilmarnock, 31st January, 1888, and was buried in the New Cemetery there. A brief account of her life appeared in the succeeding issue of the *Kilmarnock Standard*. In the words of the writer of that account, "her poetic faculty was sweet and amiable, if not very powerful." But, when all is said, there are few poets who can boast verses so universally sung as the simple child's hymn of Marion Paul Aird.

[1] See footnote on page 142.

## FAR, FAR AWAY

Had I the wings of a dove I would fly
Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away; far, far away.
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,
Hearts like their garments, as pure as the snow,
Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret
Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set
Far, far away; far, far away.
There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
Far, far away; far, far away.
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
Far, far away; far away.

List what yon harpers on golden harps play—
Come, come away; come, come away.
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay—
Come, come away; come, come away.
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song ever old, ever new—
Come, come away; come away.

## THE AULD KIRK-YARD

Calm sleep the village dead
In the auld kirk-yard;
But softly, slowly tread
In the auld kirk-yard.
For the weary, weary rest
Wi' the green turf on their breast,
And the ashes o' the blest
Flower the auld kirk-yard.

Oh! many a tale it hath,
The auld kirk-yard,
Of life's crooked, thorny path
To the auld kirk-yard.
But mortality's thick gloom
Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
Veils the mystery of doom
In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring
In the auld kirk-yard,
Though time's death-brooding wing
Shade the auld kirk-yard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep, dark earth
O' the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
In the auld kirk-yard;
They hear nae kindred weep,
In the auld kirk-yard.
The sire with silver hair,
The mother's heart of care,
The young, the gay, the fair,
Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

So live that ye may lie
In the auld kirk-yard,
Wi' a passport to the sky
Frae the auld kirk-yard;
That when thy sand is run,
And life's weary warfare done,
Ye may sing o' victory won
Where there's nae kirk-yard.



# PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

## 1816-1902

THOUGH not a native of the city, the author of "Festus" was educated at Glasgow University. His famous poem appears to have been inspired by the religious and metaphysical spirit of his *alma mater*, and was the first production of a school to be strikingly identified with the city later by the "Life Drama" of Alexander Smith and the poems of James Macfarlan and others. For these reasons he cannot be omitted from the list of makers whom Glasgow has nourished.

Born at Nottingham, 22nd April, 1816, and son of Thomas Bailey, author of the "Annals of Nottinghamshire," the poet matriculated in the old black College in the High Street of Glasgow in 1831. Four years later he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was admitted as a barrister in 1840. He never practised, however, and at different periods of his life resided in Jersey and Naples, and in various parts of England. His last years were spent entirely in his native city, where, after the death of his second wife in 1896, he lived almost in solitude with his books as his companions. There he died, 6th September, 1902. He was survived by a son and daughter.

It was while reading for the Bar in 1836 that Bailey planned his poem. He himself described its origin in an interview printed in *The Young Man* some years ago. "I began in the most natural way imaginable," he declared. "I merely started to write. From the time I was ten years old I had always been writing verse more or less. But I had time at my disposal—in those days I did pretty much as I liked—and I soon found myself making progress with 'Festus.' I had the theory of the poem in my mind, and the plan of working it out, as well as the conception of the main characters. The doctrine of Universalism has never been introduced into poetry, and in that aspect 'Festus' was different from anything that had previously appeared."

The poem was published in 1839, and received with a furore of applause. Eleven editions of it have appeared in this country, and thirty-one in America. Lord Tennyson wrote of it in 1850, "I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling

into extravagance." And countless of its phrases have passed into current coin of speech. Yet its author lived to see his great poem almost forgotten. Nevertheless, "Festus," the production of a young man barely out of his teens, remains one of the remarkable achievements of English literature. Apart from its high poetic merit, part of its immediate popularity was probably due to the fact that it gave apt expression to many of the religious speculations and theories seething in its time. Its subject, of course, was the same as that of Marlowe's "Faustus" and Goethe's "Faust," but it differed from its predecessors in making its hero triumph at last over the powers of evil. Dealing with the highest problems of religion and philosophy, the poem was nothing less than an attempt to rival Milton. Its weakness, like the weakness of that other like attempt, Pollok's "Course of Time," lay in the fact that it was written by too young a man. To this fact also probably belongs the exaggeration of its style, for which it was gibbeted, along with the later works of Alexander Smith and Sidney Dobell, by Professor Aytoun in "Firmilian," as the production of a "Spasmodic School."

Among Bailey's other works were "The Angel World," published in 1850; "The Mystic," 1855; "The Age, a Satire," 1858; and "The Universal Hymn," 1867. Some of these were embodied in later editions of "Festus," doubling the size of the original work. In 1901 Glasgow University conferred the degree of LL.D. on its old alumnus.

An account of the poet's life appeared in the *Nottingham Daily Express* for 8th September, 1902.

The following extract is included here by kind permission of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Limited:—

## SCENE FROM "FESTUS"

*A country town—market-place—noon*

*Lucifer.*—These be the toils and cares of mighty men!
Earth's vermin are as fit to fill her thrones
As these high Heaven's bright seats.

*Festus.*— Men's callings all
Are mean and vain; their wishes more so: oft
The man is bettered by his part or place.
How slight a chance may raise or sink a soul!

*Lucifer.*—What men call accident is God's own part.
He lets ye work your will—it is His own:
But that ye mean not, know not, do not, He doth.

*Festus.*—What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? For all things are
Sacred—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain-thought
And feel the spirit stretch into a view—
To joy in what might be if will and power
For good would work together but one hour.
Yet millions never think a noble thought,
But with brute hate of brightness bay a mind
Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds.
Throw but a false glare round them, and in shoals
They rush upon perdition. That's the race.
What charm is in this world-scene to such minds
Blinded by dust? What can they do in Heaven,
A state of spiritual means and ends?
Thus must I doubt, perpetually doubt.

*Lucifer.*—Who never doubted never half believed.
Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow. I
Declare unto thee that the past is not.

I have looked over all life, yet never seen
The age that had been. Why then fear or dream
About the future? Nothing but what is, is;
Else God were not the Maker that He seems,
As constant in creating as in being.
Embrace the present! Let the future pass.
Plague not thyself about a future. That
Only which comes direct from God, His spirit,
Is deathless. Nature gravitates without
Effort; and so all mortal natures fall
Deathwards. All aspiration is a toil;
But inspiration cometh from above,
And is no labour. The earth's inborn strength
Could never lift her up to yon stars, whence
She fell; nor human soul, by native worth,
Claim Heaven as birthright, more than man may call
Cloudland his home. The soul's inheritance,
Its birthplace, and its deathplace, is of earth,
Until God maketh earth and soul anew,
The one like Heaven, the other like Himself.
So shall the new Creation come at once;
Sin, the dead branch upon the tree of life,
Shall be cut off forever; and all souls
Concluded in God's boundless amnesty.

*Festus.*—Thou windest and unwindest faith at will.
What am I to believe?

*Lucifer.*— Thou mayest believe
But that which thou art forced to.

*Festus.*— Then I feel
That instinct of immortal life in me
Which prompts me to provide for it.

*Lucifer.*— Perhaps.

*Festus.*—Man hath a knowledge of a time to come—
His most important knowledge: the weight lies
Nearest the short end: and the world depends
Upon what is to be. I would deny
The present, if the future. Oh! there is
A life to come, or all's a dream.

*Lucifer.*— And all
May be a dream. Thou see'st in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order; then
Why may not all this world be but a dream
Of God's? Fear not! Some morning God may waken.

*Festus.*—I would it were. This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most?
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood:
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles. And the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close
It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless they but change
Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us.
The rapid and the deep—the fall—the gulph
Have likenesses in feeling and in life.
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one day than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change,
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that's left be dry and dark;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system as if ninety suns had rushed

To ruin earth—or Heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable
Through dust and mould. Can they be cleaned and read?
Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

*Lucifer.*—The eye dims, and the heart gets old and slow;
The lithe limb stiffens, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; still
Ages not spirit, even in one point,
Immeasurably small; from orb to orb,
In ever-rising radiance, shining like
The sun upon the thousand lands of earth.
Look at the medley, motley throng we meet!
Some smiling—frowning some; their cares and joys
Alike not worth a thought—some sauntering slowly,
As if destruction never could o'ertake them;
Some hurrying on as fearing judgment swift
Should trip the heels of death and seize them living.

*Festus.*—Grief hallows hearts even while it ages heads;
And much hot grief in youth forces up life
With power which too soon ripens and which drops.

. . . . . .

# HUGH MACDONALD

## 1817-1860

BEST remembered by his "Rambles Round Glasgow" and "Days at the Coast"—books which have done more than anything else to waken interest in memorable spots about Glasgow and the shores of Clyde—Hugh Macdonald was a writer of verse of real if simple charm, and left at least one song not likely to be forgotten.

Of humble Highland parentage, and born in Bridgeton, 4th April, 1817, he received scant education, and was early apprenticed to block-printing at Barrowfield works. His leisure, when a young man, was spent in rambles to every spot of interest within walking distance of the city. In this way he became an expert botanist. At the same time, in the same way as so many other Scottish men of letters, from the Wizard of Abbotsford downwards, he was gathering materials for the future alchemy of the ink-pot. After investing his savings in a small provision business, and losing most of them, he found work again as a block-printer at Colinslie, near Paisley, and walked from Bridgeton and back every day, a distance of sixteen miles.

It was during these long walks that he began to compose poetry, which he contributed to the *Chartist Circular*. About the same time the Rev. George Gilfillan made one of those attacks upon the character of Robert Burns which appear to be periodic. It was answered by Macdonald in a series of letters contributed to the *Glasgow Citizen*. At that time the poet's outlook was of the darkest, and he applied for, and received, a situation as a letter-carrier. Meanwhile, however, he had found a more congenial occupation. He became sub-editor of the *Citizen* in 1849, and justified his appointment forthwith by contributing, above the signature of "Caleb," his delightful "Rambles Round Glasgow." These as proposed at first by Macdonald, were to be merely a series of articles descriptive of the wild-flower habitats of the neighbourhood, but at Mr. Hedderwick's suggestion they were made to include the scenery, antiquities, and memorabilia of each locality.





"Days at the Coast," a similar series, was begun in the same columns, but concluded in the *Glasgow Times*, of which Macdonald presently became editor. Both series have since gone through many editions in book shape. During his connection with the *Citizen* Macdonald discovered and introduced to public notice, among others, the merits of David Wingate and James Macfarlan.

It is to this period that the description of Macdonald applies, which was furnished by Patrick Proctor Alexander in his memoir prefixed to the "Last Leaves" of Alexander Smith, who was Macdonald's most intimate friend. "If, at any time during summer, you chanced to be wandering about Loch Lomond, or anywhere in the beautiful Highland district which the Firth of Clyde lays open with its branching arms, you were nearly sure to spy, on the deck of some steamboat, a quaint little figure in a huge old rusty pilot coat, crowned with a Glengarry bonnet, jauntily set on one side, in which a considerable sprig of heather was always defiantly stuck, as making a testimony to all men. This was Hugh Macdonald on one of his perpetual rambles."

In 1858 the *Morning Journal* was launched, and Macdonald became its literary editor. On this occasion he was entertained at a public dinner in the city; and on 25th January following, at the celebration of Burns's centenary, he presided, with his homely dignity and broad Scots Doric, at the gathering in the King's Arms Hotel.[1]

Among other contributions to the *Journal*, he began a series of "Pilgrimages to Remarkable Places" and "Footsteps of the Year." He engaged also in preparation of a work on "Old Folk-Lore." But his pen had lost its charm, his health rapidly failed, and he died 16th March, 1860. He was buried in the Southern Necropolis. Three years later his poems were collected and published, with a memoir.

[1] The dinner was described by the late William Simpson (Crimean Simpson"), in a letter to Mr. Robert M'Clure, reprinted in the *Scottish American*, 12th September, 1900. "Hugh," says Simpson, "sat in an old chair in which Burns had sat. It had an arrangement by which some part of the back could be folded forward and used as a desk. On this Burns had written some of his poems. A grandson of the poet was one of the party, a son of Mrs. Thomson, the daughter of Burns, who lived somewhere out by Crossmyloof or the 'Shaws.' Alexander Smith was there out of compliment to Hugh, and I had the honour of being present." Simpson was a personal friend of Macdonald, and is referred to in the "Ramble" to Robroyston.

A sum of £900 was also raised as a testimony of public esteem, and invested for behoof of his widow and children, and a fountain to his memory was erected on Glasgow Green. Many vivid reminiscences of the poet are to be found in Dr. Hedderwick's "Backward Glances," and in the memoir of Smith by P. P. Alexander, already referred to.

## THE BONNIE WEE WELL

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
And croons a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel',
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty blue-bell—

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And it kisses the flowers while its ripple they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Wins blessings and blessings fu' monie ilk day;
For the way-worn and weary aft rest by its side,
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae grey,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and tak' wing,
And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae!
My mem'ry aft haunts thee by nicht and by day;
For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane
Ha'e knelt by thy brim, and thy gush ha'e parta'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae!
While I stoop to thy bosom my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the briest o' the brae!
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness, and bloom.

In the depths of the city, 'midst turmoil and noise,
I'll oft hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

# Sir W. STIRLING-MAXWELL, Bart.

## 1818-1878

Descended from two historic families, William Stirling was born at Kenmure, near Glasgow, 8th March, 1818. He was the only son of Archibald Stirling of Keir, in Perthshire, whose ancestors took part in the dark and turbulent events of the days of James III. and James V., and supported the famous Marquis of Montrose. And his mother was a daughter of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, near Glasgow, whose forebears fought for Douglas at Otterbourne and for Queen Mary at Langside.

Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, he graduated in 1839, and in the same year, along with a college friend, published "A Posie of Poesies." His first independent volume, "Songs of the Holy Land," was the fruit of a visit to Palestine in 1842. The art and history of Spain next attracted him, and as results of much painstaking study and travel abroad he produced successively "The Annals of the Artists of Spain" in 1848; "The Cloister Life of Charles V." in 1852; "Velasquez and his Works" in 1855; and "The Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles V." in 1870. He also, among other services to art, published three series of rare engravings, "The Turks in 1533," by Peter Coeck; "The Procession of Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V. on the occasion of the Coronation, Bologna, 1530," by Nicholas Hogenberg; and "The Entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Bologna, 1529," by an unknown Venetian. His "Don John of Austria" was published posthumously in 1883, and a volume of his miscellaneous essays in 1891. To the last named a brief biographical note was appended.

Meanwhile he had entered Parliament in 1852 as Conservative member for Perthshire. In 1865 he married Lady Anna Leslie Melville, second daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville, and in the following

year he inherited, through his mother, the baronetcy and estates of Pollok, on account of which he assumed the name of Maxwell. In recognition of his character as an author and a patron of letters, he was elected Rector of St. Andrews University in 1862, and received the degree of LL.D. Ten years later he was elected Rector of Edinburgh University, and in 1876, on the death of the Duke of Montrose, he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. In 1876 he was made a Knight of the Thistle, and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University. His first wife having died in 1874, he married three years later the Hon. Mrs. Norton, an early friend and an authoress of some standing. Sir William died of a fever at Venice, 15th January, 1878, leaving two sons by his first wife. He was buried in Lecropt Churchyard at Keir.

In previous collections Stirling-Maxwell's poetical work is chiefly represented by a descriptive piece, "The Abdication of Charles V.," stated to be a translation of a Spanish ballad. The piece, curiously enough, does not appear among the poet's works. There can be little doubt that Sir William's fame as a poet has suffered from the inaccessibility of his compositions. His "Songs of the Holy Land" were published in a very limited edition, and there is no copy in any of the great public libraries in Scotland. The "Abdication of Charles V." by no means shows him at his best.

## RIZPAH

*2 Samuel xxi. 1-11*

Behold! the mighty corses on the rock of Jabesh hoary,
Mighty corses seven, of warriors strong and tall;
Erewhile they went in purple, and dwelt in ease and glory
For they were seven princes of the royal blood of Saul

They died not like the mighty, where deadly strife was keenest,
In the forefront of the battle, in the leaguer'd city's flame;

But on the accursed gallows they perished like the meanest,
And Saul's beloved Gibeah beheld his children's shame.

For three long years of famine, said the seers, were sent by Heaven,
Because that Saul had smitten, in his zeal, the Gibeonite,
Who craved, as equal ransom of the wrong, these lordlings seven,
And hanged them there in Gibeah when barley-fields grew white.

Now side by side the victims, in the sleep that hath no dreaming,
Naked beneath the heaven in storm and sunshine lie;
Morn and even vultures sail around them screaming,
And prowlers from the wilderness at night around them cry.

But vulture's beak, nor famished fang of wolf invades them sleeping,
Only the noiseless worm unseen feeds sweetly on their clay;
For kneeling near her slaughtered sons a mother watches weeping,
And scares the flocking fowls of noon and nightly beasts away.

These fallen ones had brethren, and friends they loved as brothers,
And followers very many in their day of honour fled,

And the witching love of women, but none was like their
mother's,
Whose heart did most remember when all forgat them
dead.

In Millo's palace seemed it a marvel and a wonder
To the mighty men of valour, and the courtiers every one,
That Rizpah from her children nor shame nor death could
sunder;
So it was told King David what the concubine had done.

## IN MEMORY OF H. A. S.

Sister! these woods have seen ten summers fade
Since thy dear dust in yonder church was laid.
A few more winters, and this heart, the shrine
Of thy fair memory, shall be cold as thine.
Yet may some stranger, lingering in these ways,
Bestow a tear on grief of other days;
For if he too have wept o'er grace and youth,
Goodness and wisdom, faith and love and truth,
Untinged with worldly guile or selfish stain,
And ne'er hath looked upon the like again,
Then, imaged in his sorrow, he may see
All that I loved and lost and mourn in thee.[1]

[1] These exquisite lines are not included in Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's published works. They are inscribed on a monument in the old churchyard of Lecropt, within the policies at Keir.

# W. J. MACQUORN RANKINE

## 1820-1872

"WITH a profusion of auburn hair, he had a head like imperial Jove. As Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in Glasgow University he was learned in mathematics, profuse in his use of algebraic symbols, and profound in all kinds of equation and analysis. Some of his calculations were too deep for ordinary understandings to fathom. Yet his social character had a light and airy side. He wrote rhymes of infinite jest; some of his original songs he sang to tunes of his own composition, accompanying himself on the piano; while he was also the author of a little series of 'Fables,' very brief and very pointed, which, as he repeated them with quaint gravity, were always received with relish."

This is a description of Professor Rankine, given by Dr. Hedderwick, in his delightful volume, "Backward Glances," while enumerating the company to be met at dinner at the house of Sheriff Glassford Bell. For the following details of the Professor's career the present writer is indebted to a manuscript book of memoranda by Rankine himself, in possession of his cousin, Miss Grahame, London. An account of his life by his cousin, James Grahame, evidently condensed from the same notes, was printed in "Memoirs and Portraits of One Hundred Glasgow Men," in 1886.

His father, a younger son of Macquorn or M'Oran Rankine of Drumdow, in Ayrshire, after serving as a lieutenant in the 21st Regiment, was latterly Secretary to the Caledonian Railway Company. His mother, Barbara Grahame, elder daughter of Archibald Grahame of Drumquhassel, banker in Glasgow, was a niece of James Grahame, author of *The Sabbath* (see page 125). The poet, an elder son, was born at Edinburgh, 5th July, 1820, and was educated at Ayr Academy, Glasgow High School, and Edinburgh University. He had been early

instructed by his father in elementary mathematics, mechanics, and physics; and when he was fourteen a gift of Newton's "Principia" from his uncle, Archibald Grahame, gave him a foundation in higher dynamics, and may be said to have decided his career.

Two years later Rankine gained a gold medal for an essay on the undulatory theory of light. In 1838, after helping his father on works of the Dalkeith railway, he became a pupil of Sir John Macneill, the eminent civil engineer, and three years later he contrived, on the Drogheda railway, a new device for setting out curves, since known as "Rankine's method." At the age of twenty-two he published his first pamphlet, "An Experimental Enquiry into the Advantages of Cylindrical Wheels on Railways," and on the occasion of Queen Victoria's first visit to Edinburgh superintended the erection of the bonfire on Arthur's Seat so scientifically that the rock was partially vitrified. Ten years later, along with John Thomson, he revived the scheme proposed in 1845 by his friend Lewis Gordon and by Lawrence Hill, junior, to supply Glasgow with Loch Katrine water. In 1855 he succeeded Gordon as Regius Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in Glasgow University. And in 1857 Dublin University recognised his scientific discoveries communicated to the many learned societies of which he was a member, by conferring on him the degree of LL.D.

Two years afterwards the Professor entered a new *rôle*. Government accepted the offer to raise a corps of Glasgow University Volunteers, and Rankine received a commission as its captain. For four years he remained an enthusiast in the new movement, and published papers on target and rifle practice. On the amalgamation of his corps with the 1st Lanarkshire Regiment in 1860 he became senior major, and commanded the second battalion in the great review of 21,514 volunteers by the Queen at Edinburgh on 7th August. He resigned in 1864. The rest of his career was that of the busy engineer, professor, lecturer, and author of scientific works. His chief productions were his "Manual of Civil Engineering," published in 1862, and in 1866 his "Shipbuilding, Theoretical and Practical," of which some parts near the beginning were written by F. K. Barnes. He was also author, in 1870, of a memoir of John Elder, the eminent shipbuilder.

During his life Rankine's poetic gift was known chiefly to friends by his singing of his own songs, to which his voice and manner lent a

singular charm. Some of these songs were published with the music, and at least three appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. After his death, however, in 1874, a small volume of his "Songs and Fables" was published in Glasgow by Mr. MacLehose. He was never married, and died in Glasgow, 24th December, 1872. "The Engine-Driver" is reproduced here by kind permission of Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

## THE ENGINE-DRIVER

Put forth your force, my iron horse, with limbs that never tire!
The best of oil shall feed your joints, and the best of coal your fire.
So off we tear, from Euston Square, to beat the swift south wind,
As we rattle along the North-West rail, with the express train behind:—
Dash along, crash along, sixty miles an hour!
Right through old England flee!
For I am bound to see my love,
Far away in the North Countrie.

Like a train of ghosts, the telegraph posts go wildly trooping by,
While one by one the milestones run, and off behind us fly:
Like foaming wine it fires my blood to see your lightning speed;
Arabia's race ne'er matched your pace, my gallant steam-borne steed!

Wheel along, squeal along, sixty miles an hour!
Right through old England flee!
For I am bound to see my love,
Far away in the North Countrie.

My blessing on old George Stephenson! let his fame for ever last!
For he was the man that found the plan to make you run so fast.
His arm was strong, his head was long, he knew not guile nor fear;
When I think of him it makes me proud that *I* am an engineer!
Tear along, flare along, sixty miles an hour!
Right through old England flee!
For I am bound to see my love,
Far away in the North Countrie.

Now Thames and Trent are far behind, and evening's shades are come;
Before my eyes the brown hills rise that guard my true love's home:
Even now she stands, my own dear lass! beside the cottage door,
And she listens for the whistle shrill, and the blast-pipe's rattling roar.
Roll along, bowl along, sixty miles an hour!
Right through old England flee!
For I am bound to see my love,
At home in the North Countrie.

# THOMAS ELLIOTT

## 1820-1868.

the "Lyric Gems of Scotland" was published serially in
v from 1854 to 1858 it included songs by a number of new
One of these was Thomas Elliott. Descended of a branch of
der Elliots settled in Ulster after the Revolution, he was born
ho-bridge, in Fermanagh, 22nd December, 1820. After a fair
ɔn in his native district, he became apprentice in his fifteenth
his father, the village shoemaker. In 1836 the family removed
ast, and there the future poet took advantage of the greater
nities for the study of books. His first attempt at poetry was
venty-second year, when he essayed a satire on a pedantic music-
who had given him offence. In 1847 he crossed the Irish Sea
tled as a working shoemaker in Glasgow, where his "Doric
d Attic Chimes" was published in 1856.
:t also wrote occasional prose articles for the press, perhaps
t notable performance of this kind being an account of another
v poet, James Macfarlan, which appeared in the *Ulster*
*ne* in January, 1863. His poetry strikes a healthy, vigorous,
dent note, with nothing at all of latter-day decadence in it.
ɪg the poems of Janet Hamilton remains an eloquent "Appeal
mas Elliott," in which his last days are pathetically described :—

"Poor Tom's a-cold! Upon his shrinking head
The pelting storm beats pitiless! On bed
Of languishing, disease, and cureless pain
He lies, surrounded by the haggard train
Of want—the victim of the thousand ills
With which cold poverty the life-blood chills.
Alas, poor Tom! must thy last look on earth
Fall on a squalid room and cheerless hearth,
Pale, pining children, and a weeping wife,
With scanty sustenance for needs of life?"

A living Glasgow poet, to whom the younger singers of the city owe many a kind encouragement, and who knew the subject of these lines, writes of him: "Elliott was delicate, yet fought heroically against fate. He was optimistic, and sang like a lark. He sang his way to heaven's gate, and I cannot help fancying that; if St. Peter had a stool of gold vacant, he must have given it to poor Tom, and asked him to make sandals for the seraphs."

## CLYDE BOAT SONG

Leave the city's busy throng,
Dip the oar and wake the song;
See on Cathkin's braes the moon
Rises with a star aboon.
Hark the boom of evening bells
Trembles through the leafy dells!
Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
While the golden eventide
Lingers o'er the vale of Clyde.
Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
Up the Clyde with the tide,
Row, lads, row!

Life's a river deep and old,
Stemmed by rowers brave and bold;
Now in shadow, then in light,
Onward aye, a thing of might.
Sons of Albyn's ancient land,
Row with strong and steady hand

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
Gaily row and cheerly sing,
Till the woodland echoes ring.
Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
Up the Clyde with the tide,
Row, lads, row!

Hammers on the anvils rest,
Dews upon the gowan's breast;
Young hearts heave with tender thought;
Low winds sigh, with odours fraught:
Stars bedeck the blue above—
Earth is full of joy and love.
Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
Let your oars in concert beat
Time, like merry dancers' feet.
Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
Up the Clyde with the tide,
Row, lads, row!

## UP WITH THE DAWN

Up with the dawn, ye sons of toil,
And bare the brawny arm,
To drive the harnessed team afield,
And till the fruitful farm:
To dig the mine for hidden wealth,
Or make the woods to ring;
With swinging axe and sturdy stroke
To fell the forest king.

With ocean car and iron steed
  Traverse the land and sea,
And spread our commerce round the globe
  As winds that wander free.
Subdue the earth and conquer fate,
  Outspeed the flight of time:
Old earth is rich, and man is young,
  Nor near his jocund prime.

Work, and the clouds of care will fly,
  Pale want will pass away:
Work, and the leprosy of crime
  And tyrants must decay.
Leave the dead ages in their urns;
  The present time be ours,
To grapple bravely with our lot,
  And strew our path with flowers.



# JAMES LITTLE

1821-

)N of a respectable shoemaker, who was a claimant, through his other's mother, of the honours and estates of the last Marquis of nnandale, James Little was born at Glasgow, 24th May, 1821. He ıjoyed but a scanty education, and early enlisted as a private soldier. 'e served for eight years, mostly in North America and the West ıdies. Then he purchased his discharge, and settled as a journeyman ıoemaker in his native city. He emigrated to the United States in '52, but soon returned. His best pieces were set to music in the Lyric Gems of Scotland," and he published two volumes of poetry, 'parks from Nature's Fire" in 1856, and "The Last March and ıer Poems" later.

## SCOTIA'S SHORE

Sing not to me of sunny shores,
  Of verdant climes where olives bloom,
Where still and calm the river pours
  Its flood 'mid groves of sweet perfume.
Give me the land where torrents flash,
  Where loud the angry cat'racts roar,
As wildly on their course they dash—
  Then here's a health to Scotia's shore!

Sing not to me of sunny isles,
  Though there eternal summers reign,
Though orange groves serenely smile,
  And gaudy flowerets deck the plain.
Give me the land of mountains steep,
  Where wild and free the eagles soar,
The dizzy crags where tempests sweep—
  Then here's a health to Scotia's shore!

Sing not to me of sunny lands,
  For there full often tyrants sway,
Who climb to power with blood-stained hands,
  While crouching, trembling slaves obey.
Give me the land unconquered still,
  Though often tried in days of yore,
Where freedom reigns from plain to hill—
  Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

# COLIN RAE-BROWN

## 1821-1897

IF a man ever achieved his own memorial by inaugurating monuments to other people, that man was Colin Rae-Brown. He was little more than twenty when he took part in erecting a monument to Highland Mary in Greenock churchyard. He set on foot in 1856 and engineered the movement to build the National Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig at Stirling. He suggested the great national demonstration which took place on the centenary of the birth of Burns. He inaugurated the London Burns Club in 1868; co-operated three years later with Charles Mackay, George Cruickshank, and others, in raising funds for the completion of the Scott Monument at Edinburgh; and took part in the movement which placed a statue of Burns on the Thames Embankment. His last achievement of the kind, the placing of a statue of Highland Mary on the Castle Hill, Dunoon, was accomplished at the expense of his life. From first to last he was a most patriotic Scotsman, full of enthusiasm and energy.

As a private citizen his career was eventful enough. One of his forebears is said to have been the "Colin" of the song "There's nae luck aboot the hoose." His father was a respectable merchant captain and shipowner in Greenock, and Colin Rae-Brown was born in that town, 19th December, 1821. In his tenth year the family removed to Glasgow, but in his twentieth he returned to Greenock to manage a business there. On 6th August, 1844, he was present, as one of a deputation from Greenock, at the famous meeting with the three sons of Burns at Alloway, presided over by the Earl of Eglinton, and on that occasion was introduced to "Christopher North." Shortly afterwards, on the launching of the *North British Daily Mail*, "the first daily broadsheet published in Scotland," he returned to Glasgow as its business manager. In 1855, the *Mail* having changed owners, he

started, with some friends, the *Glasgow Daily Bulletin*, the first daily newspaper sold at a penny in Britain, as well as the *Workman*, a weekly paper. During the last thirty years of his life he lived chiefly in London, but spent the summers at Tighnabruaich, on the Kyles of Bute. He died at his town residence, South Kensington, in September, 1897.

Rae-Brown was author of a number of volumes of poetry. "Lyrics of the Sea and Shore," published in 1848, was dedicated to De Quincey, who had come to Glasgow to be at hand as a contributor to *Tait's Magazine*, bought by the proprietors of the *Mail*. His "Lays and Lyrics" appeared in 1859, "The Dawn of Love" in 1862, and "Noble Love" in 1871. He also wrote a good deal of prose. He edited the "Scottish Annual" in 1859, and his "Glimpses of Scottish Life," contributed to the *St. James' Magazine* in 1874, afterwards appeared in three volumes. He was author of "The Wolf in the Fold," "The Head of the Clan," and other serial tales. And he wrote the memoir prefixed to the collected poems of James Macfarlan in 1882. A selection of his works was published by Mr. Alexander Gardner, Paisley, under the title of "The Dawn of Love and Other Poems," in 1892, and a short biography was prefixed. The two short poems here given are printed by kind permission of the poet's representatives.

## SECRETS

There is a creed in every heart,
  Unsyllabled, unsung:
A creed that never strays beyond
  The portals of the tongue.

There is a name the lover shrines
  'Neath all his hopes and fears,
A name that mingles with his life
  Throughout the changing years.

There is a something never breathed,
Not even to the dearest—
A secret doubt or fond belief
That to the heart lies nearest.

Unuttered and unfathomed things,
Which we to none impart—
Or high or low, or rich or poor—
Are hid in every heart.

## "OLD TIME"

Men call me feeble, old, and grey—
My strength and vigour passed away;
But strong and stalwart still am I,
Nor frail my step, nor dim mine eye.

What are a thousand years to me,
But as a drop in yonder sea!
I've not yet reached my manhood's prime,
And laugh to hear men say "Old Time."

Let centuries pass and ages roll!
The year that my last knell shall toll
So far away in the future lies,
That ne'er a tear hath wet mine eyes.

No! I am joyous, gay, and free,
Living a life of jollity:
But, Man, mark well each passing chime,
Thy stay is short in the realms of Time.

# JAMES NICHOLSON

## 1822-1897

BORN at Edinburgh, 21st October, 1822, the son of a working tailor, James Nicholson had early experiences of a kind little likely to produce a poet. In his home "stinted meals, sour looks, and days of taciturnity" were the rule. When he was six years of age the family removed to Paisley, and amid worse poverty, with no more than a single week's schooling, at the age of seven he was sent to work in a tobacco factory at a shilling a week. His instincts, however, were towards finer things. He learned to read by a painful study of sign-boards and hand-bills and the books on view in stationers' windows; and on the household removing to Strathaven, he found leisure as a herd boy to read all the books he could borrow. Then he went to Edinburgh, and while he learnt the tailor's trade from his grandfather there, he got the old man to set him a copy of the letters of the alphabet in writing, and so acquired slowly and stiffly the art of penmanship.

It was then, in his nineteenth year, that his first verses appeared in the *Christian Journal*. Two years later he married, set up in business with his wife's brother at Strathaven, and began the study of botany. His business proved only moderately successful, but in 1853 he obtained the post of foreman tailor at Govan Workhouse, then situated in Eglinton Street, Glasgow. In this position he remained till his last years, when he was relieved from the more arduous part of his duties in the tailors' shop. Even then he continued his solicitous care of the poorhouse orphan bairns, whom he led for many a ramble in the country, and whose lot he sang in one of his happiest and tenderest sets of verses, "A faither to ye a'."

Meanwhile he had not ceased to write. As a contributor to the *Working Man's Friend* in 1849 he gained some distinction. His first

volume was a thin octavo, "Weeds and Wildflowers," published in 1850. He had set some store on the possibility of selling this production in the countryside, but on his setting forth with his parcel his poetry was so scouted by the farmer's wife at the first house he called at that he tried no more. It was his next volume, "Kilwuddie and Other Poems," published in 1859, which first struck public notice. In 1861 appeared his "Willie Waugh, or the Angel o' Hame," which was enlarged, in 1884, with some poems by his daughter, Ellen C. Nicholson. "Idylls o' Hame and Other Poems" appeared in 1870, followed by his most successful volume, "Tibbie's Garland," of which a second edition was published in 1891, and a selection of "Poems" by himself and his daughter was issued in 1880. A series of botanical papers also, which he contributed to the *Scottish Temperance League Journal*, was published under the title of "Father Fernie the Botanist" in 1868. And another series on astronomy, contributed to the *People's Friend*, was collected in 1880 under the title of "Nightly Wanderings in the Garden of the Sky."

In 1895 the veteran poet was entertained at dinner by a company of friends and admirers in the Cockburn Hotel, Glasgow, and presented with an address. The eulogy it contained must be considered just:—"Unaided by birth or fortune, you have won distinction in many directions. Your advocacy of Temperance in song and verse has made you the laureate of the movement; your writings on botany and astronomy have been popular and stimulating; while your songs and poems have touched a chord in the heart of the Scottish people, the echo of which will not quickly die." In the same year Govan Parochial Board also presented the poet with an address, in which his long and faithful services were recognised.

Shortly after these public acknowledgments Nicholson suffered a shock of paralysis which foreshadowed his end. His latter days were cheered by a gift, in recognition of his literary work, of £150 from the Government of Lord Rosebery. But he did not live long to enjoy the honour. He died at the schoolhouse, Merryflats, the house of his daughter, 24th September, 1897.

Among other qualities, Nicholson's vein of humour was singularly happy, and as a master of the pathos of the child life of the streets he remains without a rival. The best account of his life is one prefixed to his Kilwuddie volume, from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Macleod,

afterwards of Birkenhead, to whom the poet owed much encouragement in his earliest efforts. An excellent portrait of Nicholson in his prime is in possession of his daughter, to whom the present writer is indebted for many of the details given here, and for kind permission to reproduce the poet's work. Several of his volumes are extremely scarce, and it is to be hoped that a collected edition may be given to the public.

## IMPH-M

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce and a fule;
For somehow his words I could ne'er understan',
Unless when he bawled, "Jamie, haud oot yer han'!"
Then I gloomed, and said "Imph-m,"—
I glunched, and said "Imph-m"—
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say Aye.

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vowed he wad thrash me if I wadna spell.
Quo' I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither—
Let's hear ye spell Imph-m,
That common word Imph-m,
That auld Scots word Imph-m, ye ken it means Aye."

Had ye seen hoo he glow'red, hoo he scratched his big pate,
And shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff to yer seat! ye're the plague o' the schule!
The deil o' me kens if ye're maist rogue or fule!"
But I only said "Imph-m"—
That pawkie word Imph-m:
He couldna spell Imph-m, that stands for an Aye.

And when, a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean,
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride and the queen,
When 'neath my grey plaidie wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain,
She blushed, and said "Imph-m,"
That charming word Imph-m—
A thousan' times better and sweeter than Aye.

And noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain,
A dainty bit wife, and mair than ae wean;
But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,
They pit on a look sae auldfarran' and queer,
But only say "Imph-m,"
That daft-like word Imph-m,
That vulgar word Imph-m!—they winna say Aye.

Ye've heard hoo the deil, as he wauchled through Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, and ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"
He wagged his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Imph-m,"
That usefu' word Imph-m—
Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say Aye.

So I've gi'en owre the Imph-m—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper it's perfect absurd:
So if ye're owre lazy to open your jaw,
Just haud ye your tongue, and say naething ava';
But never say Imph-m—
That daft-like word Imph-m:
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid Aye.

# JOHN YOUNG

1825-

One of the few rare instances in which poetry has rescued its composer from abject circumstances was that of John Young. He was born in the Blue Raw, Campsie, 17th November, 1825, but the humble household presently removed to the north-west quarter of Glasgow, where his father began business as a cowfeeder and small contractor. The poet himself followed the occupation of a carter, and married at the age of twenty-three. A burning accident, however, five years later, maimed his hand and almost totally blinded him, and he was forced to take refuge in the poorhouse. Within its walls, inspired by the eager hope of winning his way to the outer world again, he turned his poetic faculty to account. By the help of friends his "Lays from the Poorhouse" was liberally subscribed for, and when the book was published in 1860, it enabled him to leave the walls within which he had been immured for six years. Four years later he followed up his success with another production—"Lays from the Ingle Nook," in the preface to which he described with genial philosophy the "inconceivable number of stair-mountings and bell-pullings" which had enabled him to attain his object. Other volumes followed, which served the double purpose of eking out a humble livelihood for their author, and of earning him a modest place on Parnassus. There have been better-known poets whose lives and verses lacked the homely wisdom of this humble poorhouse bard.

## MY FIRST BREEKS

When I was a younker, and bade wi' my granny,
A gey steerin' cowt, as a body may trow,
Frae mornin' to nicht into mischief I ran aye,
And aye gat the waur as the aulder I grew.
I then was in coats, though a thump o' a callan,
And aye keepit granny, puir body, in steeks,
Till time, wha's aye fleein, though aften a-killin',
Cam' roun' wi' the nicht that gied me my first breeks.

I stood at the door watchin' Sandy the tailor,
And soon as the body cam' into my view,
I ran aff to meet him, hurrahed like a sailor,
And, seizin' the breeks, back to granny I flew.
I gat them drawn on, hansell'd too in a blinkie,
While granny in a' ways was pleased wi' their worth:
Wi' them 'neath my head, though I bowed na a winkie,
I wadna changed places wi' Willie the Fourth.

I grew up to man, and wi' cares gat entangled,
And fand that this life was a drag and a draw,
And that the imprudent, unsteady, new-fangled,
Aye stuck, or were kicked through wi' naething ava'.
Sae wi' a leal heart I wooed fortune, the kimmer,
Was whiles up or down, as it fitted her freaks,
And when ocht gaed wrang I aye ca'ed her a limmer,
And sighed for the days when I wore my first breeks.

Sin' then I've drawn on twa three pair on my hurdies,
  Some gude anes, some ill, as it happened to fa',
And whiles, mair's the pity, believe ye, my wordies,
  'Twas just a' the tear I had ony ava'.
Be that as it may, I've had moleskin and plaiden,
  And braid cloth, and tartan wi' some gaudy streaks;
But ne'er had a pair that I took sic delight in,
  Or wore me sae weel as thae hamer-made breeks.

I've lived thretty years, and a bit to the tail o't,
  And as I look back o'er the path I hae trod,
I'm fain to confess noo that, had I the wale o't,
  I'd choose me a strauchter and cannier road.
But wise 'hint the han' is a trait o' my kintra,
  Though mair than the Scots hae their ain bits o' freaks,
And, frae the Land's End to the bleak hills o' Fintry,
  We've a' been maist happy when in our first breeks.

# JAMES P. CRAWFORD

## 1825-1887

On a September Sunday afternoon in 1855, in a certain United Presbyterian church in Glasgow, instead of listening to the sermon of the minister, James P. Crawford composed the poem by which he is likely to be long remembered. "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," simple, true, and touching, became at once popular, and remains perhaps the most successful lyric of the temperance movement of its time.

Crawford was born in the Ayrshire village of Catrine, 14th June, 1825. At the age of fifteen he removed with his family to Glasgow, and, to perfect himself in his father's trade of tailor, he wrought for a time in London and Paris. For over a quarter of a century he carried on a tailor's business in the city, and only relinquished it on receiving an appointment as one of the registrars of Govan, of the Parochial Board of which he had been a member since 1856. He died at Ibrox, Govan, 13th February, 1887, survived by a widow and seven sons and daughters.

The poet possessed a keen sense of humour, and dearly loved a joke, even when it told against himself. He had also a very real sympathy with the poor, who constantly found help at his hands. Among those who had reason to thank him was that other true poet, but shiftless and dissipated character, James Macfarlan.

Crawford's best-known lyric, here reprinted, was published first in *The Crystal Fount*, a temperance song book, of which 33,000 copies were sold in little more than a year. Other seventeen thousand copies of the poem were also rapidly sold in penny sheets. Miss Dougall sang the piece in Glasgow City Hall with extraordinary effect. Under the pseudonym of "Paul Rookford" he also wrote "Bright Water for Me," and many pieces with the true ring of poetry in other veins. His productions were never published in volume form, but he left a

considerable mass of MSS., as well as an excellent portrait, in the hands of his daughter, to whom the present writer is indebted for details of the poet's life. Accounts of his career, including several of his poems, were printed in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* of 19th March, and the *People's Friend*, of 30th March, 1887.

## THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin' through the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain—
Wha's the puir wee callan? He's a drunkard's raggit wean.

He stan's at ilka door, an' keeks wi' wistfu' e'e
To see the crowd aroun' the fire a' laughin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture ben, though his heart be e'er sae fain,
For he mauna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco fu',
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's droukit through and through;
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he won'ers whare she's gane:
But oh! his mither, she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's love, and he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kaim his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens, or smooth his bed at e'en;
An' oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young!
The oath that lea's the faither's lips 'll settle on his tongue,
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips 'll stain;
For oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup, an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parents' care their puir wee raggit wean.

# DAVID WINGATE

1828-1892

If proof were needed that the poet is much more the creator than the creature of circumstances it might be found in the life of David Wingate. Born at Cowglen, near Pollokshaws, 4th January, 1828, he lost his father by a fire-damp explosion when he was five years of age. His advantages of education were three years only at the parish school. At the age of nine he descended the pit, and he toiled in the darkness of the coal-seams during the best years of his life. Yet few Scottish poets have sung a sweeter, purer, or more tender song. His poetry must be compared to the spring welling up limpid clear from the dark bosom of the earth, with the gleam of a jewel in its pellucid depths.

From his earliest years Wingate showed a strong liking for natural things. He used to tell how as a child in Cowglen he liked to sup his morning "parritch" seated by a haystack with a favourite kitten on his shoulder. He also told of a walk to Edinburgh, undertaken when he and his companions had just enough among them to provide a scone apiece, and when he, as the youngest and most likely to excite sympathy, was deputed to ask some milk at a wayside farm. On such rambles, a few years later, he used to carry his plaid that he might spend the night outside if need were. Wild flowers were his hobby, and he used to astonish his neighbour miners with the posies he would bring home.

As with other poets from time immemorial, Wingate's song faculty seems to have wakened at the dawn of love. He married at the age of twenty-two, and in the same year the genial "Rambler," Hugh Macdonald, discovered the merits of his poems, which had appeared in the *Hamilton Advertiser*, and brought him to public notice in the *Glasgow Citizen*. It was not, however, till 1862 that his first volume, "Poems and Songs," appeared. It attracted attention at once, and an

article by Lord Neaves in *Blackwood's Magazine* set a seal upon the poet's reputation. Of one piece in the volume—"My Little Wife"—the reviewer said, "There are few verses in the language more pure, tender, and musical, nor any love-utterance we can remember more refined and delicate in its simplicity than this charming little poem. Montrose himself could not have set his lady more apart from all the evils of common thought than this collier-lover sets the humble maiden who has given him her modest heart."

The publication of this volume and his next, "Annie Weir," in 1866, not only brought the poet reputation and the acquaintance of men of letters, but gave him the means of attending the Glasgow School of Mines; and on the passing of the Coal Mines Regulation Act in 1872 he received a certificate which enabled him to take the position of colliery manager, which he filled successively at Craigneuk, Garscadden, Cambuslang, Omoa, and Tollcross. His occupation was now less exacting, and he was able to write not only occasional poetry, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals, but a good deal of prose, in the form of stories for the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. His third volume, "Lily Neil and other Poems," appeared in 1879. It was followed in 1883 by "Poems and Songs," and in 1890 by a volume of "Selected Poems." A considerable number of his pieces also appeared in the volumes of the Glasgow Ballad Club, of which he was a member.

In 1883, in recognition of his literary work, Wingate received a Civil List pension of £50, but to the end he retained the sturdy independence of spirit which had carried him through the rugged hardships of his early days. His own preface to his first volume gives a better picture of his character than any long description:—"What can I say? Shall I tell you I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critics, 'Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life?' No, indeed! On the contrary, I say, weigh the book alone. My peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar) have no right to go in with it. If I have sung badly, or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am and have been a collier since my ninth year. If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die."

The poet was twice married. By his first wife, Janet Craig, he had a numerous family, of whom three sons and three daughters survived

him. His second wife, Margaret Thomson, whom he married in 1879, was a descendant of Robert Burns. His pleasure was to be with his family. He inspired his children with his own taste for country walks and wild flowers. And it was his habit, while writing, not to seclude himself from the home circle, but to work away amid the noise of quiet conversation. He died at Mount Cottage, Tollcross, 7th February, 1892, and was buried in Dalziel churchyard. For details the present writer is indebted to Mr. Walter Wingate, the poet's son.

## MY LITTLE WIFE

My little wife has two merry black eyes—
  Sweet little, dear little, daisy-faced Jane!
And fifty young lads always deemed her a prize,
  And blamed the kind creature for causing them pain.
    They all knew her pretty,
    And some thought her witty,
But sware of sound sense she was faultless and free,
    Because the fair scoffer
    Refused every offer,
And secretly cherished affection for me.

My little wife has a cheek-dimpling smile—
  Sweet little, dear little, lily-browed Jane!
A blythe, buoyant nature that cares not for toil:
  So how could the poor lads from loving refrain?
    In spite of her scorning
    They wooed night and morning;
"The wild little coquette," they cried, "is heart-free!"
    Nor dreamed that she, weeping,
    While others were sleeping,
Oft hopelessly cherished affection for me.

My little wife weekly to the church came—
Sweet little, dear little, mellow-voiced Jane!
When I, filled with equal devotional flame,
Would glance at her fair face again and again.
Sometimes an emotion,
Not wholly devotion,
A dim, nameless thrill o'er my senses would flee;
And then, growing bolder,
I dared to behold her,
And wish that such sweetness would once think of me.

My little wife often round the church hill—
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane—
Walked slowly and thoughtful and lonely until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain.
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her,
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be;
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centred in me.

My little wife once—'tis strange but 'tis true—
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane—
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain.
And I, walking near her
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wand'ring of sin void and free),
Strove hard to persuade her
That He who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane—
Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher who thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be.
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and could wed none but me.

My little wife is not always quite sure—
Sweet little, dear little, hearth-cheering Jane—
That joy will not tarry where people are poor,
But only where wealth and her satellites reign.
In each baby treasure
She finds a new pleasure:
If purse and demand should by chance disagree,
She smiles, bravely humming,
"A better time's coming,"
And trusts in good health, in the future, and me.

# ALEXANDER SMITH

## 1829-1867

In 1851 lovers of literature had their interest suddenly quickened by the announcement in the London *Critic* that a new great poet was about to appear. The announcement was made by the Rev. George Gilfillan, at that time perhaps the best-known Scottish man of letters. Striking passages were printed from the new poet, and a glowing eulogy whetted public taste. When the promised volume, "A Life Drama and Other Poems," did at last appear, it was received with a rage of enthusiasm. Its author, Alexander Smith, was hailed as the greatest poet of the day, and was lionised in London and entertained at Inveraray Castle by the Duke of Argyle. Soon, however, a revulsion of feeling occurred. It was perceived that the "Life Drama" displayed more violence than real force. In spite of its many wild beauties it was decried as much as it had been praised. Professor Aytoun, first in *Blackwood* and afterwards in his "Firmilian," turned the poet's style to ridicule, and borrowing a word which Carlyle had applied to Byron, gibbetted Smith, Dobell, and "Festus" Bailey as apostles of the "Spasmodic School."

By all this, it is clear now, a real injustice was done to Smith. Gilfillan's praise was as injudicious as it was extravagant and premature. Its result was that the poet was brought to the bar of public judgment, and condemned, upon the first unequal flights of his youth, and that his later and greater work suffered from a popular prejudice. The epithet "Spasmodic" has stuck, as such things do; but the fact remains that Smith's hand at the time struck a note new in poetry, that his verse dealt, on its own initiative, with the living problems of life, and that it remains distinct, with a voice juvenile, perhaps, but its own, and vital to the present hour.

Smith's father was a pattern designer, his mother, whose name was Murray, was descended from a good Highland family. The poet was born in Kilmarnock on the last day of 1829, and received his schooling in that town. He was intended at first, like so many intelligent Scottish lads, for the ministry, but a severe illness put an end to the project, and he entered his father's trade. The family had by this time removed to Glasgow, and there, while the lad designed patterns for lace collars, he wrought his early imaginings into verse. At that time Dr. Hedderwick's paper, the *Glasgow Citizen*, was gathering the literary promise of Glasgow about it, and Smith's first productions appeared in its columns. In 1853, as has been already said, his first volume was published. The greater part of it consisted of a blank-verse piece in thirteen scenes, entitled "A Life Drama," and it was upon this, with its singular wealth of new and startling images, that the poet's fame shot up like a rocket. Here at last, it seemed, was the maker who was to invest the scenes of modern life with the poetic glamour of a golden age. A similar furore had in 1839 greeted the appearance of the "Festus" of Philip James Bailey—an alumnus of Glasgow University—and the first extravagant rage was to be followed, as in the case of "Festus," with a long neglect.

Meanwhile Smith received for his poem from Bogue, the publisher, the sum of £100, and was in 1854 appointed Secretary to Edinburgh University. His salary was £150, raised presently to £200, and he settled down to the life of a man of letters in the Scottish capital.

It was the time of the struggle in the Crimea, and along with Sidney Dobell he produced in 1855 a volume of "Sonnets on the War." Two years later appeared what must be considered his best poetic work, the volume of "City Poems," whose warm richness of colour drew from Gerald Massey the epithet for its author of the "Rubens among poets."

Now, at the climax of his achievement, he married Flora Macdonald, a descendant of the famous heroine.[1] Then a great eclipse befell the young author. For four years he devoted himself to the composition of a poem which should be his masterpiece—"Edwin of Deira." But before the work appeared, in 1861, it had been forestalled in its own

[1] It was while accompanying Horatio M'Culloch on a painting expedition to Skye that Smith met his wife. The artist had a wife from the same family.

field by Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." This fact seemed to clinch a formidable charge of plagiarism which had recently been brought against the Scottish poet. For his whole labour Smith received only a sum of £15, and with the same good sense as Scott, when he confessed naively to a friend that Byron "bate" him, he turned from poetry to the composition of prose. Besides contributing to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Mackenzie's biographical, and Chambers's encyclopædias, writing for *Blackwood's* and other magazines, and doing a good deal of work for the daily press, he produced a succession of memorable books. In 1863 he published a volume of his essays under the name "Dreamthorp." In 1865, besides his fine memoir and edition of Burns, appeared his best prose work, "A Summer in Skye." Then, in 1866, he entered the field of Scottish domestic fiction with the touching tale of "Alfred Haggart's Household," and its sequel, "Miss Dona M'Quarrie."

But already his race was run. Exhausted by the effort to maintain the reputation and social place which had been prematurely thrust upon him, he was seized with typhoid fever and diphtheria, and died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, 5th January, 1867. He lies in Warriston Cemetery, and a tall Iona cross, with a medallion portrait, marks his grave. A year after his death appeared his "Last Leaves," a volume of sketches and criticisms, with a portrait and a memoir by Patrick Proctor Alexander. Another account of the author is contained in "The Early Years of Alexander Smith," by the Rev. T. Brisbane, an acquaintance of his youth, published in 1869.

Smith was of middle height, and had a massive forehead, but his expression was marred by an extreme squint in the right eye. One of the most sensitive and modest of men, he did not shine in conversation or in company, and showed no flash of anecdote or repartee. Yet, says Dr. Hedderwick, who knew him well, his strong good sense was unquestionable, he was not without a certain quiet vein of humour, and possessed great warmth and depth of affection. His prose has a peculiar poetic charm of its own, and his "City Poems" merit a wider fame than they have yet received. That on Glasgow is characteristic, and remains by far the best poetic description extant of the city.

## GLASGOW

Sing, Poet, 'tis a merry world;
That cottage smoke is rolled and curled
In sport; that every moss
Is happy, every inch of soil:—
Before me runs a road of toil
With my grave cut across.
Sing trailing showers and breezy downs—
I know the tragic heart of towns.

City! I am true son of thine:
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
Around the bleating pens:
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black Labour draws his weary waves
Into their secret-moaning caves;
But with the morning light
That sea again will overflow
With a long, weary sound of woe,
Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which night and morning ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred—
My very blood did dance and thrill
When on my narrow window sill
Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers! I watched them pine for weeks
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
Through golden vapours of the morn
I heard the hills of sheep:
I trod with a wild ecstasy
The bright fringe of the living sea,
And on a ruined keep
I sat and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

O fair the lightly sprinkled waste
O'er which a laughing shower has raced
O fair the April shoots!
O fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze
Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O City, I discern
Another beauty sad and stern.

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
Down to the harbour bars;

Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, with street and square
Lie empty to the stars.
From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam, like an angel's sword,
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, Terror! Dream!
While the blue Night crept up the stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
Streams through the shifting glare
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires
And on the moorlands bare
He sees afar a crown of light
Hung o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noonday sky,
When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot;
While the black, lazy stream beneath
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart, as through a dream,
Flows on that black, disdainful stream;
All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts—
'Tween lamps in streaming rows.
O wondrous sight! O stream of dread!
O long, dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls; but dimly prisoned here,
'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge
On flat sands wide and bare;
No haunting joy or anguish dwells
In the green light of sunny dells
Or in the starry air.
Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;
Up in the midnight towers

The belfried spire; the street is dead;
I hear in silence overhead
The clang of iron hours.
It moves me not—I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone;
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the shower
Is burnished; on the swinging flower
The latest bee doth sit.
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard autumn stands
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are strange,
Then wherefore from thee should I range?
Thou hast my kith and kin,
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave—
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din.
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.

# JAMES MACFARLAN

## 1832-1862

AT the Garrick Club, on a night in 1859, Samuel Lover, lately returned from the celebration of the Burns Centenary at Glasgow, recited a poem which he had picked up there. It was by a Glasgow author, and was entitled "The Lords of Labour." As the piece ended Thackeray sprang to his feet with the excited exclamation, "Not Burns himself could have taken the wind out of this man's sails!"

The poet whose composition elicited such enthusiastic commendation was in real life a startling paradox. His character has been described by another true son of song[1]:—"If ever a human being breathed in whom the divine fire burned with unquenchable flame, that man was the ragged, unkempt, mean-looking tramp, who from dingy garrets and common lodging-houses in the slums of Glasgow sent forth to the world such beautiful lyrics as 'The Poet,' 'The Ruined City,' and that superb piece of marching music, 'The Lords of Labour.'"

Charles Rogers, who knew the man, describes him further in his "Century of Scottish Life":—"He was a poet born, yet rags, meanness, leasing, and drink were also in a manner native to him. Having read some of Macfarlan's verses, I desired to form his acquaintance, and I met him by appointment at the office of the *Glasgow Bulletin*, some time in 1856. Our interview was short, and had I chanced to meet him prior to reading his verses, it would have been shorter still. Appearance of genius he had none. Of slender form, tattered garments, and commonplace features, he seemed every inch the gaberlunzie. Nor did his manner of conversation tend to modify this impression. Low society he loved, and his best verses were written amidst the fumes of tobacco and drink. His muse was always

[1] The late James M. Slimmon, of Kirkintilloch, author of "A Dead Planet and other Poems."

ready, and on the margins of old newspapers, amidst the distractions of a taproom, he would inscribe admirable verses. With equal promptitude he could invent a tale of distress, or feign a family bereavement, to obtain sixpence."

Such a man was the Pedlar Poet, who, but for the utter abjectness and lack of gaiety in his constitution, might be named the Francois Villon of Scotland.

His father was an Irish pedlar from Augher, Tyrone, and the poet was born in Kirk Street, Calton, Glasgow, 9th April, 1832. At the school which he is said to have attended for some two years he was described as "one of those boys a teacher takes a pride in—always obedient, assiduous, and attentive." But about the age of ten he began to accompany his father over the country, and among the towns and villages of the West of Scotland. By this means he may, it is true, have acquired impressions of nature which were to be of service later in his verse. But it is certain he also acquired habits of vagrancy which were to prove fatal to his character and career. An accident presently opened to his sight the magic world of poetry. He picked up on a Lanarkshire road an odd volume of Byron which some rambler had dropped. The young man had poetry already in his blood. His mother had used to chant a store of old ballads which were an inspiration in themselves. "To my boyish fancy," he afterwards wrote, "they formed all that was desirable on earth, and filled my heart with a sense of melody strange and inexplicable." His father too was something of a rhymer. Now, therefore, as the passion awoke, the lad borrowed books in the library of every town he entered, and fed its flame. From the allusions in his poem "Bookworld" it is evident he found his way at once to the greatest masters of the world's song, and he himself says that by the time he was twenty there was scarcely a standard work in the language which he had not read.

Presently he summoned courage to show a few of his own verses to Hugh Macdonald, at that time sub-editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*. The result was an article by the warm-hearted Rambler in August, 1853, proclaiming the new poet, and giving some specimens of his muse. Elated with this issue Macfarlan forthwith tramped to London, and arranged for the publication of a volume of "Poems," which appeared in 1854. The book was well received by the critics, and with the recent success of Alexander Smith before his eyes, the poet indulged in the wildest dreams.

From these heights, however, the failure of a number of subscribers to implement their promise plunged him to the opposite extreme of want and despair. He was glad to accept a situation as assistant librarian in Glasgow Athenæum at £20 a year. This opening he might have improved, but the monotony and long hours were irksome to him, his neglect of duty and drunkenness lost him the post, and soon he was on the road, a pedlar again. Presently, in 1855, he applied to Colin Rae-Brown, and from him received an appointment as police-court reporter on the *Daily Bulletin*. In the same year he published in Glasgow his second volume, "City Songs." On the strength of these achievements he forthwith took to himself a wife. She was a very respectable girl, a steam-loom weaver from Belfast, and she did her best in the miserable Drygate attic which was the poet's home to eke out a livelihood by dressmaking. But what with the constant births and deaths of children, and the chronic inclination of her husband to go "on the ran-dan," she must have led a sorry life.

For a short time Macfarlan kept his post, supplying regular racy paragraphs which became a feature of the paper. Then his fatal tendency showed itself, excuses more and more frequently reached the editor instead of "copy," and the poet was dismissed. In this emergency he followed his usual habit. He had dedicated his "City Songs" to the Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He now wrote to the Earl, explaining his circumstances, and was roused to wrath by receiving in return a guinea. With two hundred copies of his book he went to Edinburgh, but his attempts to hawk them met with little success, and after a third repulse from a publisher to whom he had applied for "a little aid," he was, he says, so exhausted with grief and suffering that "suicide seemed to have become a necessity." He returned to Glasgow only to suffer further rebuffs, one man bidding him burn his books, as he pushed him from his office, while another, a reverend author and editor, slammed the door in his face. In these straits, with, as he put it, "the waters of affliction around me," he applied again to Rae-Brown, who engaged him to write a series of tales for his weekly paper the *Workman*.

As if he had at last taken his bitter experience to heart, Macfarlan continued for many months to contribute these tales and sketches. At the same time a number of his poems were printed by Charles Dickens in *All the Year Round*, and liberally paid for, and his third little

volume, "Lyrics of Life," was issued by David Bogue, London. Nothing, however, could finally eradicate the wandering habits of his early years, and again and again he would yield to the impulse to start "on the spree." On such occasions he and Alexander Hume might be seen together, the latter raising a few shillings by the sale of some melody composed on the back of an old envelope in some public-house, and Macfarlan managing to sell one of the broadside poems he had printed at the Poets' Box in Gallowgate. When these resources ran dry the two did not hesitate to levy largesse in other ways. Upon one occasion David Gray, then a pupil-teacher in the East End, was knocked up in the middle of the night by Macfarlan, with the sad tale that one of his children was dead, and that he was in a sore strait or assistance. Gray had no funds, and it was just as well, for the tale turned out a fabrication. Another Glasgow poet has a story of how Macfarlan "did" him out of the price of a railway ticket to Ayr, which place he never reached on that occasion. On the proceeds of such devices the two would drink and keep up their talk of music and poetry in some low tavern till the lights were put out.

Such a career could have but one end. In 1860, indeed, moved partly by the kindness and persuasion of another true poet, James P. Crawford, Macfarlan became an abstainer, and by the friendship of William Logan, the temperance restaurateur, attained somewhat more of comfort in his way of living. But his constitution had been fatally undermined by his previous experiences, and in 1862 the fires of life showed signs of burning out. On a chilly morning in October he set forth to sell some copies of "The Attic Study," a prose pamphlet he had just printed. Two hours later he returned penniless. As he ascended the stairs to his home a trembling seized his limbs, and he sank with a moan. He was put to bed, and comforted with warm blankets and generous cordials, but the end had come, and on the 5th of November he died.

There was something impressive about his funeral. From the mean Drygate attic in which he breathed his last a company of fourteen poets and artists followed his body to the cemetery in Cheapside Street, Anderston. It was a day of gloomy sky and heavy-falling snow, and the spot itself was dismal enough; but as they lowered the body into the grave the scene was lit up by a flash of vivid lightning, and a rolling peal of thunder crashed out overhead. The heavens gave the poet his requiem.

Macfarlan's appearance has been already mentioned. About five feet six in height, always meanly clad, with heavy, commonplace features, sallow, fair complexion, and dull brown eyes, he wore a brow-beaten, dejected look. He was notable only, perhaps, by his "large unclassic head." Of his principles the less said the better. He scorned honest labour, sneered at honour and gratitude as mere cant, and scrupled no whit to swindle and beg. He had also his own vanity, and concluded his connection with Rae-Brown's *Workman* by crashing the hat over the eyes of the cashier who told him his salary could only be paid to his wife. Yet he was not lazy, and kept constantly sending off "screeds of prose things" to the country papers, and scribbling in the dimly lit corners of noisy taverns the exquisite verses by which he is destined to live. For there can be no doubt he was a true poet, who, if time and opportunity had been his, might have become a great one. His poetry, it has been said, "presents a bright contrast to a dismal life. If sometimes small and querulous, it is often full of noble thought, and, with a strain of helpless melancholy running through it, is generally pure and sweet." His book, indeed, is full of rare and beautiful things; jewels glitter and the flowers of poetry bloom enchanted on every page.

Besides the publications already referred to, Macfarlan issued after 1856 a poem in pamphlet form, entitled "The Wanderer of the West." Many of his pieces were printed in the *Glasgow Citizen*, and several of his prose "Wayside Thoughts" after his death in *Hedderwick's Miscellany*. His collected poems, with a very inadequate memoir by Colin Rae-Brown, were published at Glasgow in 1882. An excellent sketch of his life from the pen of Thomas Elliott, who knew him well, appeared in the *Ulster Magazine* for January, 1863. And another interesting account from the pen of William Hodgson, who had known Macfarlan in the *Bulletin* office, was printed in the *Fifeshire Journal* of 26th June, 1884. A recent appreciation by Mr. Thomas Bayne appeared in *Temple Bar* for March, 1902.

## THE LORDS OF LABOUR

They come! they come in a glorious march!
You can hear their steam steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

Brave hearts, like jewels, light the sod,
Through the mist of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely, pillared hall;
But they well can laugh at the roofs of state,
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshals the sons of the soil;
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And prouder their well-won wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow
Than the clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unblown by the trump or tabor!
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labour.

## THE WATCHER

The streets are smothered in the snow,
The chill-eyed stars are cleaving keen
The frozen air, and, looming low,
The white moon stares across the scene.

She waiteth by the fading fire,
The gasping taper flickers low,
And, drooping down, and rising higher,
Her shadow wavers to and fro.

No foot disturbs the sleeping floor—
No motion, save the breeze's breath
That, stealing through the crannied door,
Creeps coldly, as a thought of death.

It chills her with its airy stream,
  Oh cold and careless barren blast!
It wakes her as her fevered dream
  Hath skimmed the sweetness of the past.

She stirs not yet. The night hath drawn
  Its silent stream of stars away,
And now the infant streaks of dawn
  Begin to prophesy the day.

She stirs not yet. Within her eye
  The half-crushed tear-drop lingers still
She stirs not, and the smothered sigh
  Breaks wave-like on the rock of will.

O heart that will unheeding prove!
  O heart that will unheeded break!
How strong the zeal, how deep the love
  That burns for faithless folly's sake!

## THE RUINED CITY

The shadows of a thousand springs,
  Unnumbered sunsets, sternly sleep
Above the dust of perished things
  That form the city's blasted heap.
Dull watch the crumbling columns keep
  Against the fierce, relentless sky;
Hours that no dial noteth creep
  Like unremembered phantoms by;
And still this city of the dead
Gives echo to no human tread.

A curse is writ on every stone,
The temple's latest pillar lies
Like some white mammoth's bleaching bone!
Its altars know no deities.
Five columns of a palace rise,
And when the sun is red and low,
And glaring in the molten skies,
A shadow huge these columns throw,
That like some dark, colossal hand,
In silence creeps across the sand.

The senate slumbers—wondrous hive
Of counsels sage and subtle schemes!
But does no lingering tone survive
To prove their presence more than dreams?
No light of revelation beams
Around that voiceless forum now;
Time bears upon his restless streams
No reflex of the haughty brow
That oft has frowned a nation's fate
Here—where dark reptiles congregate.

Where, where is now the regal rag
That clothed the monarch of yon tower,
On which the rank weed flaps its flag
Across the dark, this solemn hour?
Alas for pomp, alas for power,
When time unveils their nakedness,
And Valour's strength, and Beauty's flower
Find nought to echo their distress,
And flattery, fine delusive breath,
Melts in the iron grasp of Death!

Day rises with an angry glance,
  As if to blight the stagnant air,
And hurls his fierce and fiery lance
  On that doomed city's forehead bare.
The sunset's wild and wandering hair
  Streams backward like a comet's mane,
And from the deep and sullen glare
  The shuddering columns crouch in vain,
While through the wreck of wrathful years
The grim hyena stalks and sneers.

# JAMES H. STODDART

## 1832-1888

SPRUNG from the best class of the Scottish peasantry, James Hastie Stoddart was a native of Sanquhar. At the village school he went so far as to read a large portion of the Iliad in Greek, and at home he had his imagination stirred by his mother's stores of Scottish ballad, song, and story. As a lad he went to Edinburgh, and passed from the *Scotsman* counting-house to a chemist's office in Leith, and afterwards to the employment of Messrs. Bryden, bell-hangers. Finally, about 1850, he was sent to Glasgow to establish a branch of Messrs. Bryden's business. From the first, however, he possessed a taste for letters. From matching himself against others of his years at a "mutual improvement society," he proceeded to contribute to the columns of the *North British Daily Mail* and the *Scottish Banner*. Through an acquaintance with the author of "The Life of John de Witt," then on the *Glasgow Herald* staff, he obtained a connection with that paper, and entered the office as a sub-editor in 1862. After serving as lieutenant to Mr. Pagan and Professor Jack, he became editor of the paper in 1875, and occupied the chair with tact, ability, and distinction, till shattered health put an end to his labours.

Throughout all his busy years poetry was his recreation. He was known as the author of many brilliant *jeux d'esprit* and flashes of humorous satire which from time to time enlivened the columns of the *Herald*, and his poems, "The Village Life," published by Messrs. MacLehose in 1879, and "The Seven Sagas of Prehistoric Man," by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1884, proved his title to a place among the makers. In his later years he gathered materials for a scientific epic which he did not live to complete—an undertaking which has been depicted with fine power and pathos in the "Lost Epic" of his sub-editor, Mr. William Canton. His last work was a new edition of the poems of George Outram, published in 1888.

When the Glasgow Ballad Club was established in 1876, Stoddart was elected Honorary President. In 1882 he was presented with his

portrait by the leading citizens of Glasgow. And four years later Glasgow University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. A few months before his death, at a public dinner presided over by the Lord Provost, Sir James King, Bart., he was presented by the employees of the *Herald* and *Evening Times* with a service of silver plate as a token of affection and esteem. He died at The Cottage, Lennoxtown, 11th April, 1888, leaving a family of four sons and three daughters. The main facts of his life are set forth in a memorial volume privately printed at the time of his death.

As a journalist Dr. Stoddart won esteem by his clearness of perception and fairness of judgment. As a poet he may not be destined to a supreme place, but his verse shows a sympathetic insight into the phases of rustic life which possesses its own charm. "The Blacksmith's Daughter" is printed here by kind permission of Messrs. MacLehose & Sons.

## THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER

*From "The Village Life"*

Away, philosophy and creeds!
Here in the honeysuckle bower,
Which at the garden's farthest edge
Looks on the streamlet as it speeds,
Sunlit and gleaming through a shower,
Away o'er pebbles and through sedge,
Sits, with her needle, Isobel,
The smith's young daughter, fair and tall,
As sweet a maiden for a song
As e'er did poet's heart enthrall.
Her eyes are steadfast as a well
Of living water in its pit,
When to its depths immeasurable
A zenith star has lighted it.

Her face is ruddy with the health
Pure blood through all her body whirls;
And worth all gems of greatest wealth
Is the luxuriance of her curls.
She shakes them gaily in the sun,
Nor knows how witchingly they fall
About the marble of her throat.
Though dearly loved and praised by all,
She hardly knows she has begun
To blossom into perfect flower—
The perfect flower of womanhood.
Unconsciously she's fair and good,
A village maiden pure and sweet,
Her soul just opening daintily
To the young radiance of the day
That tinges it with blushes meet.
Much given to meditation, too,
Nought loves she better than to see
The red light softly die away
Beyond the woods, beyond the moor.
Then steals she past the smithy door,
Rejoicing in her friend, the Night,
Her heart, her eyes, all brimming o'er
With youthful feelings of delight.
She seeks new life below the moon,
And happy thoughts then crave the boon
Of speech from her red lips, while high
Above, the stars are glowing bright
In the blue lift, that to her eye
Seems veiling Heaven from mortal sight.

# JOHN NICHOL

## 1833-1894

PROFESSOR NICHOL, as he was affectionately known to a generation of students at Glasgow University, was the second of the name known to the city. He was born at Montrose, when his father was Rector of the Academy there, 8th September, 1833. Four years later the father was appointed to the chair of Astronomy in Glasgow. Here, first of all in the old College court in High Street, and afterwards in the new Observatory, to which the household migrated in 1841, Nichol's boyhood was spent. In his early years he was an omnivorous reader, and was attracted to the study of geology and astronomy. From the Western Academy, with a year at the Grammar School of Kelso, the reserved, timid lad passed to Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford.

Even in his boyish days he wrote verses, and in 1854 he contributed a poem on Ailsa Craig to the *Glasgow University Album*, a production which he organised and edited. In the same year he printed privately his first volume of verse, under the title of "Leaves." Among the friends of his earlier years at Glasgow were Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell, and at Oxford he founded an essay-reading club, the Old Mortality, which included James Payne, T. H. Green, and A. C. Swinburne. Jowett was his kindly mentor and life-long friend. After taking his degree with first-class honours, he kept his terms in London for the English Bar, and he built up a reputation as one of the most successful "coaches" at Oxford. In 1861 he married the eldest daughter of Henry Glassford Bell, who proved, in a peculiar sense, the good angel of his life. By her he became the father of a son and two daughters.

Defeated by John Veitch in his candidature for the chair of Logic and English Literature at St. Andrews, he was appointed to the new chair of English Literature at Glasgow in 1862, and occupied it for a quarter of a century with brilliant success. He afterwards was an unsuccessful candidate for the chairs of Logic and Moral Philosophy at Glasgow and of English Literature at Oxford. In 1873 he published "Hannibal,

an Historical Drama," and received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrews University. In the crash of the City of Glasgow Bank he was involved as trustee for a shareholder, but through the honourable conduct of the relations for whom he held the trust he ultimately suffered little loss.

In 1889 Nichol resigned his chair. With failing health, and failing enthusiasm for the rough work of the Scottish class-room, he had begun to believe there was a conspiracy against him in the world of letters, and his idea was to devote himself more freely to literature and to conquer his opponents by a *tour de force*. He had always been a contributor to the *Glasgow Herald* and *Manchester Guardian*, especially of obituary notices, and he had contributed a series of articles on the Scottish poets to the Encyclopædia Britannica. He had compiled in 1877, on a suggestion of Professor Knight, his laborious "Tables of European History, Literature, Science, and Art"; had produced a valuable "Primer of English Composition" in 1879; had contributed to the English Men of Letters Series in 1880 a monograph on Byron which Swinburne called "the very best *apologia* for another man that ever was made"; had published his best poetical work, "The Death of Themistocles and Other Poems" in 1881; had issued "Robert Burns, a Summary of his Career and Genius," and a history of American literature in 1882; and in 1888 he had published a monograph on Francis Bacon. Alas! after his resignation of the chair he was to produce only one book more, though indeed it was his best, his monograph on Carlyle. This appeared in 1892. A year earlier his portrait by Orchardson had been presented to him in Glasgow University. Two years later he was dead. He had taken up residence in London, and he died there 11th October, 1894.

Nichol's greatest work was probably that done in the class-room at Gilmorehill, where he inspired a generation of the picked young minds of Scotland with a love for the real graces and glories of our literature. But his monographs on Byron, Burns, Bacon, and Carlyle are themselves among the vital criticism of his time. And, in poetry, if his portraits of Hannibal and Themistocles depict subjects perhaps too remote for modern enthusiasm, his sonnets and short poems are in many cases pure gold. A memoir of Nichol, by his friend, Professor Knight, was published by Messrs. MacLehose in 1896.

The following poem is reproduced by kind permission of Professor Nichol's representatives.

## MARE MEDITERRANEUM

A line of light! it is the inland sea,
The least in compass and the first in fame;
The gleaming of its waves recalls to me
Full many an ancient name.

As through my dreamland float the days of old,
The forms and features of their heroes shine:
I see Phœnician sailors bearing gold
From the Tartessian mine.

Seeking new worlds, storm-tossed Ulysses ploughs
Remoter surges of the winding main;
And Grecian captains come to pay their vows,
Or gather up the slain.

I see the temples of the "Violet Crown"
Burn upward in the hour of glorious flight;
And mariners of uneclipsed renown,
Who won the great sea-fight.

I hear the dashing of a thousand oars;
The angry waters take a deeper dye;
A thousand echoes vibrate from the shores
With Athens' battle-cry.

Again the Carthaginian rovers sweep,
With sword and commerce, on from shore to shore:
In visionary storms the breakers leap
Round Syrtes, as of yore.

Victory, sitting on the Seven Hills,
  Had gained the world when she had mastered thee;
Thy bosom with the Roman war-note thrills,
    Wave of the inland sea.

Then, singing as they sail in shining ships,
    I see the monarch minstrels of Romance,
And hear their praises murmured through the lips
    Of the fair dames of France.

Across the deep another music swells,
  On Adrian bays a later splendour smiles;
Power hails the marble city where she dwells—
    Queen of a hundred isles.

Westward the galleys of the Crescent roam,
  And meet the Pisan challenge in the breeze,
Till the long Dorian palace lords the foam
    With stalwart Genoese.

But the light fades; the vision wears away;
  I see the mist above the dreary wave.
Blow, winds of Freedom! give another day
    Of glory to the brave.

# ALEXANDER FALCONER

1834-1896

THE son, like Thomas Carlyle, of a stone-mason, Alexander Falconer was a native of the Calton, in Glasgow. At the age of nine he left the Normal School and was apprenticed to a chemist. Even so early, however, he had found friendships in the world of books, and spent his spare hours poring over his treasures in a disused attic. One incident of those years he never forgot. With his little sister on his back he was gazing into a bookshop window, when a passer-by asked him which volume he would like. He answered readily enough, and to his intense surprise the stranger bought the book and presented it to him. From the first, too, he had distinct ambitions, and, as a lad, used to save his pocket-money in order to travel first-class and see the manners of good society.

At the age of twenty he became a reporter on the staff of the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and afterwards on that of the *Daily Times*. In that position he made the acquaintance of men like John Kelso Hunter, the cobbler-artist, Robert Buchanan, the poet-novelist, and the sad-fated David Gray. But the realities of journalistic life, as it was carried on at that time in Glasgow, soon disgusted him, and he turned to another career.

After helping at the Refuge Home in Duke Street as a Sunday teacher, he obtained an appointment, in 1857, on the permanent staff. There, because of his surgical knowledge, he was affectionately known as "the Doctor" by the boys. Two years later he removed to a similar post in Greenock, and in 1860 was appointed Superintendent of a new reformatory at Malone, near Belfast. Having now a free hand he put into practice his new ideas of civilizing the lads by kindly personal influence, rather than of brutalizing them by force. He worked, played, talked, and even ate with them. But the material

was too debased—some of his subjects had been four times in prison; and in two years he was forced to give up the attempt. He became Governor, first of the Reformatory at Sunderland, and eight years later of the Boys' Industrial School at Mossbank, Glasgow. There, during his twenty-seven years of office, he passed through his hands upwards of two thousand boys. To him belongs much of the credit of introducing a new method which has resulted finally in abolishing the old Reformatory system altogether. Instead of the severe repressive and punitive methods—the lash and the cell—which he found in vogue on his appointment, he brought to bear other and gentler means of which he was a master. Ninety, at least, out of every hundred of the lads under him did well in the world; and during his later years Falconer constantly received visits from old boys who had prospered in life, and who came back with full hearts to show they did not forget.

At an early period of his management the great school was burned to the ground. On that occasion Falconer wrought at the work of salvage among the smoke and flames almost till the roof came down upon his head. Not a life was lost, however, the school soon recovered, and it was never so powerful an engine for civilization as at the time of its Governor's death.

In an accident to the steamship "Midnight Sun," off the West Coast, Falconer narrowly escaped drowning. The shock culminated in a paralytic stroke, and he died at Auchenlarich, Dunbartonshire, in August, 1896. He was twice married, and was survived by a widow, four daughters, and a son.

Throughout his life he found his recreation in literature. He contributed historical papers of considerable value to *Fraser's Magazine*, the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, and the *Scottish Review*. In poetry he was an admirer of Wordsworth, and besides compositions which appeared in the volumes of the Glasgow Ballad Club, he was author of a small volume printed in 1865, and of "Scottish Pastorals and Ballads," published in 1894.

## WEDDED LOVE

We went by the corn and barley,
  And the woodland ways so sweet, so sweet;
The linnet and mavis sang all the way,
  And the river that flowed at our feet.
There was love in the bush and love in the blue,
And the sunshine laughed, and the shadows flew,
As if they each knew
  'Twas our twentieth marriage morning.

By the stile half hid 'mong the rowan and thorn,
  Where the old wooden bridge and the kirk tower are seen,
And all the clear length of the water that lies
  In the silvery shallows between,
We stayed, and, fondly as true lovers, kissed—
Kissed, for 'twas here long ago I was blessed;
While our eyes were filled with a sudden mist,
  On our twentieth marriage morning.

Then she pulled a flower from brier and thorn,
  And set each, as she only could, in her hair.
"And now, beloved, come tell me true,"
  She said, with her winsomest air—
"Not so bonnie as then?
Not so bonnie as when
I drooped while you cheerily said 'Amen,'
  And we passed out with blessings that morning?

"Not so bonnie nor blythe, I am sure, you'll say,
As in the dear courting time, long ago,
When you praised, you remember, my simple ways,
My eyes and my ringlets then black as the sloe?
Not so blythe as then—
Not so blythe as when
I drooped, while you cheerily said 'Amen,'
And your love was your wife that morning?"

Oh, never so much of the gay-worded wit
Had I seen her, my darling, in bypast years;
And of many a gladness we both had shared,
Of troubles enough, and tears.
Then love stirred anew—
Love tender and true,
And while sunshine laughed and while shadows flew,
I told all my heart that morning.

The flowers she took from her dark, tangled hair
As I sang the last words, and twined them together,
And holding them up, said, with tenderest charm,
"Thus, love, have we two been in all sorts of weather
In the past golden years,
And so we shall be, come what joys or what tears:
Take this as the token, I go without fears
On our twentieth marriage morning."

# DAVID GRAY

1838-1861

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY! If I live I shall be buried there—so help me, God!" These words, written to a stranger, Sidney Dobell, by the son of a poor weaver of Kirkintilloch, seem at first extravagant. They are merely, perhaps, the expression of what most young poets think but do not say. In the case of David Gray, however, they expressed more than a boyish dream, for the passion which of all others consumed his soul was the feverish thirst for fame, and it may be believed that had he lived he would have realised his dreams. As it is, he must be granted the "gracious room" he craved, beside Pollok, White, Keats, and Bruce, as a true poet cut off before his prime.

Eldest of eight children, Gray was born on the banks of the Luggie, eight miles from Glasgow, 29th January, 1838. At school he showed himself a bright lad, and like so many others in similar circumstances and of similar parts, was destined for the ministry. Alas! how often the effort of peasant lads in Scotland to take this social step with scanty means has cost them their lives. By dint of pupil-teaching at Bridgeton and in the Free Church Normal School, Gray paid his way for four years at Glasgow University, but he spent himself in the struggle. Meanwhile he had written poetry. By his early friend, Mr. William Freeland, he was introduced to Dr. Hedderwick, and many of his poems appeared above the signature of "Will Gurney" in the *Glasgow Citizen*.

At length, giving rein to his ambition, he decided on the career of a man of letters, and with another ardent young spirit, Robert Buchanan, set off for London. By some mistake the two left for the South from different railway stations, and Gray arrived in London alone and too late to find his friend. With the impulse of poetic youth, and perhaps from

motives of economy, he spent the night in Hyde Park—with disastrous results. He caught a cold, which, in his ill-nourished frame, rapidly developed into consumption. For some time Buchanan and he carried on the struggle for fame and bread in a certain "dear old ghastly bankrupt garret" in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, and while there Gray managed to attract the interest of Mr. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. Milnes proved a true friend, found literary work for him, and at last, when he was stricken down, sent him to the South of England and afterwards home to his parents at Kirkintilloch. For nearly a year the poet lingered, writing verse and letters full of passionate yearning and despair, and before he died he was gratified by the sight of the first printed page of his book. He passed away 3rd December, 1861.

To his posthumous volume, published in 1862, a memoir was prefixed from the pen of Dr. Hedderwick, and an introduction by Lord Houghton. To an enlarged edition, issued in 1874, was appended the biographical speech delivered by Sheriff Glassford Bell at the inauguration of Gray's memorial stone in the Auld Aisle burying-ground at Kirkintilloch. And among his own works Robert Buchanan furnished an account of the poet's brief life-struggle. More recently, a fine personal description with reminiscences, from a lecture by Gray's early friend, Mr. William Freeland, appeared in the *Kirkintilloch Herald* of 27th February, 1901.

In his "Backward Glances," Dr. Hedderwick describes the poet as "a young man of good height, broad-shouldered, but hollow-chested and slightly stooping. His dark hair curled over a forehead of Keats-like formation, and I remember being struck with his delicate complexion, softly luminous eyes, and sensitive mouth." As an inheritor of poetic fame there is room to believe that Gray has not yet come altogether to his own. Had he been an English bard, with the ear of the London world, his name, it may be taken for certain, would have been in the mouths of all men to-day. His "Luggie," no doubt, contains lines whose over-ardour the poet would have been likely to modify in time. But it also contains lines and passages which no touch could improve—lines of such perfect description as

"Hushfully falls the soft white windless snow."

And of his thirty sonnets, "In the Shadows," written by the poet

during his last illness, Sheriff Bell was probably right in declaring they possessed a solemn beauty not surpassed by many of the finest passages in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Certainly, as his first biographer said, it would not be easy to name anything in literature more intensely pathetic.

The following poems are included here by the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons :—

## WHY?

*From "In the Shadows"*

Why are all fair things at their death the fairest?
Beauty the beautifullest in decay?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever new apparelling the rarest?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove,
In the green forest gloom, an absent love?
Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird, complain,
And integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection that to hear is pain?
Thus sorrow and death, alone realities,
Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
On troublous life a relish of the skies.

## IF IT MUST BE!

*From "In the Shadows"*

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moan;





That underneath the unrespective sod,
  In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
  The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life to dare
  The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
  But, like a child that in the night time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
  Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the day.

## THE CONCEPTION

*From "The Luggie"*

Beneath an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And through whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flowed
In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark-green grass.
I lay enchanted. At my head there bloomed
A hedge of sweet-brier, fragrant as the breath
Of maid beloved when her cheek is laid
To yours in downy pressure, soft as sleep.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed,
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
Before me, streams most dear unto my heart,



Above the haml
A gently rising h
Hazel and glossy
Met the keen sk
The woodruff an
In their own sea
Of dim and mist
Here on a sunny
A vision stirred
To fling a purer
That knew my b
Thy pastoral bea
Now, while the n
Of home I write ;
His smooth notes
While the red wir
Widens, or while
Burns like a topa
May reach comple
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That proved my s

## HIS EPITAPH

Below lies one whose name was traced in sand.
He died not knowing what it was to live,
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
And maiden thought electrified his soul—
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.
Bewildered reader! pass without a sigh
In a proud sorrow. There is life with God
In other kingdom of a sweeter air;
In Eden every flower is blown: Amen.

# WILLIAM BLACK

## 1841-1898

By far the most popular British novelist of the seventies and eighties, when his "Daughter of Heth," "Princess of Thule," and "Macleod of Dare," took the fashionable reading world by storm, William Black is probably destined to be best remembered as the great prose poet of West Highland scenery—mountain, sea, and sunset; and is aptly commemorated by the beacon erected to his name on Duart Point, in Mull. But in his earlier days he also wrote verse, and, first above the pseudonym of "Alton" in the *Glasgow Citizen*, and afterwards over his own name in *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, he contributed many pieces of grace and charm.

Descended from a Covenanting race of farmers at Carnwath, of the Highland stock of Clan Lamont, Black was born in the Trongate of Glasgow, and educated at St. James's Parish School. He grew up a shy, thoughtful boy, and for some years acted as clerk to a firm of bookbinders in Jamaica Street. But his tastes were literary, and he early formed a friendship with Mr. William Freeland, sub-editor of the *Citizen*, and became a contributor of tales and poetry to Hedderwick's publications. At the age of twenty-one he betook himself to London. There at first he lived with Robert Buchanan in lodgings in Camden Town, and earned a living as clerk with a firm of China merchants in Birchin Lane. But he obtained an appointment presently as a descriptive writer on the *Morning Star*, and soon distinguished himself.

Before leaving Glasgow he had published a novel, "James Merle," and in 1868, when fairly established as a journalist in London, he produced another, "Love or Marriage." Both were distinctly immature. His next book, "In Silk Attire," published in 1869, possessed much charm; but the *Saturday Review* sneered at a Scottish

author who presumed to write novels of English life. The taunt drove Black to his true field. In 1871 "A Daughter of Heth" appeared anonymously, first in the *Glasgow Herald*, and afterwards in book form. For some weeks it hung fire, then the *Saturday Review* led off a pæan of praise, and the world suddenly awoke to recognise the charm of the new teller of tales.

For twenty years Black remained the most fashionable novelist. Volume after volume came from his pen, full of the atmosphere, health-giving and glorious, of the West Highlands, which he had made his own. If success tempted him to become a buyer of pictures, and a connoisseur of cigars, that was his own affair. Amid all his success he remained singularly modest and unspoiled, and he made many true friends. An amusing story is told in connection with one of these, Miss Mary Anderson, the actress. He had a profound admiration and regard for that lady, and made her the heroine of his "Strange Adventures of a Houseboat." Twice for a prank he appeared on the stage as a "super" in the play she was acting, and on the first occasion, paralysed with stage fright, or pretending to be so, had to be forcibly dragged off the boards.

The novelist died at Brighton, 10th December, 1898, and was survived by a widow, two daughters, and a son. His biography, by Sir Wemyss Reid, was published in 1902.

Somewhat shy and reserved in general company, Black yet displayed at times a wild fund of boyish spirits, and was himself the "Whaup" of his early story, "A Daughter of Heth." He was a keen sailor, an enthusiastic angler, and passionately devoted to all forms of sport. He took great interest in the younger generation of writers, watching and admiring greatly such men as Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie. If his own books deal little with the great "problems" of modern life, it must be admitted that they helped to mould the thoughts and tastes of an entire generation in an altogether healthful and delightful way.

The first two specimens of his verse here reprinted appeared in *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, and were written while the novelist was still in his teens. Apart from their own merit, they are interesting for the sake of his later work. They are reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. William Black and the Messrs. Hedderwick. The third piece here given is reproduced from the novelist's later "Rhymes of a Deerstalker," by favour of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.



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You know not the joy which a primrose bloom
  Gives to a dweller in towns,
Bringing him visions of sea-dipped gloom,
  And fragrance of breezy downs.

You know not the beauty of those blue eyes,
  Or the sudden electrical flush
Which laughingly up to your sweet face flies,
  Too simple and pretty to blush.

Your father is one of those poets, my child,
  Who were born in the woodlands to roam;
Yet why should he sigh after flowerets wild
  With such a sweet Lily at home?*

## ADAM O' FINTRY

"O mother, mother, steik the door,
  And hap me in my bed:
O what is the ringing in that kirk-tower?"
  "It's Adam o' Fintry's wed."

"It's Adam o' Fintry was my love
  When the spring was on the lea;
It's Adam o' Fintry was my love
  When the leaf fell frae the tree.

* These verses were addressed to the infant daughter of Black's early friend, Mr. William Freeland.



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# ROBERT BUCHANAN

## 1841-1901

NOT less ambitious than his comrade, David Gray, Robert Buchanan, when a young man, wrote to Philip Hamerton, "I mean, after Tennyson's death, to be Poet-Laureate." More fortunate, in one sense, than his friend, he lived to prove the words no mere idle boast. There can be little doubt that had he remained of the temper for it, when Tennyson passed away no poet could have advanced a stronger claim by merit for the honour than Robert Buchanan. Unfortunately, his temper had changed. By dint of his readiness to come to blows with any one and every one, he had made himself the Ishmael of the literary world, and for this reason, it would seem, the real greatness of his work has never been adequately recognised. But the merit is there, and doubtless its day will come.

Though born at Caverswall, in Staffordshire, 18th August, 1841 (his mother was an Englishwoman, Margaret Williams, of Stoke-on-Trent), Buchanan was reared in Glasgow, and received his education at Glasgow Academy, High School, and University. His father, one of Robert Owen's band of Socialists, was editor of the *Sentinel* newspaper, and from the first the son breathed a literary atmosphere. Gray was his closest friend, and in the Buchanan household at 9 Oakfield Terrace, and in the *Sentinel* office in Howard Street, the pair talked over their plans, and dreamed their dreams. Buchanan's early efforts found a ready place in his father's somewhat Bohemian paper, and when the crisis arrived he was ready for it. His father became bankrupt, and, without money or influence, his career at the University cut short, the young poet had to face the world for himself. On a day in May, 1860, Gray burst in on him with the news, "Bob, I'm off to London!" Buchanan's mind was made up, and he went also. He himself has told the story of that adventure—how the two by

some mistake travelled by separate routes, how for economic and romantic reasons he spent his first night in London in the Hotel of the Stars, otherwise, in the open air; and how he put in his first year in an attic in Stamford Street, Blackfriars.

At first he had the comradeship of David Gray; and William Black and Charles Gibbons found their way to him later, but for most of the time he was alone, and driven by his loneliness to seek strange company. "I have walked," he wrote afterwards, "for long hours by midnight between Stamford Street and the Bridge of Sighs, almost crying for companionship. The street-walker knew me, and told me of her life, as we stood in the moonlight, looking down upon the Thames. From the loafer and the tavern-haunter, as from my first friend, the thief, I got help, friendliness, and comfort. But I wanted something else, and I knew not what. I was full of insane visions and aspirations. Poetry possessed me like a passion. Elsewhere there were pipes and beer, Mimi, loose raiment, and loose jokes. But my yearning was not for these, but for the dead poets and the dead gods."

Presently he found work on the *Athenæum*, and was entrusted by Mr. John Morley with books to review for the *Literary Gazette*. Dickens, asked by Edmund Yates for a list of the best contributors to *All the Year Round*, included his name, and he was asked accordingly to write for *Temple Bar*. His first independent publication had been a volume of poems issued under the name of "Undertones" in 1860. It was followed by his "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," a series of legendary sketches, pathetic, humorous, and weird. "London Poems," his third production, assured his position as a poet. It was followed by a stream of volumes from his pen. Among the number were "Ballad Stories of the Affections," translated from the Scandinavian; "The North Coast, and other Poems"; "The Drama of Kings"; and "The Land of Lorne." "The Book of Orm," conceived amid the tremendous scenery of Loch Coruisk in Skye, and published in 1868, struck a new and daring note in religious thought as effective as it is wildly beautiful. In 1870 he received from Mr. Gladstone's Government a pension of £100 a year. Four years later he began his series of novels, each with a purpose. Among these his "Shadow of the Sword" is a powerful polemic against war, while "God and the Man" illustrates forcibly the vanity of individual hate. Also in 1874 he appeared as a playwright, his "Madcap Prince,' written in youth,

being produced at the Haymarket. It was followed by a succession of plays—"Napoleon Fallen," "The Witchfinder," "A Nine Days' Queen," "Alone in London," and others. Among his other works were the novels "A Child of Nature," in 1879; and "The Martyrdom of Madeline," in 1882. "St. Abe and his Seven Wives," and "White Rose and Red," were published anonymously as a trap for the critics. "Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour" appeared in 1882, and "The Wandering Jew" in 1890. A collected edition of his poems was published shortly before his death.

Throughout his career Buchanan was seldom without some great controversy in hand, in which he was the attacking party. His early assault on the "Fleshly School of Poetry" (Rossetti and his friends) must remain historic; and his last, on "Imperial Cockneydom" and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is likely also to be remembered. His fighting temper extended even to his private affairs. Under the impression that his works received less than justice from publishers and managers of theatres, he became his own theatrical manager and book producer, only, alas! to come to grief in both arenas. Something of his fighting spirit and colossal pride was foreseen by a publisher on whom he called in his early days in London. "I don't like that young man," said the publisher; "he talks to me as if he were God Almighty or Lord Byron." Nevertheless, from first to last the poet was as warm-hearted as he was hot-headed. On a December night in 1861 he started from his sleep weeping. "What is wrong?" asked Gibbons, who shared his attic at the time. "David Gray is dead," replied Buchanan. The next post brought from Scotland the news of Gray's death.

During his last years the poet made his home at Southend-on-Sea, and there he lies buried. His position in the world of letters has yet to be assigned, but there can be no doubt it is by his poetry that his name will live. Buchanan's genius was like his blood, Celtic. Behind it lay an unsatisfied yearning and a wistful pathos that on occasion could break either into hot wrath, kindly laughter, or happy tears. His "Balder the Beautiful" and "The City of Dream" are surely immortal, and as a ballad-writer he had no living rival.

The following poem is included here by kind permission of Miss Harriett Jay and Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

## THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot lay in the field of blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot beside the body stood.
Black was the earth by night, and black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds, though the red moon went by.
'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot looked on it in despair.
The breath of the World came and went, like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes the dews fell cool and blest.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot did make a gentle moan—
"I will bury underneath the ground my flesh and blood and bone.
I will bury them deep beneath the soil, lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come the body will be gone!
The stones of the field are sharp as steel, and hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, so grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot, and carried it away.
And as he bare it from the field its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw rattled aloud like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye, opened and shut again.
Half he walked, and half he seemed lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands were pushing from behind.
The first place that he came unto it was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins, and a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto, it was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in it floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back, and it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto was a Cross upon a hill.
A Cross upon the windy hill, and a Cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon, who had been crucified.
And on the middle cross-bar sat a white dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light, with its head beneath its wing.
And underneath the middle cross a grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot shivered and glided past.
The fourth place that he came unto it was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down were deep, and swift, and red.
He dared not fling the body in for fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water, to thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist, and the nights like rushing rain.
For days and nights he wandered on, all through the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind, and the days like drifting snow.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone, alone in a lonely place.
He wandered east, he wandered west, and heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears, he wandered round and round.
For months and years, in grief and tears, he walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot perceived a far-off light.
A far-off light across the waste, as dim as dim might be,
That came and went, like the lighthouse gleam on a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot crawled to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wandered on, pushed on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain, and the nights like rushing wind.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night before a lighted hall.

And the world was white with snow, and his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silver Moon arose, holding his yellow lamp.
And the icicles were on the eaves, and the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within passed on the window light.
The shadows of the wedding guests did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot lay stretched along the snow.
The body of Judas Iscariot lay stretched along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot ran swiftly to and fro.
To and fro, and up and down, he ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table head, and the lights burnt bright and clear—
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said, "whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one who looked from the lighted hall, and answered soft and low,
"It is a wolf runs up and down, with a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom in His robe of white sat at the table head—
"Oh, who is he that moans without?" the blessed Bridegroom said.
'Twas one that looked from the lighted hall, and answered fierce and low,
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door with a light in His hand.
The Bridegroom stood in the open door, and He was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper was spread so broad and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded His eyes and looked, and His face was bright to see—
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper with thy body's sins?" said He.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot stood black, and sad, and bare—
"I have wandered many nights and days; there is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within, and their eyes were fierce and bright—
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door, and He waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that He waved His hands the air was thick with snow.
And of every flake of falling snow, before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves made sweet sound.
'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door, and beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot stole in and fell at His feet.
"The Holy Supper is spread within, and the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee before I poured the wine!"
The supper wine is poured at last, the lights burn bright and fair;
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet, and dries them with his hair.

# WALTER C. SPENS

1842-1900

DESCENDED of an old Fifeshire family, Spens of Lathallan, Walter Cook Spens was born in Glasgow, was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and in 1865 was called to the Bar. Already, in 1863, he had published his first volume of verse, "Dreams and Realities," and had developed a passion for the game of chess. Both of these accomplishments, no less than his legal acumen, commended him to Sheriff Glassford Bell, who in 1870 appointed him a Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire. After presiding in Hamilton Court for six years he was transferred by Sheriff Clark to Glasgow, where he remained till his death. He was author of several valuable contributions to legal literature, and was known throughout his career as an able, painstaking, and courteous judge. In 1881 he published his second volume of verse, "Darroll and Other Poems," and in 1889 Glasgow University conferred on him the degree of LL.D. He was a keen golfer, and was said to be the finest exponent of the game of chess in Scotland. So eager was he for a fine game that he occasionally journeyed to Perth Penitentiary to play with a certain Angus M'Phie confined there, a triple murderer and maniac, who was nevertheless the solver, in half an hour, of Raikes's great chess problem. On the death of David Wingate, Sheriff Spens became vice-president of the Glasgow Ballad Club, and several of his poems are published in its volumes. Some details of his life were furnished in Mr. Walker-Brown's volume, "Clydeside Litterateurs," and in the *Glasgow Herald* on the day of his death, 12th July, 1900. The following poem is included here by kind permission of Sheriff Spens's representatives.

## IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH

Oh God, he is dead, and he thought me true—
I who am false as a fiend of hell!
Is it best for him that he never knew
My wifehood a lie from beginning to end?
On his death-bed his heart I dared not rend.
Oh, was it not for his happiness well
That he died with his hand in mine, his eye
On my lying face fixed so lovingly!

Alone with the dead—alone! alone!
I wonder in truth I am not afraid.
Has fear from my heart so utterly gone,
Through the awful blight of my damning sin,
That never again it can enter in?
Otherwise how do I dread not his shade
May rise to invoke a curse on the head
Of her who so terribly wronged the dead?

Is he conscious how I wronged him now?
Surely—surely it cannot be!
It would rob peace from his radiant brow
To know, the woman for whom he wrought—
Who was his pride and his chiefest thought—
Was vile as the daughter of misery
Who prowls for gain on the streets at night—
Worse! I have sinned against knowledge and light,

He whispered, "Love, take care of our son.
You will love him more for me, darling wife!
Guide him in all that is right when I'm gone."
Oh, God of Heaven! I thrill through and through!
'Twas thus he whispered, deeming me true,
And pure as the lily! Oh, hideous life!
What can I do? and oh, where can I flee?
For after death comes black eternity.

At last I know that I love him now,
As he grandly lies with his raven hair
Clammily clinging to marble brow.
And oh, that a vile, shallow woman's lies
Could deceive a man so noble and wise!
And he thought me true as he thought me fair!
His words of love haunt me, and make me shiver—
They will haunt and curse me, I know, for ever.

He has left me wealth: that other will come,
With a smile on his beautiful, lying face,
And ask me, "When will you come to my home?"
I will rise and call a curse on his head,
The bitterest ever a woman said.
Though he cloud my life with the foulest disgrace,
As his pitiless spite will do, I know,
It is well; I can feel no darker woe.

As I loved him once so I hate him now.
I knew it before my wronged husband died,
I solemnly swore, and I'll keep my vow,
I would never, never, whatever my life,

Allow myself to be named his wife,
And I swear it again, whatever betide—
Aye, here by the Ruler of Heaven I swear!
I am utterly reckless, and, Mark, beware!

Spilt water! spilt water! that never again
Can be gathered up, though it might have been
A draught of blessing instead of pain.
Oh, the agony of remorse, to think
I refused from his hands the cup to drink!
And the noblest man I have ever seen,
Whose nature was clear as the heaven above,
Relied on a shallow, lost woman's love!

Will a life of repentance wash out my sin?
I doubt there is more than enough to damn.
Nor greatly now care I that heaven to win
Where that upright one will be sure to be,
Who gave me his heart so trustfully,
And deemed this lost wretch a stainless lamb.
Oh, it were worse hell to meet him there!
Rather give me hell and its black despair!

# ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH

1843-1891

Of Scottish sons of song whose powers may be held to have been tempted forth by the offering of rewards, probably the most considerable was the author of "The Laird's Lykewake." In his eighteenth year he won the first prize offered by a London weekly periodical. A little later he was first in the Christmas competition of the *People's Journal*, Dundee. In 1879 he won the medal offered by the Committee of the Burns Monument at Kilmarnock for a poem on the Ayrshire bard. And he afterwards carried off the gold medal offered by a native of Dumfries for lines on "Kossuth at the Grave of Burns."

With these exceptions Alexander G. Murdoch may be said to have had no outside help towards the development of his talent. Born in the northern part of Glasgow, in humble circumstances, in April, 1843, he enjoyed only a scanty education, and was early apprenticed to the trade of a marine engineer. He was employed successively in the works of Messrs. Tod & M'Gregor and Messrs. Singer. At an early date, however, he began to discover a literary faculty. In 1870 he contributed a humorous poem, "The Brae o' Life," to the *Weekly Mail* newspaper, and followed it rapidly by others in similar vein, till in 1872 he was able to publish a volume of pieces, "Lilts on the Doric Lyre," which proved highly successful. Four years later he produced the volume by which he is best known—"The Laird's Lykewake and Other Poems." The chief poem is a narrative on the model of the "Canterbury Tales," or the Ettrick Shepherd's "Queen's Wake," in which each of the mourners round the laird's bier tells a tale or sings a song to entertain the company. Murdoch's third and final volume of poetry was "Rhymes and Lyrics," published in 1879.

Meanwhile he had been contributing popular readings and tales to the *People's Journal*, the *Weekly Mail*, and other papers, and in 1878 had finally given up his trade for a place on the staff of the *Mail*. By his succession of serial stories—"Fire and Sword," "Sweet Nellie Gray," "Bob Allan's Lass," and the like—he became a popular exponent of the fiction of humble life. In 1880 he contributed to the *North British Daily Mail* a series of articles on "Recent and Living Scottish Poets" of much biographical value, which has since gone through two editions in volume form. Another series on "Scottish Fiddlers and Fiddle Making" has also made an interesting book. It is as a poet of the people, however, that he is likely to be remembered. With a true instinct and a genuine gift of melody, he sang of the things before his eyes, and the real life he knew. He died at his house in Bellgrove Street, 12th February, 1901. The following piece is included here by kind permission of the poet's son.

## THE BURNS MONUMENT, KILMARNOCK

*Prize Medal Poem*

I handle life's kaleidoscope, and lo! as round it turns,
I see, beneath an arc of hope, the young boy-poet, Burns.
Dream-visioned, all the long, rich day he toils with pulse of pride
Among the sun-gilt ricks of hay, his Nellie by his side.
The world to him seems wondrous fair: sunrise and sunset fill
With music all the love-touched air, intoned in bird and rill.
Time moves apace: the ardent boy confronts life's deep'ning fight,
And "Handsome Nell"—a first-love joy—melts into memory's light.

I look again, and shining noon still finds him chained to toil,
His soul throned with the lark song-poised above the daisied soil;
Mossgiel! upon thy greensward now the song-king grandly stands,
God's sunshine on his face and brow, the plough-horns in his hands.
Mouse, that dost run with "bickerin' gait," stay, stay thy trembling flight,
The bard who wept the daisy's fate laments thy hapless plight;
And perchance, when the gloamin' lies on glen and hillside green,
Thy mishap may re-wet his eyes, told o'er to Bonnie Jean.

Kilmarnock! oft thy streets and lanes echoed the poet's tread.
He brought to thee his matchless strains, asking for fame—not bread;
And see, the proud bard, dream-wrapt, stands for one sweet hour apart,
His book of song within his hands, and in his book—his heart!
O, happy town, that gave the bard a gift hope-eloquent,
His dearest wish and first reward—his book in "guid black prent";
And proudlier throbbed his heart by far when that same book he pressed,
Than if a coronet and star had decked him, brow and breast.

The glass revolves again, and lo! Edina fair appears,
And men around him come and go, and Rank a proud front rears;
And Wealth and Fashion, gaily decked, look on with lofty eye,
While Learning, with a vague respect, bows as the bard goes by.
Mark him, ye great! The plough and clod befit him ill, I trow—
The living autograph of God flashed from his eye and brow.

The drama hurries on: the bard retires to Ellisland;
At plough and hairst-rig tolling hard—a toiler strong and grand,
A curbed Elijah, peasant-born, daring Song's windy height,
His homely garb, clay-stained and worn, a prophet's robe of light.
His giant heart his only lyre, by Love's rich breath oft stirred,
Till memory's passion-gusts of fire among its chords were heard.
And never from Æolian wires was holier music wrung
Than what his heart's re-kindled fires at Mary's grave-shrine flung.

The veil uplifts once more, and now, sublimest scene of all!
His lion-heart still strong, his brow erect, although the gall
And bitterness of trampled hopes sadden his weary soul,
As he, a stricken song-god, gropes towards the final goal.

Dumfries, no longer doth he tread thy stony streets, soul-tired—
The dark clouds settling o'er his head, by genius glorified.
Ring down the curtain! Bow the head! The last sad scene is o'er!
A nation mourns the mighty dead, and weeps the wrongs he bore.

Sun, that no shadow now can cloud! Heart, that no sorrow wrings!
Man, in whose praises all are loud! Voice, that for ever sings!
A people's love the holy bier that holds thy worth in trust,
With glory flashing through the tear that drops above thy dust;
O, rich inheritor of fame, rewarded well at last,
Whose strong soul, like a sword of flame, smites with fierce light the past,
This sculptured pile, in trumpet tones, attests thy vast renown—
A nobler heirship than the thrones to princes handed down.

# ROBERT WALKER

## 1843-1900

FOR twenty years Secretary of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, and full of real interest and zeal in his office, Robert Walker probably did more than any one else in his time to help substantially the cause of painting in the city. No figure was deservedly better known in the art circles of the West of Scotland than that of the earnest, kindly, humorous little Secretary; and to the real support awakened and assiduously fostered by him about his Institute may be attributed not a little of the development of that Glasgow School which has become famous in the painting world. But Walker was also a man of letters and a poet. He was one of the founders and first secretary of the Glasgow Pen and Pencil Club, and was an original member of the Glasgow Ballad Club.

Born in Glasgow, 19th March, 1843, the son of a banker, he was educated at the Edinburgh Institution, and in 1858 apprenticed to the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company. After filling the positions successively of the company's inspector for Lancashire and for Ireland, and secretary for Dublin, he returned to Glasgow in 1872 as Scottish secretary of the Reliance Society; and when the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts was established in 1880, he became its acting secretary. This position he held till his death. At the same time, from the days of his apprenticeship, he had practised his literary faculty. As early as 1863 he had contributed stories and sketches to the *Glasgow Citizen* and *Hedderwick's Miscellany*. Now, with the opportunities afforded by the Institute, he became an acknowledged writer on art subjects. Nearly half the biographical articles in Messrs. Isbister's volume, "Toilers in Art," were written by him, and he had a considerable share in preparing the memorial volume of the Fine Art Collection of Glasgow Exhibition in 1888. He was also author of the Glasgow and Aberdeen special numbers of the *Graphic*, and was a frequent contributor to that paper, the *Art Journal*, *Black and White*, and other periodicals. He did not write much poetry, but his "Level Crossing" has long been a popular recitation, and some other pieces of merit are included in the volumes of the Ballad Club.

## CRILLON THE BRAVE

Through all the vast cathedral pile
  The preacher's deep voice rolled,
As he, with insight rare and true,
  The oft-heard story told

Of how our Lord upon the cross
  The sins of men had borne;
Of how, deserted and alone,
  He met men's rage and scorn.

No frothy pulpiteer was he:
  Straight from the heart he spoke,
And in his hearers' awe-struck hearts
  An answering echo woke.

Among the crowd old Crillon sat,
  His whole soul deeply stirred;
An arrow to his conscience seemed
  The preacher's every word.

Crillon the brave—no better knight
  Than he had wielded lance
In all the fights that drenched with blood
  The fairest fields of France.

His king he served with honest faith
  Through many a doubtful day—
The wisest at the council board
  The foremost in the fray.

But now, of court and camp heart-sick,
His weary soul sought rest;
The warrior's spirit stern and rude
The Church's power confessed.

White-haired and bent old Crillon sat,
His wild, hot youth all past;
But still he burned with martial fire,
A soldier to the last.

"Deserted and alone, no friend
To pity, none to save,
The meek-souled Lamb of God was sent
Despisèd to the grave."

The preacher paused: a clash of steel
Through all the silence rang,
As Crillon, young and strong once more,
To his full stature sprang.

And, waving high above his head
His battle-dinted blade—
That blade from which in other years
His foes had shrunk dismayed,

The fierce wild light of long-past days
O'er-flushing all his brow,
He cried, with anguish in his cry,
"Oh, Crillon, where wert thou?"

# JOHN GILKISON

## 1844-1895

A SOMEWHAT sad-visaged man, evidently enjoying only indifferent health, of slight, stooping figure, and a sufferer from that bane of the sedentary, dyspepsia—such was John Gilkison in his later years. Nevertheless he was possessor of the quaintest vein of humour that Glasgow has seen among her poets, and amid his own somewhat disheartening experiences of life he generated many a merry quip for the delectation of others.

Born in the Gorbals of Glasgow, the poet spent much of his boyhood on his grandfather's farm in Ulster, and to this experience, along with the Irish blood of his mother, he probably owed the fine humour that he kept to the end. At school in Ireland his chief friends were two nephews of Captain Mayne Reid. They lent him their uncle's productions, and in his room beneath the rafters, where he was sent early to bed, with the poplars swaying in the wind outside the little gable window, the boy pored over these wonderful tales. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the trade of umbrella-making in Glasgow, and for twenty years remained in the employment of his first masters. In later life he attempted, without much success, to establish a business in Dunbarton, and for some time before his death he occupied the position of a clerk in one of the departments of Glasgow Corporation. It may be suspected, however, that his real interest was never in the details of his trade. At one time he had a hankering to be a musician, but an accident to a finger spoilt his violin hand. He had also thoughts of the stage, but after two years' membership of the David Garrick Club he was disillusioned by finding himself cast for nothing higher than a sailor in "The Rent Day." His true *rôle* was that of humorist—a slender profession to make a living by, yet one which, with greater advantages of education, he might have turned to sufficient account. It was to his faculty that the *Wizard* and the *Bee*, short-lived Glasgow comic papers, owed whatever happy merit they possessed; and he was the "Yorick Glasguensis" from whose pen came the highly amusing *Jean Byde Papers*, of which some highly successful numbers were published in 1873. He was author of Charles Bernard's

first and most famous pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre in Glasgow; and he was adapter of the next, and had a hand in many successors. Many of the songs which he wrote for these pantomimes, such as "The Calico Ball" and "What's wrang wi' ye?" were full of humorous local allusions, and proved immensely popular at the time. Gilkison was also author of more than one serial tale, and he wrote a series of children's toy story books for a firm of Glasgow publishers.

The only work, however, by which Gilkison is likely to live is his poetry. For many years he was the acknowledged humorist of the Glasgow Ballad Club, some of his best pieces appearing in its volumes. And in 1888 he gathered his productions and published them under the title of "The Minister's Fiddle: a Book of Verse, humorous and otherwise."

Alas, poor Yorick! After more than one fight with death, in circumstances enough to quench the most sturdy humour, he was carried away by the bitter February of 1895, when the cold was for some weeks so intense that it was impossible to dig graves for the dead. So it seemed that the earth was to prove inhospitable to its jester even when his quips were ended and his lips for ever closed.

## THE LAMENT OF DOUGAL MACGREGOR

So Dougal lay dead, och aree!
  His chanter now silenced for effer;
The last Red Macgregor wass he,
  A ferry goot job whateffer.
Oh, 'tis he that wass aye the wild lad,
  With hough like a bullock or filly,
His life had its goot and its bad,
  Wass piper and henchman and gillie.
    But now he lay dead, och aree!
      No more he would tread on the heather;
    And clansmen from Luss to Lochee,
      All mourned for Dougal together.

His name it wass known far and wide,
The last blood of Rob Roy Macgregor;
And Rob in the best of his pride,
I'm sure wasn't wilder or bigger.
He neffer was anything long,
But just aye a wild Hielan' rover,
Could play on the pipes, sing a song,
Wass poacher and poatman and drover.
And famed, too, as effery wan knows,
From Drymen to lonely Glen Falloch,
And known to the Duke of Montrose,
And Constable Campbell in Balloch.
But now he lay dead, och aree!
Stretched out by old Flora Macluskie;
His like Drymen Fair ne'er did see
For dancing and drinking the whuskey!

The last night that Dougal wass here,
He sent for his friends altogether,
And kindly they gathered them near,
O'er mountain and moorland and heather.
There wass Norman and Donald—ochon!
And two cousin's sons from Dunbarton,
And Hamish and Rob and young Shon,
And others—true sons of the tartan.
So when they were all sitting still,
Then Dougal asked old Duncan Dewar
With pen just to write out his will,
To make all things certain and sure.

"My poat I will leave to young Shon,
My shot-gun to wee Archie Biggar,
My tackle to Alison's son,
And my pipes to young Hamish Macgregor.
And the Duke of Montrose's man, Shon—
No better e'er stood in shoe leather—
Has twenty goot pounds of my own,
All the money I effer could gather.
And this he will take, and employ
To bury me, ponnie and pleasant;
For I'm the last blood of Rob Roy,
I'm not a poor Sassenach peasant.

"And down on Inch Cailleach's green brea.
Just bury me where the winds free sough;
Aye, there I will lay me and rest
Till Gabriel blows the last pibroch.
Let twelve Hielan' lads be picked out,
Each wan in his bonnet and feather,
To carry me steady and stout,
By fours, taking turns together.
And, friends, don't old Dougal affront
By making believe to deplore me;
But Hamish shall walk in the front,
Playing my own pipes before me.

"And aye on the road as you go,
Still halt when you see Hielan' heather,
And Hamish a pibroch will plow,
To bring the Macgregors together.

Then five or six ferry goot men,
  Without any teetotal rigour,
Will hand the dram round now and then,
  And drink to the last Red Macgregor.
That's all. My old pipes give me down,
  I'd feel them wanst more on my shoulder;
I would hear the old chanter's sweet soun'
  Before my old fingers grow colder."

And there, just before effery eye,
  He tuned the old pipes in their places,
Gazed fondly, and gave one long sigh,
  And stroked all their ribbons and graces.
And then, as his time was near spent,
  He into the bag began plowing,
And played the Clan Alpine Lament—
  'Twas just on the eve of his going;
Then stopped, and just laid back his head,
  His fingers relaxing their vigour,
So passed through the mists of the dead,
  The ferry last wild Red Macgregor.
    And Dougal lay dead, och aree!
      His chanter now silenced for effer;
    The last Red Macgregor wass he,
      A ferry goot job whateffer.

# WILLIAM FREELAND

## 1828-1903

As "Pious Founder" of the Glasgow Ballad Club, and editor, in turn, of several of the chief Glasgow newspapers, William Freeland for forty years exerted one of the strongest and most kindly influences for the encouragement of literary talent and the cultivation of poetry in the West of Scotland. He has for an enduring monument, not only his own noble-hearted ballads and songs, but the achievement of many a writer who received encouragement at a critical hour from his word or pen.

Born in Kirkintilloch, of humble parents, he got but scanty schooling, and began life as a block-cutter, first in Bellfield Print Works and afterwards with Henry Monteith & Co., in Bridgeton. By evening classes at Glasgow Athenæum and voracious reading of poetry, he cultivated his taste. In 1854, while still a block-cutter, he married Helen Campbell, and, though the cares of a family came soon upon him, they were lightened by a sympathetic and courageous help-meet, and wife and child formed frequently the inspiration of his song.

But presently Freeland's verses attracted the attention of Dr. Hedderwick of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and, on the death of Hugh Macdonald in 1860, he was appointed sub-editor of that paper. In its columns was printed the early work of William Black and David Gray, and with both of them Freeland held the warmest friendship till death. Gray, on his tragic deathbed, dedicated his poems with passionate tenderness to his friend, and Freeland revised the work for the press, and ever after championed the memory of the poet—Achilles for the dead Patroclus.

On the transformation of the old *Citizen* he joined the *Glasgow Herald*. For a few months in 1868 he was editor of the *Elgin and Morayshire Courier*, and afterwards, as a "free lance," contributed articles and poems to *Good Words*, the *London Magazine*, the *Examiner*, and other journals. At that time, on commission for the *Weekly Herald*, he wrote "Love and Treason," a serial story of the



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## THE SWORD OF WALLACE

"Old Swords have tongues"

I.

Lo! I am the sword of Wallace, and never a sword could be
More hacked for a nation's rights in the Battle of Liberty.
Nay, look at my rusted edges, nor tremble, there needs no power
To waken the rapture and splendour of fight this peaceful hour;
Though the battle-heat yet kindles whenever each day returns
That I flashed in the grasp of the hero whose spirit yet in me burns.

II.

Great was the day that my maker dipped my steel in sacred fire,
And forged me with hammer and anvil that rang like a freeman's lyre;
When my future chief stood o'er me and saw me tempered well
To the music of the Minstrel who gave me the battle-spell.
Ah! then I leapt into being in my glorious master's hand,
As he whirled me aloft and kissed me and called me his holy brand.

III.

Yea, holy I was, like Wallace, whose lofty and godlike mind
Dreamed ever with me of Freedom and the weal of kith and kind.
We loved each other like lovers, and, living side by side,
He fondled me like a husband, I thrilled to him like a bride;
And often in secret he grasped me, and swore by the Holy Rood
To strike, not for England's evil, but only for Scotland's good.

IV.

How kindly of heart and purpose! How kindlier-souled than kings!
Yet his hero-mind was poisoned by the keenest of mortal stings;
For the meanest of the foemen struck from his bosom's throne
The loveliest wife in Clydesdale, the Flower of Lamington.
Ah! eager was I to soothe him, and I wept within his hand:
Then arose his wife's sweet spirit as the genius of the land:
She smiled like Freedom upon him, the noblest vision to him
Who would fight and bleed for his country though he perish limb by limb.

v.

Then we plied the vaunting invader in many a fort and hold,
And taught him the art of heroes stern-born 'mid the mountains cold.
And one great day I remember, when the Southron swarmed in might
On the plains of shuddering Stirling in the pride of honour and fight,
My hero clothed me in lightning, and dazzled the glaring foe,
As I flamed in thunder of battle red, raining death and woe.
The boasters were tossed on billows of havoc, and weltering lay
Till the eagles swooped from the Highlands to the feast of joy that day.
But a bitter hour befel us, when, envious of his fame,
The Barons turned from the Patriot, and reddened his brow with shame;
For the English came upon us, thick pouring from rock and ridge,
And the battle raged and ravened at Falkirk, by Carron Bridge.
Again and again we charged them, each hero fighting like ten;
And Wallace and I shore spaces in those ranks of Englishmen;
But ever swarming and storming, diminished, yet still undone,

They smote us, wounding our bravest, ten deaths in the death of one;
And the end came with its sorrow, for although I streamed with fight,
They beat us, those valiant English, and ours was the gloom of night.

VI.

And many a day thereafter we wandered by sea and land,
Smiting the foe in his folly, I still the Patriot's brand.
But the spirit of Fate pursued us, sleek-footed, and ever nigher,
In guise, a friendly angel—in heart, a fiendish liar.
For, lo, as my hero slumbered, me ravished they from his side,
And left him undefended, without or brand or bride.
Bitterly still I remember the horror of that hour;
Almost I screamed to wake him, but heaven withheld the power;
Almost I rose to smite them—oh, one touch of his hand,
And we had made the felons as carrion in the land!
And hastened the joy of Scotland by many a goodly turn—
The joy of triumph and glory that crowned her at Bannockburn!
Ah! woe to the towers of Glasgow! Robroyston, woe to thee!
Where mean Menteith betrayed us, and earned a traitor's fee.
Was ever a baser noble? or a Scot so false and fell?
If there is justice in Heaven, he wanders the depths of Hell!

# JOHN W. FRASER

## 1846-1904

SON of a saddler in Crieff, John W. Fraser was born in that little Perthshire town, and received his education there and at Edinburgh University. As a school teacher he was successively chief assistant at the Iron Works School, Motherwell, and headmaster at Wishaw and the Iron Works School, Carfin. In those years he was the neighbour, and became the close friend, of David Wingate, the Collier Poet, and contributed articles and poems to *Chambers's Journal* and other magazines. Finally he moved into Glasgow as headmaster of the Baird School, Garngad Hill. In 1879 he succeeded Mr. Macturk as Secretary to the Baird Trust, and during the next twenty-three years he administered the affairs of that great institution with singular tact and sagacity. There was no more welcome visitor in the manses and parishes throughout broad Scotland.

Meanwhile, he continued to live in the old school-house on Garngad Hill, where the weird panorama of smoke-cloud by day and foundry fires by night possessed a fascination for him, and, with a young family growing about his knees, employed his leisure among his books, with the occasional writing of ballad and tale. Along with Mr. William Canton he wrote "The Luck of the Reddesdales" for the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and, in addition to many contributions to the press, he produced a clever satire on the Disestablishment question, "Scotskirk House," which excited some sensation in 1882, and ran through several editions. His favourite reading was the old ballad literature of Scotland, and at the meetings of the Glasgow Ballad Club, of which he was an original member, and elsewhere, it was an experience not soon to be forgotten to hear him recite "The Bus' abune Traquair." The ballads which he wrote himself were among the happiest followers of that ancient strain, and remain probably his most enduring work. Most were printed in the Ballad Club's volumes, and several have been popular in musical settings.

Fraser was an enthusiastic angler, and had many a tale to tell of great days on the Tweed and elsewhere, and nights in the cosy fishing inns. In 1897, however, his wife died. It was a blow from which he never recovered. He retired from the Baird Trust in 1902, and died two years later at Ibrox, survived by four daughters and two sons.

## DOUGLAS

(1452)

The lady has left her dainty bower,
And she stands with her maidens on Douglas tower.

She looked o'er dale, and she looked o'er down—
"I would I had news from Stirling town!

"All night in my chamber the death-watch beat,
And the stag-hound moaned as he lay at my feet.

"The wild night-wind rung the castle bell,
And a corpse-light shone in St. Bride's chapell.

"I dreamed that low in the holy shrine
I knelt at the feet of our Mother divine;

"And, each one shrouded in sable hood,
Around the altar the dead monks stood;

"And loud they sang in the sacred fane,
But it was not the matin or vesper strain

"For while in the wind the wild bell rang,
A mass for the dead the dead monks sang."

She looked o'er dale, and she looked o'er down—
"Oh that I had news from Stirling town!"

"Lo, yonder comes one who rides with speed—
All flecked with foam is his weary steed.

"'Tis Alan the harper, with locks of grey,
Who rode by our lord when he marched away."

"Now tell me, Alan, what news ye bring:
How fares my lord with the wily king?"

"Oh the trumpets brayed and the drums did beat,
When the king and our lord rode up the street;

"And the bells were ringing in Stirling town
When the king and the knight to the wine sat down.

"But long ere the morning sun did shine,
There was blood on the hands that birled the wine.

"And stark and stiff in the morning grey,
The grimly corpse of the Douglas lay."

# ROBERT FORD

1846-1905

WITH a genius racy of the soil from which he sprang, the author of "Hamespun Lays and Lyrics" struck the keynote of his whole literary work very aptly in the title of that earliest of his books. What his performance may have lacked in fineness and delicacy, it gained in earnestness and strength. In his case, certainly, the style was the man; and with a humour rich and broad, he possessed an iron faculty for work which must remain astonishing. Perhaps no author before him, with such limited opportunities, produced so many notable books.

Robert Ford was born in the village of Wolfhill, Perthshire, 18th July, 1846. His father, beginning life as a pit-sawyer, had saved enough to acquire the cottage he lived in, and to rent, on the Stobhall estate, sufficient land to keep a horse and a couple of cows. The poet got his schooling from the village dominie in winter, and spent his summers as a herd laddie on the hills. When eighteen he went to Dundee, and became a clerk with Messrs. Baxter Brothers. There he began to contribute to the local press, and presently made a hit with a series of papers purporting to be written by a factory lass, "Matilda Towhead." In 1874 he removed to Glasgow, to the situation of clerk in the packing-room of Messrs. J. & W. Campbell & Co., Ingram Street, which he continued to fill till his death. While he wrought in the warehouse during the day, however, he toiled at the author's desk at night. Among the volumes which came from his pen, in addition to constant contributions to the *People's Friend*, *People's Journal*, and other papers, were the "Hamespun Lays and Lyrics," in 1878, already referred to; "Humorous Scotch Readings," in 1881; "Glints o' Glentoddy," in 1887; "Rare Old Scotch Ballads," in 1888; and an enlarged edition, "Auld Scots Ballants," in the following year. He also edited "The Harp of Renfrewshire," "Ballads of Bairnhood," and a new edition of "Sandie" Rodger's poems. His "Thistledown"

has gone through several editions, and is no unworthy sequel to Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences." His "Vagabond Songs" rescued many traditional compositions from oblivion. His "Song Histories" set on record many interesting details of lyrical authorship; and his "Life of Robert Fergusson" furnishes one of the fullest accounts of the famous model of Burns. Almost his latest work was the editing of two popular editions of the Ayrshire poet, and he left a book in MS. now about to be published by Mr. Gardner—"The Heroines of Burns."

A notable *raconteur* of his own stories and others, Ford was a welcome accession to many social gatherings, and on January 25 was usually the proposer of the "Immortal Memory" at one or other of the Burns clubs. The popularity of his work was testified after his death by the subscription of a sum of over £500 as a memorial.

His wife predeceased him by twelve years, but he was survived by a family of four sons and a daughter.

## BOUCHT WIT

Oh, I was daft, and meikle waur,
A-weel-a-wat, a-weel-a-wat,
Oh, I was daft, and waur than daft,
When Bailie Blunt cam' here to woo.
To tell the truth sae witlessly,
An' ne'er his wily drift to see—
My silly sel' I'll ne'er forgi'e
Sae lang's I wag the warld through.

He took me sleely by the hand,
The Bailie did, the Bailie did;
He took me sleely by the hand,
Says, "Maggie, wha's yer lad ava?"

Quoth I, my face wi' blushes het,
"Sin' faither's death fient ane as yet
Has asked gin I wad be his pet,
Or hinted I've a mooth at a'."

He hirsled slowly to my side,
Did Bailie Blunt, auld Bailie Blunt;
He hirsled slowly to my side,
Says, "Dawtie, can ye wash and sew?"
"No, nane," says I, wi' downcast face;
But thinkin' yet to aid my case,
I added swith, wi' artless grace,
"Fu' weel my mither can, I trew."

He slipped his arm around my waist,
Auld Bailie Blunt, bauld Bailie Blunt;
He slipped his arm around my waist,
Says, "What's yer tocher, Miss Macraw?"
"My faither's gear, sin ye maun ken,
Sae bequeathed by legal pen,
Gin mither doesna wed again,
The day she dees I get it a'."

He hummed and hawed, and clawed his lug,
The Bailie did, the Bailie did;
He hummed and hawed, and clawed his lug,
An' "Send yer mither ben," quoth he.
I sent my mither ben, bedeen;
It's unco hard to ken yer frien'—
The twa were wed a week yestreen,
An' I've been telt to bark and flee.





Oh, I was daft, and meikle waur,
A-weel-a-wat, a-weel-a-wat,
Oh, I was daft, and waur than daft
When Bailie Blunt cam' here to woo.
To tell the truth sae witlessly,
An' ne'er his wily drift to see—
My silly sel' I'll ne'er forgi'e
Sae lang's I wag the warld through.

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